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Number I

THE MILLIONAIRE YIELD OF CLEVELAND

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN the beginning of the nineteenth century a blacksmith-shop built of logs stood under an oak-tree near what is now the Public Square of Cleveland. At its improvised forge a sturdy New Englander shod an occasional packhorse and fashioned the instruments of war and peace. It was a rude outpost of progress, planted

at the very frontiers of civilization, and hemmed in on three sides by the forest primeval.

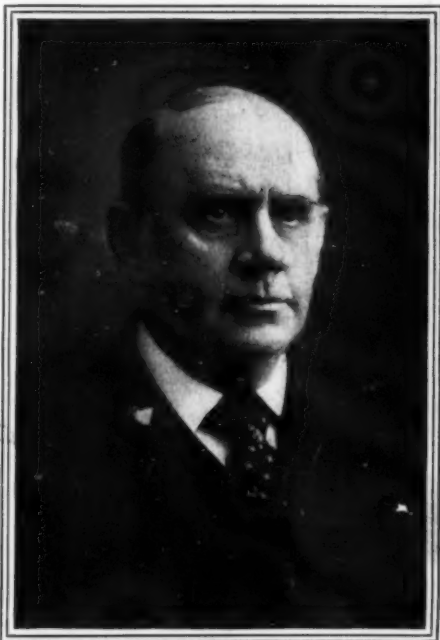
Yet the sparks from that anvil started the flame of a mighty conquest. The blacksmith who toiled in the wilds was the forerunner of the militant steelmaster; his humble abode the predecessor of the many-



TOM L. JOHNSON, A TRACTION AND STEEL MAGNATE WHO GAVE UP BUSINESS TO BECOME A CONGRESSMAN AND A PROGRESSIVE MAYOR OF CLEVELAND

From a photograph by Brown, New York

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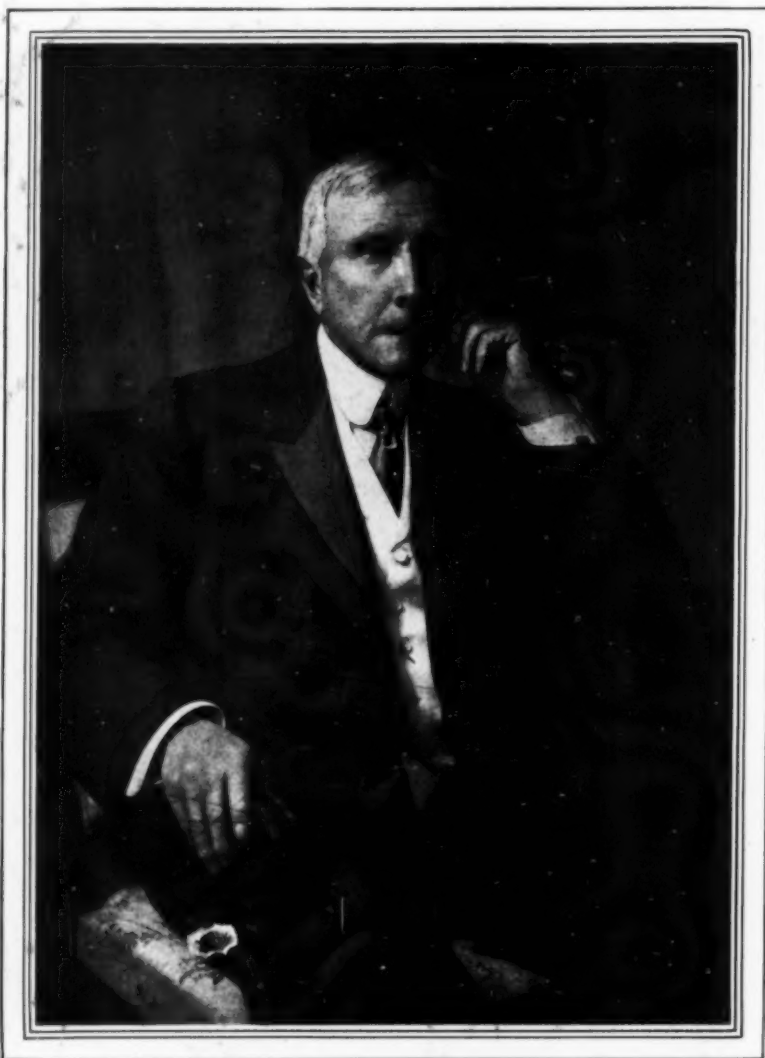
MARCUS A. HANNA, WHO ROSE FROM A CLERKSHIP TO BE AN ORE MILLIONAIRE, A UNITED STATES SENATOR AND A POWER IN NATIONAL AFFAIRS

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus

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stacked mill. On the verdant shores of that smiling lake, which once echoed with the boom of Perry's victorious guns, an industrial community has been reared whose output of men and millions has added a

prestige, a panorama of picturesque and heroic endeavor is unfolded. Grafted into the fiber of Cleveland are the bone and the sinew that helped to make the republic. Where Pittsburgh was settled by Scottish,



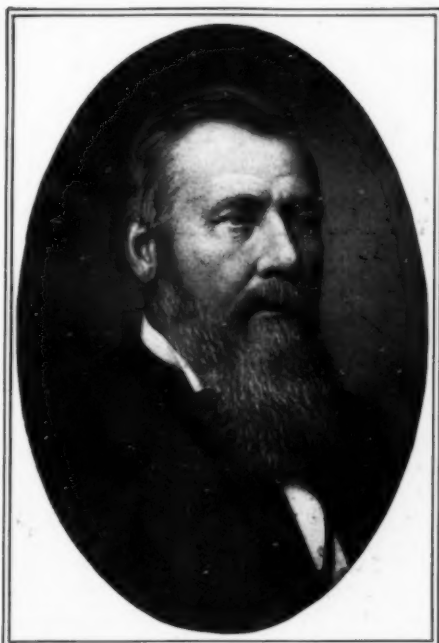
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, WHO GOT HIS BUSINESS START IN CLEVELAND, ESTABLISHED THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY THERE, AND STILL MAINTAINS A HOME IN THE EASTERN END OF THE CITY

From a copyrighted photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland

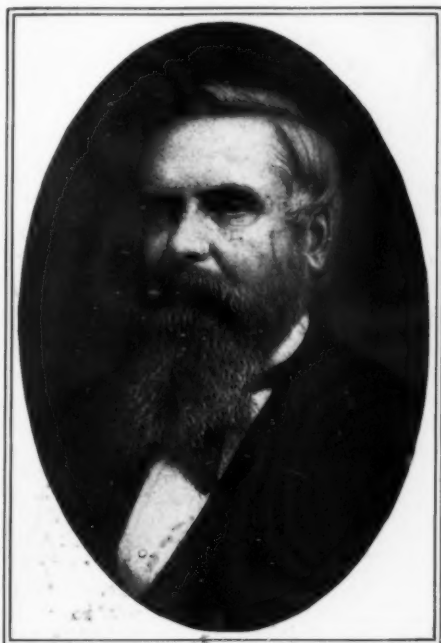
fresh distinction to the achievements of our American cities.

Here, as elsewhere throughout the country, when you probe the sources of local

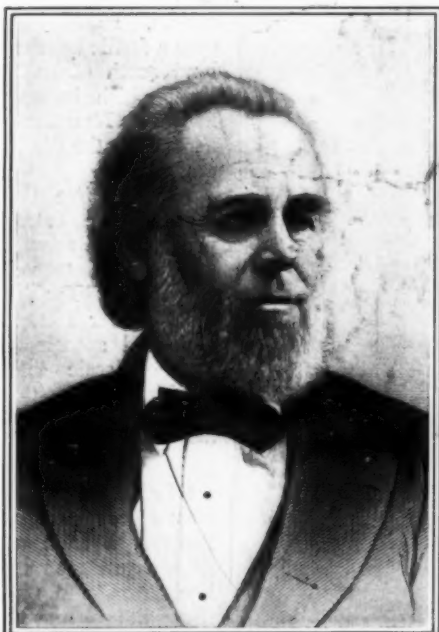
Irish, and Welsh immigrants who brought with them an old-world flavor, Cleveland was bred out of Yankee hardihood and enterprise. The story of its start is part of



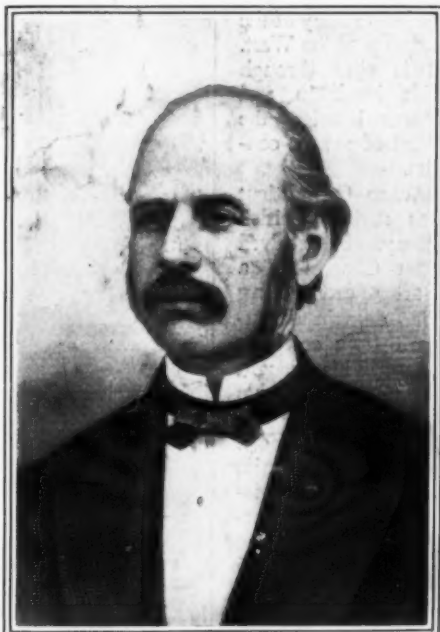
WILLIAM CHISHOLM, BROTHER OF HENRY, FAMOUS AS AN INVENTOR AND AS A DOMINANT FIGURE IN THE STEEL INDUSTRIES OF CLEVELAND



HENRY CHISHOLM, FIRST OF THE GREAT CLEVELAND IRONMASTERS, AND ONE OF THE EARLIEST TO COMMERCIALIZE THE BESSEMER PROCESS



JEPHTHA H. WADE, A PIONEER IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TELEGRAPH AND FOUNDER OF A LEADING CLEVELAND FAMILY



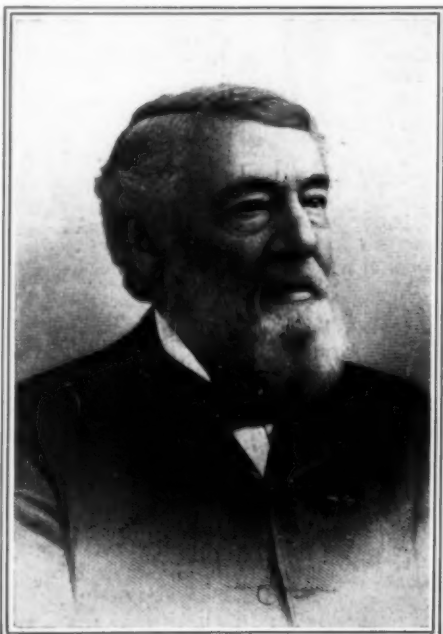
AMASA STONE, AN ARCHITECT WHO BECAME A SUCCESSFUL RAILROAD-BUILDER AND A GENEROUS BENEFACTOR OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND



THE PANORAMIC VIEW ON THIS AND THE OPPOSITE PAGE SHOWS THE PUBLIC SQUARE, WHICH HAS BEEN THE HEART OF CLEVELAND EVER SINCE PIONEER DAYS. THE CENTRAL AVENUE IS ONTARIO STREET; TO THE LEFT OF THIS IS THE NEW FEDERAL BUILDING

the larger story of the winning of the West. It is shot through with hardship and drenched with the blood of savage conflict.

When Connecticut was still a British colony, she received from Charles II a charter extending her domain westward from ocean to ocean. This brought her territorial rights into conflict with those of New York and Pennsylvania, and the resultant disputes were not settled until after the Revolution. In 1786 the little New England commonwealth gave up her more or less shadowy claim to a huge Western



SAMUEL L. MATHER, IRONMASTER, ORE-SHIPPER, AND ONE OF THE DOMINANT FIGURES OF CLEVELAND'S INDUSTRIAL HISTORY

empire, retaining only a fertile tract of land south of Lake Erie, which became known as New Connecticut, or the Western Reserve.

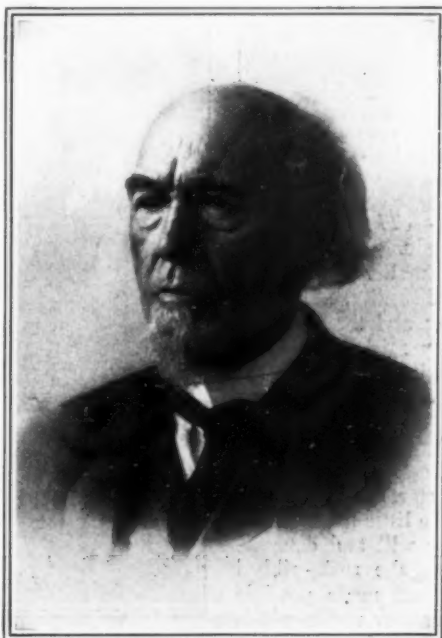
At this time the eyes of the enterprising and adventurous were turned to the West. The famous Oliver Phelps—a land speculator upon a scale that would stagger the most Napoleonic promoter of to-day—formed a company which purchased most of the Western Reserve, a tract of more than three million acres, and undertook to colonize it. In May, 1796, General Moses Cleveland, a stockholder



TO THE RIGHT OF ONTARIO STREET, AT THE CORNER OF SUPERIOR STREET, IS THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT. THE SQUARE IS ULTIMATELY TO BE LINED BY A GROUP OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AFTER A PLAN WHICH OTHER AMERICAN CITIES ARE USING AS A MODEL.

in the company, was sent out in command of a party of surveyors and settlers, to stake out the land at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, and to negotiate with the Indians for its peaceable occupation.

Cleveland—a Connecticut man, a graduate of Yale, and a veteran of the Revolutionary War—led his fifty followers to Lake Ontario, from which they carried their boats over the Niagara portage to Lake Erie. Coasting along the southern shore, they reached a stream which Cleveland took for the Cuyahoga. Discovering himself mis-



LIBERTY E. HOLDEN, OWNER OF THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER AND ONE OF THE CITY'S LARGEST HOLDERS OF REAL ESTATE

taken, he named it the Chagrin, and continued his journey westward. He had only twenty miles farther to go, however, before finding himself at his goal; and there, on the forest-clad plain to the east of the Cuyahoga, fronting northward upon the lake, he laid out the site of a settlement, which was named Cleaveland, in his honor.

To account for the altered spelling of the city's name, we have to dip into later history. Local chroniclers record that in 1830, when the first newspaper was established there, its editor found



MYRON T. HERRICK, A CLEVELAND CAPITALIST WHO HAS BEEN GOVERNOR OF OHIO, AND WAS LATELY APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

that its proposed title—*The Cleveland Advertiser*—was just too long for the width of his page. A slightly smaller font of type would have solved the difficulty, but probably none was available; and the resourceful journalist—who may fairly be classed as a pioneer of simplified spelling—met the situation by dropping out an unnecessary vowel.

FROM FRONTIER POST TO METROPOLIS

Precarious was the start and wavering were the first years of the little lakeside settlement; but the granite will and determination that lay beneath the rock-ribbed structure of New England made possible this new annex of the mother region which rose amid the wilderness of the Middle West.

At this point you strike one reason for

the greatness of Cleveland. It lies in the kind of character on which the foundation of the city rested. Almost to a man, the early settlers were from Connecticut or the neighboring States. They were schooled in self-denial and trained in hard labor, and they knew the value of thrift and industry. They projected these qualities into their work and into their posterity. The results have been a miracle of accomplishment, and a long line of wise and wide-visioned men, even unto the third and fourth generations.

Cleveland soon emerged from her swaddling-clothes. She grew from trading-post to town with amazing swiftness, and the forest for miles around began to fall away before her conquering march. Early in the nineteenth century, the first Cleveland-built boat shot out on the bosom of Lake Erie, the vanguard of a vast merchant marine.



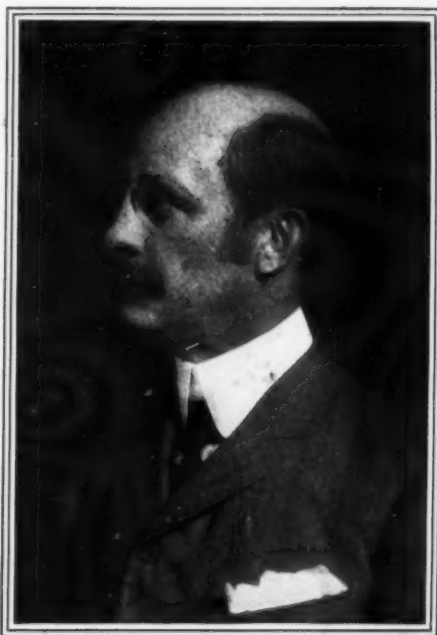
SAMUEL ANDREWS, AN EARLY PARTNER OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, AND LONG A COMMANDING FIGURE IN THE OIL INDUSTRIES OF CLEVELAND

From a photograph



L. C. HANNA, BROTHER OF THE LATE SENATOR, AND HEAD OF A LARGE BUSINESS IN IRON AND IRON ORE

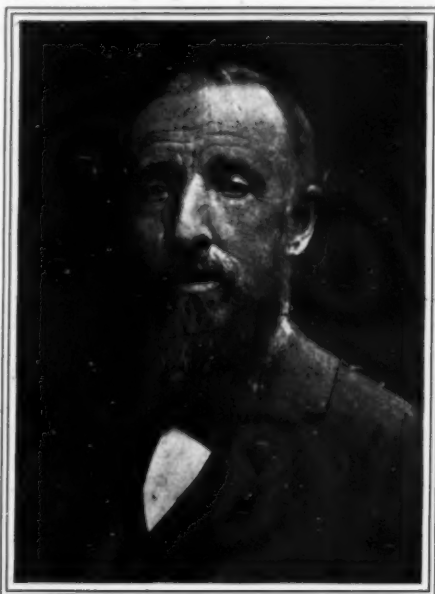
From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland



D. Z. NORTON, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A BANK MESSENGER AND ROSE TO BE ONE OF THE ORE KINGS OF CLEVELAND

From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland

For years the town's business was purely commercial. She was the outlet to the East of the wide and fertile territory of Ohio, as well as a gateway to the West from the Atlantic seaboard. Before long, however, her citizens realized that to take their proper place in the progress of the expanding nation they must have manufactures as well as commerce. How well this ambition was fulfilled is told by a century of extraordinary advance, which has made Cleveland the metropolis of Ohio and the sixth among the industrial centers of the United States.

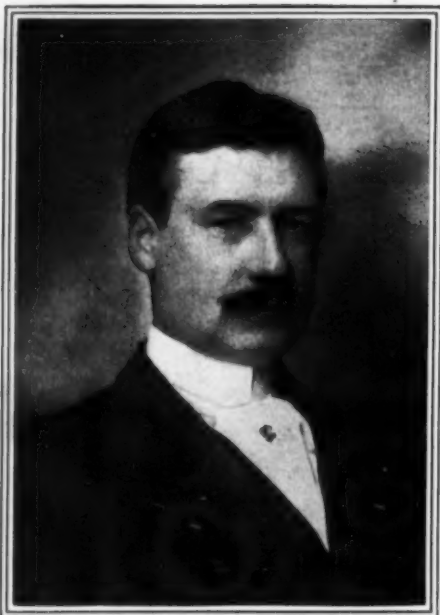


THOMAS H. WHITE, ONE OF CLEVELAND'S PIONEER MANUFACTURERS WHO BUILT UP A NATION-WIDE BUSINESS

From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland

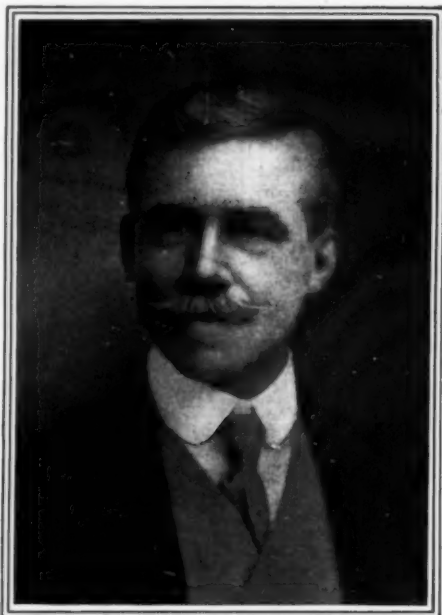
One of the primary factors in this consummation was the construction of the Ohio Canal, connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio River, which was completed in 1827. By this route the first coal was conveyed to Cleveland from the Massillon field. With the coming of the black product the destiny of the place began to shape, for in an abundance of fuel was the initial impetus of the whole industrial movement.

Early in the fifties there arrived in Cleveland the first batch of ore from the then practically unknown Lake Super-



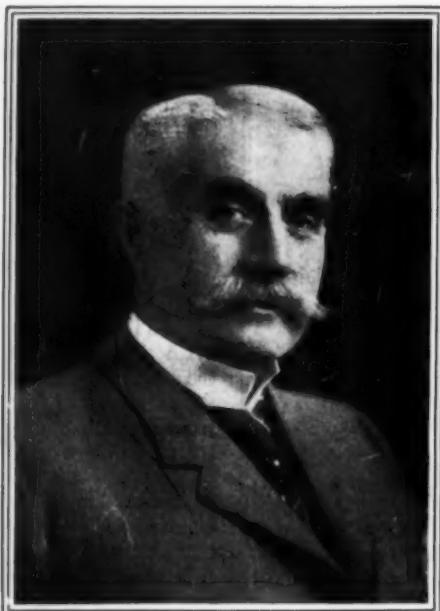
HORACE E. ANDREWS, SON OF SAMUEL ANDREWS, AND
OWNER OF EXTENSIVE RAILROAD AND
BANKING INTERESTS

From a photograph by Hollinger, New York



ALEXANDER WINTON, WHO FORESAW THE MOTOR
AGE, AND MADE AND SOLD THE FIRST
AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE

From a photograph by Ball, Cleveland



CHARLES F. BRUSH, ELECTRICIAN, INVENTOR, AND
HEAD OF IMPORTANT MANUFACTURING
INTERESTS IN CLEVELAND

From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland



M. A. BRADLEY, CAPITALIST AND LANDOWNER, SON
OF ALVA BRADLEY, AN EARLY SHIPPING
MAGNATE OF CLEVELAND

From a photograph by Eudean, Cleveland

rior ore-fields. Its extraordinary qualities were quickly appreciated by the early iron-founders, and it seemed as if Cleveland was destined to become the greatest steel city of the United States. This ambition, however, was never fully realized. Pittsburgh, with vast stores of fuel at her very door, was already well established as a smelting center, using Eastern ore; and before the railroads brought Cleveland into sufficiently close connection with her present ample coal supply, the city at the head waters of the Ohio had secured a powerful hold upon the steel industry. Where Pittsburgh has focused her energies upon one great staple line of manufacture, Cleveland has always proceeded along the lines of diversified activities.

Another force behind the progress of Cleveland was the far-sighted policy which diverted to her portals the early streams of petroleum from the Pennsylvania oil-fields. Refineries sprang up on every hand, and the city on Lake Erie became the cradle of a business which created our greatest financial oligarchy and carried our commercial flag to the remotest ends of the world.

Thus coal, iron, and oil—earth's faithful trinity of latent power—enabled Cleveland to gird on the armor of triumphant industry, and to take her place as a master-builder of fortune.

CLEVELAND'S EARLIEST MILLIONAIRE

Nature's richest resources, backed up by the most strategic environment, would be unavailing in the making of commercial empire without men of heroic mold; and such men have never been lacking in Cleveland's drama of development. At the head of her long line of millionaires was Leonard Case, Sr., in whose life romance, sacrifice, and success mingled to a very remarkable degree.

A descendant of Dutchmen who defied royal oppression and settled in Pennsylvania, he rode into the Western Reserve as a youth on horseback behind his venturesome parents, who had made their way for hundreds of miles through a hostile territory. At seven, young Case was sawing and splitting wood for the fire; at ten he was thrashing grain; at fourteen he was literally a bread-winner, for his father became an invalid as a result of wounds incurred during the War of the Revolution. He plowed, herded cattle, and roamed the forests in search of game.

Before he was twenty he contracted a disease which left him a permanent cripple. Life in those pioneering days was full of hardship for the most rugged, yet he faced the situation with characteristic courage. Determined not to be a charge on the community, he mastered drafting. In order to do this he had to fashion his own instruments. To obtain books, he bottomed chairs for the neighbors and made sieves for the farmers. Then he studied law, and was made clerk of the Supreme Court. This brought him in contact with land titles, and he became a great authority on realty values. Some discreet purchases of property formed the basis of what grew into the great Case fortune.

Besides various other activities, he served as general agent of the old Connecticut Land Company, and as such he was a link between the settlers and the Eastern land-owners. Before the nineteenth century was in its first quarter he was cashier of the Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, one of the early monuments of finance reared in that unhewn country. Though frail of person, and suffering pain every waking hour, he was a pillar of strength and a font of wisdom for the men who laid the foundations of Cleveland.

His two sons, William and Leonard, were worthy offspring. William was a distinguished naturalist and a friend of the famous John James Audubon. He served with credit as mayor of the town. Leonard was a public-spirited and constructive citizen, and it was through his initiative that two great Cleveland institutions—the Case Library and the Case School of Applied Science—came into being.

A PIONEER MERCHANT OF THE WEST

Of a different physical type from Leonard Case, Sr., and yet personifying the rugged qualities which went into the making of a pioneer American community, was Ohio's first great merchant, Nathan Perry.

Perry's mother was one of the most remarkable characters of the Western Reserve. She was a true parent of the forest-land, endowed with extraordinary decision of character and tenacity of purpose. With her husband, Judge Nathan Perry, she had emigrated to the Reserve from Connecticut. Resolutely she faced all the discomforts of wilderness life, but she made up her mind that her children should have what culture the older colonies afforded. In the winter,

when the crops had been planted, and the horses were not needed, she rode back to New England, practically without guard, with her son and her daughter. It was a feat that few women, even of that Spartan age, would have dared to undertake.

Nathan Perry inherited much of his mother's character. His father intended him for a trade. Since most of the barter was with Indians, the boy was placed for a time in the camp of Red Jacket, the noted chieftain of the region. Here he acquired the speech and customs of the red men, and the knowledge was of great help to him when he opened his own trading-post at Black River, about thirty miles from Cleveland. Subsequently he established a business in Cleveland which was the nest-egg of the Perry millions. His daughter married Senator H. B. Payne, of Ohio, the father of Oliver H. Payne, the Standard Oil magnate.

The Cases and the Perrys were types of the men who settled Cleveland, and who gave its civic uplift and commercial progress the stamp of high character and steadfastness of purpose.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF JEPHTHA WÂDE

While it is possible, in the limits of a magazine article, only to take a family or an individual here and there to illustrate the various phases of Cleveland's history, it is imperative to dwell at some length upon the achievements of Jephtha H. Wade, whose name and fortune are interwoven into the very warp of the city.

He was born in New York State early in the last century, and was the son of a country surveyor. Art attracted him, and he became a portrait-painter. In the thirties he settled at Adrian, Michigan. One day he heard about the camera. The idea of a perfect reproduction of the human face appealed to him, so he sent for one of the new instruments. With only printed instructions—and they were crude enough—he made the first daguerreotype taken west of New York. Between the camera and the brush he managed to make a good living and save some money.

Deep down under his artistic nature was a keen business instinct. When another great invention came along, he was quick to seize upon its possibilities. It was the Morse telegraph—the discovery of another painter—and from that time on Wade's name is linked with its development.

He took a contract to build a line from Detroit to Jackson, Michigan. It was a frail, one-wire affair, and he himself conducted the office at Jackson. The next year he extended his system to Milwaukee, and before long he had a wire from Cleveland to St. Louis, by way of Cincinnati.

Then the inevitable began to happen. Scores of rival lines sprang up, and there was much controversy about patents and rights of way. This bitter competition was costly. Here Wade's commercial genius asserted itself, and he effected one of the first telegraph mergers, which was the nucleus of the Western Union. As a matter of fact, long before the Civil War he had the vision of harmonious industrial combination which was the dawn of at least one phase of modern big business.

Mr. Wade was one of the originators of the Pacific Telegraph, and on the organization of the company became its president. Under his personal direction the first trans-continental wire was strung from St. Louis to San Francisco. It was a hazardous and dramatic performance, fraught with many perils. It not only brought the isolated gold-seeker in touch with far-away civilization, but it pointed the way for the railroad. The iron horse soon followed the electric spark across the plains and mountains to the shore of the Pacific.

Upon the consolidation of the Pacific Telegraph with the Western Union under the name of the latter, Mr. Wade was made president of the corporation, and he remained at the head of it until 1867, when he retired on account of bad health. He remained in the board for some years afterward, however.

Mr. Wade had the real pioneering sense. He was perhaps the first man to prove that a submarine cable in an iron armor was practical and commercial. He early saw what an invaluable auxiliary the telegraph would be to the railway, and it was on his suggestion that the roads made their first experiments with it. The wisdom of that idea is manifest to-day, when the steam lines would be absolutely helpless without telegraphic aid.

This naturally brought Mr. Wade into close touch with the railways, and he became a force in nearly every company that ran into Cleveland. His influence spread to banks and industries. In short, for many years he was regarded as first among the local citizenship. The magnificent park

which bears his name, and which he gave to the city, is only one of his many benefactions.

The family record was carried on by his son, Randall Palmer Wade, who was a telegraph messenger-boy at eleven. At seventeen he could read the Morse instrument by ear, which was considered an astonishing feat in those times. When his father settled in Cleveland, Randall Wade became identified with banking, but on the outbreak of the Civil War he tendered his services to the government, and took a responsible post in the telegraph service. He was one of the few who knew the secret cipher-code used in transmitting messages to the front. It is characteristic of the Wade versatility that after the war he established the largest retail jewelry-store in Cleveland, and conducted it for years.

The present head of the Wade family is another Jephtha H. Wade. His principal function is the management of the family wealth, which is strongly entrenched in real estate, finance, traction-lines, and various industries.

A MASTER RAILROAD-BUILDER

Full brother in achievement to the first Jephtha H. Wade was his colleague and fellow millionaire, Amasa Stone. Here is a name that not only looms large in the history of Cleveland, but is writ on our whole railway map.

Like many of the makers of Cleveland, Stone was a New Englander of humble birth. He spent his youth on a Massachusetts farm, and as a boy was apprenticed to a builder. Before he was of age, he was a contractor on his own account. He became associated with his brother-in-law, Howe, the inventor of the famous Howe truss-bridge. Realizing the enormous part that steel would play in the nation's prosperity, he bought Howe's patent rights. He was no mean inventor himself, and he gradually perfected the idea until it was in wide use.

In 1845 he became superintendent of the old New Haven railroad, but soon resigned in order to devote himself to bridge-building. His first great railroad enterprise was the construction of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati. In this he was aided by one of Cleveland's great bankers, Stillman Witt, who was later to become first financial aid to John D. Rockefeller. This brought Stone to Cleveland, and henceforth

he was destined to be part and parcel of the city's life.

His career was a succession of big tasks. He constructed iron-mills, woolen-factories, and car-works. He designed and built the Union Station in Cleveland, which, at the time of its completion, was regarded as the last word in a characteristic phase of American architecture.

At the urgent request of Commodore Vanderbilt, he took charge of the old Lake Shore railroad as managing director, and left his impress upon its affairs. All the while he was perfecting his patents. He built the first pivot bridge with a long span, and he contributed much to the simplicity and economy of locomotive and passenger-car construction.

He was Lincoln's close friend, and during the Civil War he was often summoned to Washington to give his sage counsel in the all-important matter of army transportation. He was both builder and financier. Had he gone into public life, he might have achieved a significant career as a statesman, for he had a rare vision, an unusual grasp of affairs, and an almost uncanny instinct for the appraisal of values.

One of Mr. Stone's daughters married the late John Hay, and now, as a widow, makes her home in the city of her birth. Another daughter was the wife of Samuel Mather, who in public spirit and industrial achievement may fitly be called an Amasa Stone of to-day.

THE STORY OF THE MATHERS

With the mention of the name of Mather we touch another great Cleveland family which harks back to the very beginnings of American history. Its first appearance in the Western Reserve was when Samuel Mather defied the wilderness with stout old Moses Cleaveland. His grandson, Samuel Livingston Mather, who came to Cleveland in 1843, enrolled the name on the roster of great wealth.

As a young man, this second Mather studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but like Jephtha Wade, the photographer, he had an acute business mind. When the first iron-ore development was started in the Lake Superior region, he got in on the ground floor, and acquired an interest in the mines which made him and his descendants potent forces in the whole vast business. He founded the Cleveland Iron Mining Company, which shipped the first cargo of Su-

perior ore, thereby opening up a traffic which clinched America's supremacy in steel.

Mr. Mather foresaw that a fleet of steel steamers would be indispensable to the development of the ore business, and in 1889—the year before his death—he signed a contract for the first flotilla of lake ore-carriers owned by any of the mining companies. He was a many-sided and unforgettable figure, and fitted naturally into that group of commercial giants who combined to give distinction to the formative period of Cleveland's history.

Head of the family to-day is his son, another Samuel Mather, who sits at a plain roll-top desk in the old Western Reserve Building, master of a far-reaching industrial force. His firm is one of the great ore-producers and ore-carriers of the Great Lakes, and he himself is director in a dozen banks, trust companies, and other corporations. But he is more than this, for he is in many respects Cleveland's foremost civic benefactor. It is said that at one time one-fifth of all the charitable donations of the city came from the purses of Mr. and Mrs. Mather.

His brother, William G. Mather, is head of the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, which is a consolidation of the original Mather companies. He also has the real Mather instinct for business, and, combined with it, the Mather high sense of public duty and service.

A RUGGED CAPTAIN OF THE FLEET

We cannot leave those business Titans of the earlier Cleveland day without a word about a picturesque and rugged figure who dominated harbor history and spread the prestige of his name throughout the lakes. Such was Captain Alva Bradley, who ran away from a farm in central Ohio when he was a lad, and shipped before the mast on a lake schooner. While he was still in his teens, he was master of a boat, and early in the forties he built the first of many craft that were to fly his flag and bring him fortune. At one time he owned a busy fleet of forty vessels.

But he was wise in his generation. He saw that, despite the widening empire of steel, the time would come when the independent shipping interests on the lakes would suffer. He began to invest his surplus in down-town Cleveland real estate. Thus he became the Astor of the Forest City. When he died, he owned whole blocks of

property. But he did not follow the Astor idea of profiting by unearned increment. He believed in improved realty; and this principle has been maintained by his son, M. A. Bradley, upon whose shoulders the father's mantle fell. He is a chip of the old block, not merely a rich man's son.

A characteristic tale is told of him. When he left school, his father gave him a place as a clerk at fifty dollars a month. When he was twenty-one, he went to the elder Bradley and said:

"Unless you can pay me ten thousand a year, I won't stay with you. I believe I am worth it."

"So do I," said the old captain.

He was twenty-five when Captain Bradley cast out from his earthly mooring. The son took up the conduct of his father's interests with great skill and success. The third generation of the family is represented by his sons, Alva Bradley and C. L. Bradley, who are in the real-estate business.

WHEN COAL AND IRON MET

It was a prophetic vision that led Captain Bradley to divert his surplus from shipping to realty. He saw, and others began to see, that the prestige of water transportation must inevitably and increasingly be menaced by the railroad. Slowly but surely the network of rails began to creep in on Cleveland, and with it, and what it brought, came the real turning-point in the history of the city.

For the railroads brought coal; and when coal and iron met at such a commanding point, the industrial destiny of the community was shaped. Smoke curled from the mill-stacks, and the blast-furnaces began to blaze.

For this development the city was indebted to a rare group of men. No one played a larger part in the opening of the fuel-fields than Daniel P. Rhodes, who was a pioneer mine-owner in the Youngstown district. He was a type of the militant proprietor, rough-hewn and rugged, but a great master of trade. He became the father-in-law of Mark Hanna, and helped to give that remarkable man his real start in business. He also helped to open the Massillon coal-field.

Another one of the coal barons was Jacob Perkins, whose name is linked with the Mahoning Valley. He labored so strenuously in pushing his railroad projects that his last expressed wish was that the inscrip-

tion on his tombstone should be, "Died of the Mahoning Valley Railroad."

Cleveland was rich in railroad-builders. Conspicuous among them was General J. H. Devereux, who might be termed the Jim Hill of the Middle West—a master-constructer of the best type. He was at one time president of the Lake Shore and the right-hand man of William H. Vanderbilt.

Cast in the same mold were men like Stillman Witt, Senator Henry B. Payne, Stevenson Burke, and others of the conquering coterie that built railroads, started banks, fostered industry, and recorded themselves indelibly on Cleveland's page of progress.

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT STEELMASTERS

Impressive as was that era of empire-building, one figure stands out from all the rest with peculiar and significant distinctness. What Benjamin Franklin Jones was to the romance of steel in Pittsburgh, Henry Chisholm was to the industry in Cleveland, for he made the age in which he worked his own.

Mr. Chisholm was born in Scotland, and was a wee laddie when his father died. At twelve he had to leave school and apprentice himself to a carpenter. When he was seventeen he began to work as journeyman in Glasgow; but the New World beckoned, and he crossed the seas, landing at Montreal with exactly fifty cents in his pocket.

He was always a good business-getter. Before long he was a master-carpenter, and by the time he reached his twenty-sixth year he was a successful contractor. He made a specialty of building docks and breakwaters—enterprises in which both hazard and profit were large. In 1850 he received a commission to build a breakwater for the Cleveland harbor, and he was so much impressed with the city that he decided to remain there.

Soon after he settled down, the first of the Lake Superior ore reached the port. With a peculiar foresight which was one of his great qualities, and without knowing anything about the iron trade, he saw that a great future activity would revolve about that metal; so he turned over his breakwater and other contracts to his brother William, who was likewise shrewd and capable, and looked about for an opening in the iron business.

Fate played into his hands. In 1856 two brothers, John and David Jones, who

had served their apprenticeship at-Dowlais, in Wales, and had since been rollers at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, came to Cleveland with a total capital of five thousand dollars, the result of years of sweat in the mills. They bought a piece of land in the suburbs, and built a small mill for the manufacture of T-rails.

Their money was soon exhausted, and they took in a partner named Jones, who was no kin, but who had seven hundred dollars. This modest addition to their resources was soon wiped out, and the impecunious founders were in sore straits, when Henry Chisholm came their way. Here was his opportunity. He bought out the interest of the third Jones, and the firm became Chisholm & Jones. Later, when a brother of Amasa Stone joined them, the style was changed to Stone, Chisholm & Jones. This was the rude and unromantic beginning of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company, which became the city's great steel enterprise, and placed Henry Chisholm in our industrial Valhalla.

In the early days, the mill turned out iron rails. Its output was twelve dozen rails for every twenty-four hours. Money was scarce, and the method of doing business was primitive. One of the first customers was the Buffalo and State-Line Railroad, which ran from Dunkirk to Buffalo. Every Saturday the week's output of rails was shipped to Buffalo. Mr. Chisholm followed on a passenger-train, saw the railroad people on Sunday, and came back that night with a draft for the goods.

It was about this time that Bessemer, in England, and Kelly, in America, perfected the process which was to work such a revolution in iron. Mr. Chisholm believed in it from the start, and in 1866 built the third Bessemer plant constructed in the United States. The first was in Troy and the second at Wyandotte, Michigan.

With that little plant, which was spreading its grimy wings over acre after acre in the outskirts of Cleveland, Mr. Chisholm planted his faith in the steel rail, and he was a pioneer in its production. Early in his manufacturing career he laid down this rule:

"Do not sell raw steel. Make up as much of it as possible."

Out of that creed was evolved the whole industrial program of Cleveland, whose supremacy lies in the diversification of its metal products.

Mr. Chisholm prospered as a rail-maker, and most men would have been content; but he practised what he preached. Before the sixties had ended he began to make wire, and this in turn led to screws. He was the first man, probably, to make from Bessemer steel a wire that was suitable for bed-springs.

Like Jones, of Pittsburgh, he enjoyed a peculiar intimacy with his men. He was of medium height, masterful and sturdy—a sort of bearded Cyclops. He was a rare combination of unusual mechanical ability and keen commercial sense. But the maelstrom of work in which he lived told on him in time, and he died in 1881, at the age of fifty-eight. His son William succeeded him as head of the mill.

In 1899 the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company was absorbed by the American Steel and Wire Company, and is now part of the United States Steel Corporation. With its absorption, the Chisholm era ended; but the impress of the militant steelmaster and his ideals of work and trade will be with it always.

Henry Chisholm's brother William was no less wise and sagacious, although he did not loom so large upon the industrial horizon. He operated a horseshoe factory, and later a shovel-works. He was succeeded by his son, Henry A. Chisholm, who was for years an important force in the Cleveland steel-trade, but who recently retired to devote himself to study and travel.

ORE KING AND PRESIDENT-MAKER

The industrial prestige of the Chisholms could not have been achieved without the aid of the ore kings. Chief among these rulers whose fleets swept the inland seas was the late Marcus A. Hanna, who was successfully entrenched as multimillionaire long before he became a Warwick of American politics.

Mr. Hanna was not exactly self-made, because his father, Dr. Leonard Hanna, was partner in a prosperous wholesale grocery-house in Cleveland. Subsequently the son took charge of the store, and cut his business teeth there. The firm did a large trade in outfitting Lake Superior ore-vessels, and in this way young Mark first rubbed up against the product which he was later to dominate.

Then came his marriage to Miss Rhodes, daughter of Daniel P. Rhodes, the coal king, of whom I have already written. Mr.

Rhodes was also interested in ore, and Hanna became involved in operations for his father-in-law. On the latter's death he organized the firm of M. A. Hanna & Co., which speedily became, and is still, a leading factor in the lake ore-trade. Its flotillas range the five lakes; the smoke of its blast-furnaces trail over a dozen industrial principalities. It touches every point of the iron business, from mine to mill.

Mr. Hanna's success in politics was chiefly due to the fact that he was a very keen business man. In his lifetime he acquired oil-lands, street-railways, foundries, a newspaper, and a theater. His street-car interests in Cleveland made him a storm-center in public affairs long before that memorable day when he first encountered the struggling young Ohio lawyer, William McKinley, whose political destiny he was to do so much to mold, and whom he was eventually to land in the White House.

It was Mark Hanna who, in a sense, commercialized American politics, for he ran it as a huge business proposition. As most people know, he was twice elected United States Senator from Ohio, and died in office. He was more than a king-maker, for he had a big vision, remarkable judgment, and a very rare quality as a leader of men.

The firm that he founded is probably more powerful to-day than ever before. His two brothers, L. C. Hanna and H. M. Hanna, are no longer actively interested in it, but the dominant force is his son, Dan R. Hanna, an upstanding six-footer who, partly by way of diversion, is the owner of the Cleveland Leader.

A "REFORMER MILLIONAIRE"

This seems the proper place to say a word about Mark Hanna's old-time traction antagonist, Tom L. Johnson.

There were many points of similarity between these two Cleveland men. Both were strong, resolute, unflinching, and resourceful characters. Each made his millions long before he ventured into the uncertain sea of politics; each clung with grim and belligerent determination to the principles for which he fought; each became a national figure. On the other hand, where Hanna was the king-maker, Johnson was a champion of the people. Hanna died rich and powerful, and in the fulness of success. Johnson passed away with only a bare remnant of his fortune, and in the shadow of

personal defeat. Yet had he lived a little longer he might have witnessed the final triumph of his cause, for the present mayor of Cleveland, Newton Baker, is the incarnation of every policy to which Johnson gave the last ten years of his life.

Tom Johnson was absolutely self-made, and that part of his career which relates to business is an inspiring example for every young American. He seemed destined to be a monopolist. When he was a youngster living at Staunton, Virginia, the conductor on a train from Richmond gave him the exclusive right to sell papers on it. It was shortly after the war; news was scarce and papers dear. The boy cleaned up eighty-eight dollars in a few weeks, and with this money the family went to Louisville, where the boy got his real start as a messenger in the office of the city railway-company.

The world knows three different Tom Johnsons. One is the traction magnate who first gained riches by patenting a fare-box, who was president of a street-car company at twenty-six, and who owned and operated lines in half a dozen cities, including Cleveland, where his three-cent-fare idea finally prevailed. The second is the steel millionaire, who perfected a street-car rail with a steam-railway base, and who built the Johnson Steel Works at Lorain, thus opening up a whole new steel zone. Finally, we have the progressive mayor of Cleveland, disciple of Henry George, who fought the battle of the people against the corporations, and who made himself a picturesque figure in our political life.

It is given to few men to present such a many-sided aspect to posterity.

THE BEGINNINGS OF STANDARD OIL

While the Hannas and the Johnsons were dreaming their first dreams of conquest, events were shaping which were later to give to American business its most princely tradition.

About the middle of the fifties, a thin, dark-haired youth with keen, earnest face was tramping the streets of Cleveland in search of work. Finally he got a position as clerk in an office down on the docks. When he made his first entry on the books of Hewitt & Tuttle, he took the initial step in what is perhaps the most remarkable of American commercial careers. His name was John Davison Rockefeller.

Although he was born in New York State, the whole ripening of Rockefeller's

extraordinary business genius, and the step which made him a prince of commerce—the founding of the Standard Oil Company—are all closely identified with Cleveland. Here he drew about him that masterful group which has carried on his mighty machine—for he had the Carnegie gift of human selection.

It is, of course, unnecessary to go into the details of Mr. Rockefeller's life in the present article. Through the stress of repeated controversy, they have become familiar to all magazine-readers. It is interesting, however, to glance at the simple formula around which our greatest fortune was reared. Summed up, it consists of the instinct for saving; the ability to borrow successfully; the vision that comprehended commercial opportunity.

Just as Jones and Chisholm were the pathfinders in steel, so was Mr. Rockefeller the advance agent of refining. He had established his own commission firm, when he saw that petroleum would create a whole new industrial domain, and that for a time, at least, Cleveland would be its capital. The town was saturated with oil; the very smell of it filled the air. It was then—early in the sixties—that its essence got into the Rockefeller soul.

One of his first associates was a bright-faced young man who had once been a barefoot boy on the Cleveland streets, and whose name was Henry M. Flagler. In time came Samuel Andrews, an Englishman, who was the practical refiner, and who became a powerful financial and corporate figure in Cleveland; William Rockefeller, the brother of John D.; S. V. Harkness, capitalist and banker; Oliver H. Payne, and John Huntington, who perfected the refining machinery. Out of the various individual firms that these men founded arose the million-studded monopoly—guided and controlled by John D. Rockefeller from the start—which revolutionized many phases of modern business and created an economic and industrial issue, rather than a mere commercial institution.

Of that entire group of business giants who were in at the birth of Standard Oil, John D. Rockefeller is the only one who still maintains a residence in Cleveland. To his magnificent estate, Forest Hills, in East Cleveland, he comes every spring to play golf, to build roads, and to wander through the woods which he loves.

He still has large interests in Cleveland,

principally in real estate. One of the largest office-buildings there bears his name.

William Rockefeller long ago moved to New York. Mr. Flagler also came East. Although never severing his connection with the great oil-concern, he turned to new fields, principally the construction of the Florida East Coast Railway, which is a unique monument to his daring and vision.

Mr. Andrews died several years ago. The second generation of his family is represented by Horace E. Andrews, who disputed with Tom L. Johnson for traction authority in Cleveland. Although he still owns a handsome home in the city where the family fortune was made, and has ramified interests there, the younger Andrews is practically a resident of New York. He is head of that great network of electric lines which is being built up under the wing of the New York Central, and which promises to give New York State a trolley system as extensive as Ohio's or Indiana's.

THE INVENTOR OF THE ARC-LIGHT

It is interesting to note how many Cleveland millionaires have impressed their personality or their product upon a world-wide audience. Take, for example, the case of Charles F. Brush. Few people would recognize in the tall, broad, erect, military-looking man who rides up in the elevator in the Arcade Building precisely at eleven o'clock each morning the inventor of the arc-light, who has literally shed a beneficent glow over the civilized world. Yet such is his achievement.

Mr. Brush experienced none of the romantic hardship of some of his brother inventors who created epochs in human progress. His father was a well-to-do farmer in central Ohio, and the boy got a good education. His bent was scientific. Sir Humphry Davy's experiments with the first carbon arc fascinated him, and he determined to make the perfection of that idea a career. To this end he first devised the "open-coil" dynamo, fitted for the production of high-tension currents necessary for arc illumination.

The young inventor had all the parts for his model dynamo made in Cleveland, and sent down to the old Brush homestead at Wickliffe, Ohio. In a crude workshop, once a wagon-shed, he completed the machine. He belted it to an old "horse-power" used for sawing wood, and attached a team of horses. To use his own words,

"after a little coaxing with a single cell of a battery to give an initial excitation to the field-magnets, the machine suddenly 'took hold,' and nearly stalled the horses. It was an exciting moment, followed by many others of eager experiment. That was my first acquaintance with a dynamo."

The first instance of public street-lighting by electricity was in the Public Square of Cleveland, the home of the inventor, in 1879. Mr. Brush amassed a great fortune from the arc-light. More than ten years ago he retired from active business, although he has many profitable connections. He lives in a splendid home on Euclid Avenue, where his hobby is a big laboratory. While other millionaires seek diversion in yachts, golf, or motoring, he finds his recreation in scientific investigation.

A PIONEER AUTOMOBILE-BUILDER

Wherever you touch, up and down the line of Cleveland millionaires, you find the pioneering spirit. The automobile affords an impressive illustration.

We have slipped so naturally into the horseless era that it is difficult to believe that the first motor-vehicle to be propelled in public was seen on the streets of Cleveland early in the nineties. The man who built it, and who was the butt of the skeptic and the despair of traffic, was Alexander Winton, who now, at the age of fifty-one, has reaped the rich harvest of his courage and his faith.

Mr. Winton, who was one of thirteen children, was born in Scotland, and came to the United States, in 1880, as a struggling young machinist. He settled in Cleveland, designed a bicycle, and began manufacturing the machines. Next he began to experiment with internal-combustion engines. He believed in the "self-propelled" vehicle. People thought him a crank, but he persevered; and in 1898 he made and sold what is credited to be the first American-built automobile.

From that humble beginning he has evolved a great business. He is now turning his inventive genius to marine gasoline turbines. Mr. Winton is a fine type of the force that has made the automobile the industrial miracle of the twentieth century.

A hardy pioneer of a different temperament is the venerable Thomas H. White, who, despite his seventy-six years, is to-day a dominant force in an industry which he helped to make universal in scope. Half a

century ago he was turning out a primitive hand sewing-machine in a little Massachusetts town. He and his partner would manufacture half a dozen of the machines, and would then peddle them over the district. Here was another humble germ of an important industry.

Mr. White was head of his great modern factory in Cleveland when his sons, Windsor T. and Rollin H. White, came home from a technical college. The age of the bicycle was on, so these enterprising young men left the sewing-machine business to their father and devoted themselves to the manufacture of cycles. When the industry began to decline, they turned to the automobile, and have become important factors in that amazing business. They rank among Cleveland's most representative young business men.

THE BULWARKS OF MONEY

In that activity which is preservative of all industry—I mean banking—Cleveland presents a solid and imposing front. At the head of her financiers is Myron T. Herrick, president of the Society for Savings, an institution which occupies an unusual position in the local financial fabric.

Governor Herrick is a political protégé of Mark Hanna. He was born in a log cabin in Lorain County, Ohio; worked on the farm by day and studied by night; traveled as lightning-rod agent; and served a brief journalistic apprenticeship in St. Louis. He settled in Cleveland, and was admitted to the bar. He had a keen business sense, picked up some stray pieces of real estate, and in them planted the seeds of a big fortune. Some years ago he helped to found the small establishment which has grown into the National Carbon Company. He is heavily interested in office-buildings, public-service corporations, and steam railroads.

In 1903 he defeated Tom L. Johnson for Governor of Ohio. Recently President Taft appointed him ambassador to France—a position in which he is well qualified to uphold the national prestige.

But Governor Herrick is only one of a very strong group of bankers. Cleveland also has such men as H. P. McIntosh, president of the Guardian Trust Company; F. H. Goff, head of the Cleveland Trust Company; George A. Garretson, of the Bank of Commerce; John Sherwin, of the First National; Colonel James J. Sullivan, of the

Central National and the Superior Savings and Trust Company; and D. Z. Norton, of the Citizens' Savings and Trust Company.

The case of Mr. Norton is typical. He started as a messenger-boy in the old Commercial National Bank. At twenty-one he was cashier. When he was thirty-seven, E. W. Oglebay, one of the ore kings, offered him a partnership, and out of this alliance has grown the great firm of Oglebay, Norton & Company, which disputes with the Hannas and the Mathers the primacy of this mighty business.

Colonel Sullivan is another admirable type. He was also a poor boy, raised on a small Ohio farm. By way of a country store he made his way to a competency. Then he served as State Senator, graduated from politics into banking, and is now one of the financial forces of the city.

The many-sidedness of the Cleveland millionaire is typified by Liberty E. Holden. He was born on a farm in Maine, and was a school-teacher at sixteen. He became identified with Ohio education, and, after serving as superintendent of schools at Tiffin, came to Cleveland, where he studied law. Underneath his academic sense was a strong commercial instinct, and some fortunate purchases of realty started him on the road to wealth.

His business interests have since ranged from Lake Superior ore to silver-mines in Utah. He is the proprietor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and has made it a power in Ohio journalism. At seventy-eight he is still a rugged, forceful figure in the life of the community.

Law has enriched many Clevelanders. A typical family is that of the Hoyts. James M. Hoyt was founder of the dynasty, and two sons worthily carry on the name and fortune. One is James H. Hoyt, Cleveland's leading business attorney, and the other is Colgate Hoyt, a prominent Wall Street capitalist.

Despite this long and glittering march of moneyed men, the Cleveland story has not all been told. Here, as in Pittsburgh, and in every other progressive and alert American community, there are scores of unknown millionaires, who help to form the sinew of the financial and industrial fabric.

This Ohio golden legend is only part of that larger narrative which is the epic of the nation's triumphant advance, told in the terms of her teeming municipalities.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION AND ITS RELATION TO THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

GOOD business means much more to the people at large, to the workers of the country, than all the didactic political discussions in the world. The nation is rent with heated arguments on fine-spun theories of the science of government, the recall, judicial decisions, and the like. Meanwhile, big business is in the grasp of the law, enterprise is discouraged, and nothing is being done by Congress or the executive looking to the injection of new energy into our industries. With a national political campaign ahead of us, the outlook is not inspiring.

Presidential elections always have a depressing effect on business, even in the best years, and this is not one of our best years. We are without courage, without confidence, and without real bottom to the measure of the activities we have. There is a reason for all this, and it is perhaps worth while to sketch briefly some of the causes that have contributed toward bringing about present conditions.

In 1907 we had a natural panic—that is to say, a panic resulting from overdoing things, from overstraining our capital, our industries, and our business. We reached the breaking-point, and we broke, as we have broken several times before, and as we are bound to break in the future if we again reach the breaking-point of business activities.

The panic in its virulent form was short-lived. Early in 1908, a few months after the crash, our industries began to spring into renewed activity. Notwithstanding the fact that a Presidential election was upon us, we made handsome progress, which continued on into 1909, and, in fact, throughout that entire year. We had largely recovered the ground lost in the panic, and in both

commercial and financial centers everybody looked happy and hopeful.

Early in January, 1910—I think it was on the 7th of January—President Taft sent a special message to Congress, urging Federal incorporation, and an amendment to, or some revision of, the Sherman Law. In this message he urged that he was most anxious to conserve the business interests of the country and not to destroy them, but he went on to say that if Congress failed to grant the relief he asked, he would be compelled to enforce the Sherman Law with vigor, whatever the results.

This Presidential message put the knife into business and into our securities clean up to the hilt. That was the beginning of the break in the price of securities, the beginning of the present depression and lassitude in business.

This is history, not criticism. Had Congress responded favorably to President Taft's message, giving him the legislation he at that time sought, it is safe to say that we should be in a far better condition today, and that our factories and our furnaces would be running on full time and at good prices. But Congress paid little or no attention to the President's recommendation, and it was early known among the big interests that the leaders in Congress did not propose to pay any attention to it.

Within thirty or sixty days after this message went to Congress, the prices of our securities showed a deplorable and alarming shrinkage. Throughout the spring and early summer they further sagged, until they reached a very low level, and, as is always the case, a severe break in the prices of securities demoralizes and minimizes general business all over the country generally. The vim and courage oozed out of it, and soon

we found ourselves running along in a hand-to-mouth fashion.

This condition kept on much the same, with allowance for the usual brisking up of business in the fall and early winter months. In the spring and summer following (1911), when all conditions indicated enormous crops of wheat and corn, when we began to think that everything bad that could happen to the railroads had happened, and after the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases had been handed down, prices of securities began to look up. Many men thought that the worst was over, and that we were approaching an open sea, with clear, deep water ahead of us. Europe held to this opinion, and began to buy our securities freely.

But a combination of troubles was still coming to us—the war talk of Europe, and the war talk of Wickersham against our big corporations, together with the suits actually begun against them.

All this resulted in forcing the prices of our securities to still lower figures—to panic prices, in fact. To make matters worse, the wheat and corn crops proved disappointing, and almost nothing turned out well.

STEEL NOT AN ACCURATE BAROMETER

Steel, which is said to be the barometer of business, was the one exception. It showed a renewal of activity, but there were reasons for this. The independents, led by the Republic Iron and Steel Company, broke away from the fixed price, or approximately fixed price, at which steel products had been selling, and this precipitated a war, resulting in prices that brought out many new orders here in America, and a very large number from abroad, where the products of our factories are sold at a much lower figure than at home.

So steel, as a barometer of business during the last nine months, has not been at all reliable. The orders were compelled by the prices, and the prices were such as to yield unsatisfactory returns to the manufacturers. A merchant can always get rid of staple goods, if he is willing to give them away.

The cut prices—ruinous prices, in some instances—made by our steel-manufacturers within the last year, would not have given us anything like the volume of business that was transacted but for the extraordinary increase in the foreign demand. The proportion of orders from abroad has been

quite abnormal in comparison with former years. This is a particularly objectionable phase of the situation when it is considered that we are all the while using up valuable raw materials without securing any profit. In many cases we have probably sold to foreign consumers at an actual loss.

It is worth mentioning, in this connection, that the Republic Iron and Steel Company, which inaugurated the cut prices, has been forced to suspend its preferred-stock dividend. This tells the story.

RAILROAD ENTERPRISE DISCOURAGED

The policy of the government, meanwhile, in refusing to allow the railroads of the country to increase their freight-rates to a point that would keep pace with the increased price of labor and other expenses, has discouraged enterprise on the part of railroad managements, and has resulted in the introduction of such rigorous and un-American economies with our railroads that their upkeep has obviously suffered.

We not only have almost no new railroad construction going on to-day, but our established roads are not in the physical condition they should be in and would be in but for what seems to me the narrow policy of the government. We have vastly more accidents than we should have, and railroad travel involves a greater hazard than formerly, notwithstanding the better safety appliances and better cars, many of them now being made of steel.

The American people should have the safest railroads in the world, and the trifling difference in the cost of freights which would yield the necessary amount to give us the best railroads and best railroad management should cut no figure. I do not believe in excessive freight-rates, or in excessive dividends on the actual capital invested, but I do believe in having the best transportation systems to be found anywhere in the world, and I am sure the American people will not be satisfied with anything else—with anything but the best.

All this goes to make plain that there is something wrong with business; that there is no bottom, no foundation, to it, no courage in it. Such is the condition in which we find ourselves as we are entering upon what looks as if it would be a very fiercely fought political campaign.

The Republican party, which won such a sweeping victory in 1908, was routed and

well-nigh demolished by the Democrats in 1910. If the strength of the Democratic party, as shown in 1910, still holds, it is to-day much stronger numerically than the Republican party. This means that with candidates of equal running strength, the Democratic party will win at the polls in November.

CHANCES FOR REPUBLICAN SUCCESS

The only apparent chance, therefore, for a Republican triumph next fall would come from some colossal blunder, or series of blunders, on the part of the Democrats—either this, or because of a Republican candidate who in himself is strong enough to carry the votes of his own party and to command a large following from the Democratic party.

What are the chances that either of these conditions will happen—that the Democrats will make blunders, or that the Republicans will nominate a candidate stronger than his party? If neither should occur—if the Democrats make no mistakes, and if the Republicans nominate any other than an exceptionally strong candidate—it is obvious that the Democrats will win.

Should this be the result of the election, what will be the effect on our industries, on our business, and on our securities, with the Democratic party pledged to a reduction of the tariff, as it surely will be? The question is, to what extent the tariff can be reduced without further upsetting our industries and paralyzing business.

Even though a Democratic triumph might be better in the end (and I say this merely for argument's sake), it is clear that the party's advent to power, with what it would mean to business, would, in the first instance, perhaps for the first year, be disturbing, if not demoralizing. A change of administration, especially a change that looks toward lower tariff, always impairs confidence and slows down the engines of commerce.

On the other hand, should Mr. Taft be renominated and reelected, would business suddenly take on inspiration and courage? Would our business men have any logical ground for looking forward to better conditions than we have had during his present administration? When he became President, business had already made a fine recovery from the panic, and was showing the old American spirit in its onward rush. It is in the doldrums to-day, and no one with

whom I have talked seems to have very much optimism left, no one seems to see the way ahead to the clearing.

A LEGAL ADMINISTRATION

Mr. Taft has not succeeded in inspiring business confidence in anything like the measure we hoped when he came to the White House, nor to anything like the extent we had a right to expect from the platform on which he was elected, and from what we believed to be his capabilities as an executive.

True, he has had to deal with the legal problem of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and much of his time has been given to this work. But of what benefit has it all been to the people, of what benefit has it been to our industries and to our business?

After years of fighting, the Supreme Court ordered the dissolution of the Standard Oil and the Tobacco companies. The result of these dissolutions is that Standard Oil securities are selling higher to-day, in the aggregate, than at almost any time in their history—at just about double the price of two, three, or four years ago. The prices of oil and Standard Oil products to the consumer have been conspicuously advanced, and this is the reward the people are getting from all this legal onslaught on business.

Practically the same result has followed in the case of the American Tobacco Company. Its securities have made a tremendous advance, and the public is in no sense benefited. Indeed, it looks as if the outworking of these dissolutions, and of the reincorporations on plans approved by Mr. Taft and his administration, have been of substantial advantage to the holders of securities in both the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies, and to no one else.

The law has been vindicated, the administration satisfied, and general business stalled. This is not a very substantial victory for the people, is not good enough to kindle in them any considerable degree of enthusiasm.

In connection with the Anti-Trust Law, it should be noted that Mr. Taft has changed his mind since he sent his damaging message to Congress on January 7, 1910. Then, as already stated in this paper, he urged some form of relief from the Sherman Law, while now he looks upon it with favor.

This has indeed been a legal administra-

tion. There has been little else than law and courts and decisions and questions of constitutionality. Constructive legislation, inspiring leadership, and the kind of statesmanship that sets in motion the engines of industry, have been conspicuously absent. Too much law will kill anything.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN THE ARENA

There is another phase of the situation this year that has, from the present point of view, a decided bearing on the business outlook. It is Mr. Roosevelt's entry into the political arena. He has just stated, in his answer to the Governors, that if the nomination for the Presidency is tendered to him, he will accept it. This means that there will be a bitter fight between the forces who want to see Taft renominated and those who are very much in earnest in their determination to nominate Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt's presence in the contest for nomination draws the line sharply between the conservatives and the progressives of the Republican party. The feeling between the two factions is becoming more and more bitter all the while. With the progressive ground so fully covered and preempted by Roosevelt, there is little place left for Taft, except in the conservative ranks, where the progressives insist that he stands.

The outcome of the fight between the Taft and Roosevelt forces is difficult to foresee. As the discussion goes on, it is clear that the conservatives will become more certain that they are right, and the progressives will also become more certain that they are right. It is more or less problematical whether, in the final decision of the convention, it will be possible to bring the two factions to work together in harmony. It will be specially difficult to do so if the Roosevelt followers feel that they have been steam-rolled out of a square deal.

On the face of it, as it looks to-day, Taft has the nomination solidly and surely within his grasp. He has all the glamour and glory of the Presidential office. He has all the following that the power of patronage can command. He has the politicians very generally with him, and he has the money interests and special interests, for the most part, as well as the stand-patters and the reactionaries almost to a man. All these men, and all these influences, are with Taft, and for Taft.

Against this seemingly insurmountable combination stands one man — Theodore

Roosevelt—with no patronage, no following of office-holders, and little or no following in the money strongholds of the country. But this one man in himself alone, in what he has accomplished, and what he has in him to accomplish, is a power with the plain people—a power with which the Taft forces must reckon.

The outcome of the fight is at this writing very uncertain. If Roosevelt is still as strong with the people as he formerly was, and if Taft is as weak with the people as the straw ballots and other indications suggest, it may well be that the combined forces of the people—the people who do the country's work, and who cast the votes on election day—will assert themselves and compel the politicians to do their bidding and place in nomination the man of their choice.

This is possible. If it were to concrete into fact, and Roosevelt should be nominated for the Presidency, it is at least an even chance that he would be elected in November—slightly better, I should say, than an even chance, whoever may be the candidate of the opposing party. If the Democrats should nominate an ultra-conservative, then Roosevelt's victory would be a walkover.

THE NATION IS PROGRESSIVE

I base this belief on what seems to me to be the fact that eighty per cent, or about eighty per cent, of the voters of America to-day are progressives. I do not know whether there are more progressives in one party or the other—do not know that the percentage differs widely. But that the total number of progressives of the two parties is tremendously in excess of the total number of conservatives, or reactionaries, is beyond question.

I said something like this in an article published about a year ago in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. At that time I think I placed the percentage of progressives at about seventy-five. But since then I believe the figures have risen, and that to-day not more than twenty per cent of the voters of America are conservatives.

The progressives are not all of precisely the same mind, any more than are the conservatives of precisely the same mind. Some of the conservatives are on the borderland of the progressives, while others are reactionaries. So, too, some of the progressives are on the borderland of the conservatives, while others are far more radical.

But this great army—eighty per cent, we

will say, of the voters of America—are to-day at heart progressives of one degree or another. But for the fealty to old party organizations, to old party names, and old party traditions, they would come pretty close to marching as a unit under the progressive flag.

The overwhelming percentage of progressives in the country has an important bearing on the Republican nomination, and on the fight between the followers of Taft and of Roosevelt. Taft is either voluntarily lined up with the conservatives, or has been effectually placed there by the progressives. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is an out-and-out progressive, not only in theory, but in acts as well, for his whole career has been one of initiative and progress, almost from his boyhood, when he first went into politics. It may well be that in this fact we can get a suggestion of the outcome of the Taft-Roosevelt contest.

But suppose Taft wins the nomination, is it probable that he would be elected? Could he be elected against a progressive Democrat? And as the Democratic convention comes after the Republican convention, isn't it more than likely that the Democratic party will name a progressive in the event of Taft's nomination?

If so, this would mean a progressive against a conservative, and with eighty per cent of the voters of the country to-day progressives, more self-assertive than at any other time in our history in respect to their opinions, wouldn't the Democratic candidate come pretty close to holding the votes of his own party, and to getting a good many of the progressive Republicans?

THE PROSPECT OF DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

It would seem to me a reasonably safe conclusion to assume that this would be the fact. So, summing up the whole situation, it looks like a Democratic victory this fall, except on the chance that Colonel Roosevelt may be nominated in June at Chicago, or that some compromise candidate like Justice Hughes may become the standard-bearer.

This analysis is not with a view to advocating Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, regardless of my own personal wishes in the matter. It is an analysis with regard to its bearing on our industrial and business conditions. I said in the outset that this promised to be an off year in business, and the present discussion goes to demonstrate

that it will naturally be an off year, at least until the outcome of the Presidential contest becomes reasonably certain.

Following the precedent of other years, the foreshadowing of a return of the party in power, the party under which we have made such phenomenal strides in material prosperity, would give new hope and a new impetus to business, and to every kind of industry, but for the experience we have had during the present administration. It may be debatable whether the present state of depression in business can in any measure be charged to the Taft administration, but the fact that our deplorable inactivity has come about under this administration robs us of the confidence necessary to the initiation of enterprise.

Summing up this discussion, then, it points to the conclusion that if the contest now on in earnest between the followers of Roosevelt and the followers of Taft results in Roosevelt's nomination, his nomination will presage his election, and his election would mean, naturally, the continuation of the present party in power, with a man in the White House who is the embodiment of initiative and energy. Now that the measures for which Mr. Roosevelt made his great fights as President have largely become the law of the land, and now that the corporations are being brought under control of the government, it is my belief that if again made President, he would chiefly devote himself to revivifying our industries and our business, and would devote himself, with all his tremendous powers of application, to a broad and big policy of constructive statesmanship.

If my reasoning is sound, we cannot look forward with confidence to any considerable business activity until after the Chicago convention, and even then we may see no more clearly than we do to-day.

In the very nature of the case, this discussion looks as if it were framed up for political purposes, but it is not, however it may seem, and whatever political significance it may appear to have. I could not consider the subject of the present article, and discuss it in a worth-while way, without dwelling upon its political aspect.

If my analysis differs from your views, suppose you yourself do a bit of reasoning on the subject—that is, on the business outlook—and then see if your conclusions swing far away from those that I have reached and herein set forth.

THE DAMNATION OF SANDY MACGREGOR

BY E. ROBERT STEVENSON

MACGREGOR was finding it a hard task to keep up with the pace set by younger men in the foundry. His hair was getting grayer and his back more bent with each day's effort to hold his position.

Anxiety was racking him with greater persistency and more certainty than age, but the latter was also beginning to count heavily, even though it was only a short time since he had passed the prime of life. A wife and children dependent on a man's efforts fall as a heavy load of responsibility when his strength begins to give way.

He toiled through six long - drawn - out days each week, the struggle to keep up becoming more and more painful. Saturday was the heaviest day of all, when each hour plodded past with leaden step, and his back ached with more and more unbearable throbs until the day and the week's work were finally brought to a close. The walk home, though not a long one, was a great effort, exhausted as he was with the day's struggle.

Sunday brought a short but welcome relief, and gave him some little restoration of strength for the struggle of the week to come. As a day of rest the Sabbath appealed to MacGregor as it had never appealed in the years of his earlier life; and thereat he was sorely troubled.

He had brought to the land where all men are free and equal a strong belief in a stern Calvinistic religion. From the earliest period of his boyhood, he remembered his regular attendance at kirk in the little Scottish village that had been his birthplace. Strongly impressed on his memory was the teaching of his father—a man of unbending convictions—that the Sabbath was the Lord's day, to be spent at the kirk in worship, and at home in prayer and Scripture-reading.

It was his custom to close his eyes as he sat in his plain little kitchen, waiting while Mrs. MacGregor prepared the Sunday breakfast. Near him sat his four little girls in a proper Sabbath row, in snow - white dresses stiffly starched, with feet inclined to loosely dangle, but held religiously steady, as they conned their Sabbath text. The picture which he then brought to mind was of the bright Sunday mornings in the Highlands, when his mother held his hand as they trod behind his solemn father on their way to the kirk.

Those sermons by the hard old Calvinistic preacher, throbbing with the damnation prepared for the wicked, had sunk deep into his mind. Even the great wave of change that had lifted him out of his staid little native village, to toss him upon the shores of America, with its restless unbelief and material self-sufficiency, had as little effect to shake his conviction that God is ever watchful to keep count of a man's fitness for heaven or hell as the vain pounding of the restless sea upon the everlasting rocks of the Scottish coast. To Sandy MacGregor it meant damnation to disregard God's laws.

Long ago, in his boyhood, before his character had firmly hardened, he had once given way to the taunts of some evil companions, and had defiantly taken a sip from a glass of whisky which they had placed before him. It was the one time of his life when he had allowed liquor to pass his lips. In the years that had passed since then, MacGregor's conscience had given him a hell on earth by suggesting doubts as to his chances of realizing a heaven hereafter.

Liquor, to MacGregor, was a device of the devil for getting men within his grip. Satan himself was the great proprietor who controlled the traffic therein. Although MacGregor had never seen him in person,

with his cloven hoofs, horns, and tail, the Evil One was nevertheless as tangible a reality as if it were possible to watch him as he directed what his servants should do in conducting the breweries and saloons, devising schemes for enticing men to drink, and thus assuring their candidacy for the kingdom of the lost.

Through extreme strictness in upright living, MacGregor had hopes that he might succeed in wiping out the great error of his early days; but he was by no means certain that that one fatal sip of whisky, taken in his far-off youth, did not mean his final and irretrievable damnation.

Worn though he was with the week's struggle to accomplish an amount of work that might reasonably compare with that of younger men, MacGregor never failed to arise early on the Sabbath and carefully brush his faded black coat in preparation for church. There was no relaxation of body or spirit in a Sunday service for MacGregor, and it was little rest that his poor, aching bones received in the early part of the day. Upright he sat with back held conscientiously away from the stiff wooden pew, while his mind worked painfully to absorb every word that came from the pulpit before him.

To keep his spirit contrite and submissive was ever the difficult task of MacGregor, and hard did he work at it. Between him and his worn little wife in shabby black at the other end of the pew his four little girls, with faces clean and glowing, and plain dresses of a snowy whiteness, might always be found. MacGregor was a man who gave his family most careful attention, regarding equally their spiritual and their temporal welfare. His great effort was to teach them so to live that their souls might escape the damnation that was ever imminent, and then to see to it that the necessities of life were supplied them.

There had never been any too much temporal provision in the MacGregor home. All that had ever come there had made its appearance as the result of hard toil by the head of the household. There had been times when stern necessity had caused him to run into debt, but the proud spirit of MacGregor had never been brought low by the acceptance of charity, and his liabilities, heretofore, had been slowly but surely paid.

Just now debts were weighing heavily on MacGregor, and his anxiety over the dreaded loss of his position was thus made two-

fold. For more than three weeks his wife had been ill, and the medicine had taken all the ready cash that he could spare. The druggist was not the sort of man who would take chances with a foundryman. He had had experience before. The doctor was more lenient, but his bill was steadily climbing to a dizzy height. The grocer had trusted MacGregor as far as his economic theories, deduced from actual business experience, had taught him that it was wise to do.

The table-fare of MacGregor and his children had consequently been somewhat poorer than usual, and less in quantity. It was necessary that the small piece of soup-meat should do service for three days instead of two, in order that the luxury of a can of cheap salmon might be secured for the invalid.

II

DURING this period of trial, the strain on MacGregor had been greater than ever. He had to rise earlier in the morning, so as to get breakfast for the children and prepare them for school before he left home for the foundry. On him had fallen the extra burden of housework, the preparing of meals, and the many little tasks of the home, which was kept orderly, plain as its furnishings were. His sleep had frequently been broken by the necessity of giving his sick wife attention during the night.

Consequently, MacGregor's steps had been even more prone to lag as he went about his work of pouring hot metal into the sand molds at the foundry. His long ladle weighed heavy in his hands, and frequently the sturdy younger men managed to make two trips from the melting-pot to the molds while Sandy was making but one.

On Saturday of the third week of his wife's sickness MacGregor's trials seemed greater than ever. When the closing hour finally came, he was so exhausted that he sat for a few minutes on a clay-bedaubed set of molding-frames, to recuperate a bit before preparing to return home. He finally drew on his patched coat and grimy felt hat, and took his place at the end of the line passing before the pay-teller's window.

In turn his thin envelope was received, and with trembling hands he tore it open. Together with the nine dollars which it contained, he drew forth a small printed slip; and at the sight his face grew pale and his strength departed, leaving a numb, cold chill. He sat down upon a heap of stones

which stood in the foundry yard, and wiped his forehead while he read the slip, the contents of which he knew well enough without reading:

Your services are no longer required.

What MacGregor had long feared had come to pass, and at a time when his need of work was greatest.

The news of his misfortune spread rapidly among his fellow workmen. There followed much shaking of heads and many exclamations of sympathy, but, with a tact that came of understanding, they left him alone in his trouble. The yard was deserted when at last MacGregor arose, downcast in spirit and bent with weariness, to drag his way toward home.

News of his misfortune, as a matter of course, had first made its way to Saunderson's saloon, where so many of the foundrymen left a good share of their weekly earnings. MacGregor was well known to Saunderson, secondarily because he was a fellow countryman, but primarily because he was one of the few foundrymen who never entered the establishment.

Within a month, Saunderson had engaged three different men to work his bottled beer delivery route. Each had made a sad mess of the job, because of a too powerful thirst, which gave way before the attraction of the stock that they were supposed to deliver. A man who did not drink, therefore, appealed to Saunderson as the sort that he needed. He consequently waited for MacGregor, and stopped him as he was passing the saloon.

"I have a job for ye, Mac," he said.

Sandy was startled from his despondent preoccupation to look up at the man whom he had always considered as a member of the devil's own cohort of tempters on earth.

"What have I to do with ye?" MacGregor asked, instinctively on his guard against the snares that he knew the Evil One was always preparing.

"Ye'll think it a good fortune that ye got the slip, the nicht," Saunderson continued. "I want ye to drive ma bottle wagon."

"And ken ye me na better than that?" MacGregor asked uneasily.

"Fifteen dollars the week, I'll pay ye," Saunderson went on. "That's six dollars more than the foundry, and easier work!"

At any other time, easier work would have had no force as an argument with MacGregor, nor would the additional six dollars

a week. But his position that night, with the fatal slip in his pocket, his family in such need, his years advancing, and his strength not that of his younger days, caused even the strong-willed Scot to hesitate. It was only for a moment, however.

"Niver, niver!" he cried in a tone of mental anguish, and pushed his way past the tempter with a painful quickening of his steps to get away from the temptation.

"I'll gie ye till Monday to think o' it," Saunderson called after him.

At home MacGregor had the full force of his desperate situation impressed upon him. His rent, due on Monday, would take eight of the nine dollars which he had in his pocket. This would leave one dollar to supply his home with food during the week—not enough, to be sure, but with the prospect of his foundry pay on the following Saturday he had hoped to induce the grocer to trust him for two dollars more. Uncertain as the prospect of getting credit would ordinarily have been, it was a hopeless expectation now that his job was gone.

The doctor had made another visit during the day, adding another dollar to the bill owed him. What was of more immediate concern, he had left two prescriptions calling for ready cash at the drug-store.

Mrs. MacGregor was tossing restlessly about the bed. In an effort to coax her appetite, her husband got a frying-pan and warmed some of the canned salmon which had been bought for the invalid on the preceding day. She refused to touch it.

MacGregor had not the heart to tell her of the great calamity that had befallen them. He busied himself getting a frugal meal for the children, and was relieved when at last he got them in bed. By that time his wife had fallen into a restless sleep.

Sleep was impossible for Sandy MacGregor. His mind was too sorely occupied with the great problem of how to provide the necessities of life for his family. His age and strength, he knew, made it impossible to secure another foundry job, and of other work he knew nothing. No reserve fund was in his home to enable him to take even a few days in which to hunt for a place.

One way out of his difficulty, and only one, presented itself. Saunderson's offer continually forced itself upon his mind. To accept it meant the sacrifice of his immortal soul. Time and again, as the idea returned to him, the realization of this awful price

led MacGregor to put away the thought of acceptance.

He sat on a kitchen chair, staring through a little window into the blackness of the night outside. In the distance, a lamp-post sent out a feeble yellow glare. It seemed to MacGregor as if the encircling blackness was like the trouble in which he found himself, and the dingy street-lamp was Satan's offer, to which, try as he would to keep them away from it, his eyes must be drawn as to the only light there.

As far as he himself was concerned, there would have been no hesitation in choosing his course. He would have kept the narrow way, even though it meant starvation or supreme physical suffering. It was the thought of what it meant to his wife and children that held MacGregor in the throes of pain, and made his battle in the darkness an unequal contest.

For hours the struggle went on, until, worn out, he left the window for a moment's breathing-spell, and entered the bedroom. He stood for a moment above his sleeping wife. Then, in the darkness, he turned to the second bed and felt along the pillows. One, two, three, four curly heads were there, the father knowing well each baby as he touched her.

Back into the bedroom he turned, and a great sob escaped him as he felt his way again to the window. For a moment he stood staring at the flickering, yellow street-light. Then the Scottish jaw set hard. MacGregor had settled upon a course of action.

III

THROUGHOUT the night he sat and stared out into the darkness. It was not until the dawn began to break that his head fell upon his breast and he slept.

It was only a short nap, scarcely enough to rest the tired mind and body. Then MacGregor went about the task of preparing breakfast. The children were soon awake, and required his suggestion and assistance in donning their white Sunday dresses. Mrs. MacGregor felt a trifle better, and was persuaded to eat an egg. MacGregor's shabby black suit was brushed with even greater care than usual. The children coned their text, and the MacGregor family, with the exception of the mother, went off to church according to their Sunday custom.

Down the aisle of the plain little wooden edifice they filed to their pew near the front. MacGregor's face was pale and drawn,

showing the effect of the night's struggle. The children realized instinctively that something of great moment was troubling their father, and they sat rigorously and religiously upright, glancing now and then into his face with puzzled, timid looks.

The pews filled while the bell was tolling its last command to gather for worship. A thin, cold-blooded theologian entered the pulpit and announced the opening hymn:

My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise.

The morning lesson was then read, after which the congregation again sang.

"Happy is he that condemneth not—" the preacher began, giving out his text.

As he did so, the congregation was startled by a voice which interrupted him.

"Nay, stay a moment ere ye begin! I have a word to say."

All eyes were turned to the pew where Sandy MacGregor was standing, holding out his labor-hardened fingers to get the preacher's attention.

"I'll ne'er lie to God nor to ye." MacGregor's voice was hard and firm. "It's few words I have to say, but I want ye to ken them well. I've fought ma struggle through thus far, and beat the devil fair, but the odds were ne'er before so heavy agin me. It's the devil's own way that I am about to take, but I canna see ma babies suffer. I ken well the path that leads to hell. The kirk's no mair for me, and I only ask that ye still may teach ma babies here the way to Heaven. Mine is a hard road which winds to eternal damnation, but oh, Lord"—he held his shabby arm and scrawny wrist aloft toward the beams above—"rough as it is, Sandy MacGregor is going to follow it. It's the servant of Saunderson and the devil that I'll be i' the morning!"

With firm, sure step and eyes turned neither to right nor to left, he passed down the aisle, while his children stared after him wide-eyed and wondering, and the congregation sat silent, shocked by the strange words that they had heard.

It was not until the outer door slammed that the stillness was broken, as the preacher again announced his text:

"Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

THE ENORMOUS WEALTH OF OUR SWAMP LANDS

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

AMONG the world's great nations America is noted as the richest in natural resources, but the most improvident in their conservation and use. It is only in recent years that most of us have come to realize that we have been wasting our forests, impairing our watercourses, and misusing our farming lands; but with economists and scientific cultivators our shortcomings have long been familiar themes. It has often been pointed out that while we have vast areas suitable for the highest agricultural development, and while we farm upon an extensive scale, with most of our crops we have never obtained the results we should. We do not get as satisfactory harvest yields as those of many nations possessing fewer natural advantages than ourselves.

So long as the United States had a comparatively small population, with large areas of free public lands and cheap farms, it was able to pursue wasteful methods of agriculture without suffering apparent injury. To-day the case is different. We have a hundred million people to support, and in density of population we are beginning to compare with older nations. Land is becoming relatively scarce, and has greatly enhanced in value. The time has come when we must adopt more careful agricultural methods, and develop the intensive cultivation of other nations, or we shall cease to produce a surplus, and may be forced to import food.

If it is the question of soil content that is at the bottom of the low average yields of most of our leading crops, then it would appear that our improvidence in husbandry is the more inexcusable, for everywhere surrounding us, in nearly every State of the Union, are acres upon acres of the most fertile soil in the country lying almost en-

tirely idle and unused. Indeed, with very few exceptions, these unoccupied lands are in precisely the same condition to-day as when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, or when Henry Hudson explored the river which bears his name. I refer to our swamps and overflows lands.

As a rule swamp land is not bad land, but the richest land known. It grows richer with each succeeding year, as its vegetation blossoms and dies, and the decaying matter mixes its substance with the silt, fine earth, and other material that is washed down from the upper courses of streams or deposited by overflows. The result is a soil of wonderful fertility, which has only to be drained of its water to be made the basis of splendid agricultural wealth.

Few of those who have not studied the subject have any conception of the enormous area of swamp and overflow land in the United States. There is scarcely a commonwealth in the Union, except in the arid West, that has not some of this very rich soil, which might, if reclaimed, add enormously to our agricultural wealth. In many of the States the estimated areas are simply staggering. According to official figures compiled by the Interior Department in 1908, the following twenty-one commonwealths contain more than a thousand square miles apiece:

	SQUARE MILES	ACRES
Alabama	1,750	1,120,000
Arkansas	9,000	5,760,000
California	1,560	998,400
Florida	29,000	18,560,000
Georgia	3,750	2,400,000
Illinois	4,200	2,688,000
Indiana	1,250	800,000
Louisiana	15,000	9,600,000
Maine	4,000	2,560,000
Michigan	7,500	4,800,000

	SQUARE MILES	ACRES
Minnesota	6,000	3,840,000
Mississippi	9,650	6,176,000
Missouri	3,000	1,920,000
New York	2,500	1,600,000
North Carolina	3,750	2,400,000
Ohio	1,250	800,000
South Carolina	2,750	1,760,000
Tennessee	1,250	800,000
Texas	3,500	2,240,000
Virginia	1,600	1,024,000
Wisconsin	4,500	2,880,000

It will be seen that Florida holds the palm with twenty-nine thousand square miles of swamp land. Indeed, other tabulations—for the estimates of different authorities never entirely agree—state the overflowed area of Florida at nearly thirty-five thousand square miles—a tract greater than the combined area of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and greater than any one of half a dozen European countries.

Official estimates of the aggregate amount of swamp land in the whole United States differ. Much of it has never been surveyed, and its precise extent can only be estimated. In a special report issued by the Department of the Interior in 1908, the total area of land needing drainage was placed at 78,473,700 acres, or about 122,615 square miles. In a recent address delivered at the Irrigation Congress in Chicago, M. O. Leighton, chief hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, revised these figures, and gave the area "as more than 74,500,000 acres," or about 116,400 square miles.

The tremendous significance of these statistics can best be realized by means of comparisons. Take the official estimate of 122,615 square miles of drainable soil, and compare it with the area of some well-known countries. It is greater than England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, which together have an aggregate area of 121,391 square miles. It is considerably larger than Italy, with an area of 110,550 square miles. It is nearly as large as Japan or Norway, about two-thirds the size of Spain or Sweden, and more than half as large as either France or Germany. Within a tract equal in extent to our reclaimable swamp land you could tuck away the combined territories of Holland, Denmark, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Servia, and Montenegro, and still have 9,480 square miles left to fill.

Can one picture the marvelous influence

upon the country if a territory as vast as this, with a soil as fertile as any that we possess, should suddenly be opened up to cultivation?

WHAT OUR SWAMPS MIGHT PRODUCE

Mr. Leighton has indulged his fancy in considering this phase of the possible reclamation of our swamps, using 74,000,000 acres as his basis of calculation, and estimating that such an area would support a farming population of at least 7,000,000 souls. Forty acres of reclaimed swamp land, it is estimated, is ample to support a family; a tract of 74,000,000 acres, divided into forty-acre farms, means 1,850,000 farms. If the average farmer's family should spend but \$350 a year, this would provide a total annual purchasing power of nearly \$650,000,000. A gross return of but \$50 an acre, on a reclaimed area of 74,000,000 acres, would establish a yearly farm yield of \$3,700,000,000.

These are big figures, but let us not call them impossible until we see what other countries have done and are doing with reclaimed marshes and swamp lands. Europe has a better knowledge of such matters than we. Europe has been engaged in reclaiming land for centuries, while, with our abundance of unoccupied territory, we have not thought it necessary to do so.

It has been pointed out by Professor Shaler that the dormant wealth of many countries lies in their swamps and morasses. He estimated that in Great Britain and Ireland fully one-fifth of the fertile agricultural lands have been reclaimed by drainage and diking.

During the time of the Saxon kingdoms, a great part of England consisted of marshes and sloughs, the sites of which are now indicated by the great and persistent fertility of the soil. Therein, no doubt, one may find part of the answer to the question why the yield per acre of wheat, barley, and potatoes is so much greater in England than in this country.

Very much the same thing is true of many parts of northern Europe, of the valley of the Po, in Italy, and of other areas now highly productive. Professor Shaler estimated that about one-twentieth of the tillable land of Europe was inundated and unfit for agriculture as late as the eighth century.

We have done comparatively little in this country in the way of reclamation. In re-

cent years, to be sure, we have arranged to convey water to many tracts of arid land, so as to make them fertile, or at least so as to determine whether they can be made fertile; but we have virtually neglected the easier, cheaper, and more certain procedure of removing water from the lands known to be highly fertile when drained. The average cost of the government irrigation projects in the West is said to be about thirty-five dollars an acre, while the average cost of drainage is estimated at from six to ten dollars an acre. In other words, one can reclaim four acres of land by drainage to one rendered productive by irrigation, and the authorities on the subject maintain that the fertility of reclaimed swamp soil is more enduring than that of irrigated desert land.

There are, of course, various problems in drainage, but we should encounter few difficulties as serious as those which other countries have met and overcome. In Holland, for instance, between 1837 and 1850, 41,648 acres were reclaimed by draining the great Haarlem Lake of no less than fifteen feet of water. Another tract of 10,363 acres lying twenty-two feet below the level of the river Yssel was reclaimed by pumping. In the Fen district in England, out of 363,000 acres diked and drained, 85,000 acres were from six to twelve feet below high-water level.

THE WORK A NATIONAL ONE

Our chief difficulties at this stage are of a different character, arising out of the fact that many of our largest swamps lie in more than one State, or are so situated that if they are to be properly drained, canals must run through some other commonwealth. In some cases, a river must be used to carry off the water, and the additional discharge may cause damage on its lower course.

The situation, according to experts, renders it essential that if any comprehensive plan of reclamation is undertaken, the work should be a national one, and should be carried out by the Federal government in cooperation with the States. This was the policy proposed in the Dupre bill, which was recently introduced into Congress. That measure contemplated comprehensive drainage operations in thirteen States, which contain most of the swamp and overflowed land in the United States.

The national aspect of the drainage problem was made clear by Mr. Leighton be-

fore the Irrigation Congress. He thus briefly enumerated and described some of the country's greatest swamps:

Beginning with what is perhaps the most famous, the Dismal Swamp, we find that it occupies parts of Virginia and North Carolina. A little farther south there are swamp areas lying on both sides of the North and South Carolina State-lines. The northern part naturally drains to the southern part. The Savannah River on the northern border, and the Apalachicola on the southwestern border of Georgia, have great swamp and overflow areas in South Carolina, Alabama, and Florida.

In southern Georgia, too, there are the Okefenokee swamps, which, if drained, must have their outlet across the State of Florida. The Tombigbee Valley in Mississippi lies above the same valley in Alabama. The Pearl River bottoms occupy parts of Mississippi and Louisiana. The St. Francis basin lies in Missouri and Arkansas; while the swamps of the Red River of the North occupy Minnesota and North Dakota.

As I have said, considering the extent of swamp land and morass in this country, the amount of drainage work has been inconsiderable. Yet some surprisingly good results have been attained, and the improvement in the value of drained lands has in some instances been remarkable. There are cases where reclaimed tracts, once virtually worthless, have come to be valued at a thousand dollars an acre.

The results obtained with the Kankakee marsh, in northern Indiana, are mentioned by all the drainage authorities. Thirty years ago it had no agricultural value, and sold for about four dollars an acre. The northern portion has been drained, produces abundantly, and commands about a hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Similar results have followed the drainage of other wet lands in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. Held, some twenty years ago, at an average valuation of perhaps twenty-five dollars an acre, they have been made productive by drainage at a cost of from twelve to twenty dollars an acre, and are worth to-day anywhere from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre.

Of course, results are not uniform, but it is stated that on almost any of the fertile swamp land of the Mississippi delta a planter can pay fifty dollars an acre for drainage work, and obtain land which will show him a hundred per cent profit on his investment. Many similar statements are to be found in government reports dealing with the subject. For instance, in one

bearing upon the drainage of wet lands in Effingham County, Georgia, I read that most of the land in the county, with the timber cut off, is worth from three to ten dollars an acre, and that at a cost of about three dollars an acre it can be converted into tracts suitable for cultivation, and worth from twenty to sixty dollars an acre.

At this writing the project of draining the Everglades of Florida is involved in unpleasant notoriety, growing out of the allegation that certain land companies influenced government officials to suppress or alter reports on the undertaking. I will therefore refrain from commenting upon it, except to refer to the vast extent of the area under contemplated drainage.

Few realize the immensity of the Everglades, or the dimensions of the work which the State of Florida has undertaken. The drainage district created by the State contains no less than 4,300,000 acres, or

6,719 square miles, which is larger than the combined area of Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Immediately to the north of the Everglades lies Lake Okeechobee, an inland sea of 500,000 acres, or more than 700 square miles, in extent. This lake overflows in the rainy season, spilling water over the vast level area to the south. The project now in hand contemplates, by constructing canals both to the Atlantic Ocean and to the Gulf of Mexico, to draw the water of Lake Okeechobee six feet lower, and thus prevent the annual overflow.

In addition to the main drainage channels now under construction by the State, lateral canals are to be constructed by private companies, in order to drain the land for farming purposes.

If the project proves successful, it will open an enormous and probably a highly productive area to habitation and tillage.

GOING IN FOR ETHEL

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

AUTHOR OF "A TRIAL HONEYMOON," "CONCENTRATING ON TRABER," ETC.

"I SHOULD say not!" said Aunt Mercedes. "I wouldn't think of such a thing!"

We were sitting in the alcove of the dining-room. I looked at Ethel meaningly. All our plans promised to fail. Aunt Mercedes was likely to be obdurate; and she had so much money that we couldn't afford to cross her.

Not that we were servile—oh, dear, no! We often spoke up to her. But then, you know, it sometimes pays to do this sort of thing with a very rich aunt; it gives her the impression that you don't care—that you are not afraid of her.

"But, auntie," protested Ethel mildly, "you know he is such a nice fellow, and his family is the cream of America. Why, he once taught in Sunday-school, and—and—I don't think he smokes; if he does, I am sure it is the *best* tobacco! He has a fine Christian character!"

I trembled slightly when I heard that phrase "fine Christian character." I was really afraid that Ethel had overdone the thing. But she hadn't; with such an adorable voice as hers it is hard to make a mistake; and she said it with an added note of depth—oh, I can't tell just how she said it, but to me it was perfectly grand.

"Ah, my child," replied Aunt Mercedes, "I am afraid that you are easily deceived. No doubt the young man comes of a good family—or might, if there were any good families to-day. But you don't know the world as I do!"

Considering that Aunt Mercedes was only a trifle over fifty, and had never ridden in an auto, had never been farther than Boston, and had never read a modern novel, this statement might have come as a shock if we had never heard it before. But we had heard it before—many times. For it was one of Aunt Mercedes's favorite state-

ments—a phrase on which she had learned to lean at critical moments.

"He is such a nice young man," said Ethel, dreamily looking out of the window; "so upright, so steady, so—"

"There, there, child," said Aunt Mercedes, "that will do; it's out of the question. I wouldn't think of having him here. My!" she added emphatically, "I really don't know what the world is coming to! And these young men! They are all alike. I read about them constantly in the papers."

As a matter of fact, Aunt Mercedes took only one paper, and that was a religious one.

"Their principal occupation is to gamble, smoke, drink, and run down pedestrians in their horrible automobiles. It's modern conditions, my dear. The young men are not to blame. This one you speak of may be of good material, but it is impossible for him to be living in the world as it is now, and be a fit associate for a young woman like you. Dismiss the whole affair. I wouldn't consent to it for a moment!"

At this point I am quite positive that Ethel would have burst into tears, if we had not all learned to control ourselves in auntie's presence.

Instead, she was silent. She had tried being silent before, and it had often succeeded. Maybe this time—

Suddenly a singular thing happened. A boy from the village—we knew him; he was Amos Spike's boy—came up the walk, and Sarah, the maid, came in with a telegram on a tray.

Ethel sprang up instantly—she knew instinctively that it was for her—and snatched up the envelope. As for auntie, she was so much overcome that she was speechless. It was years since a telegram had ever been delivered at the Gables.

Ethel read the message feverishly, and almost fell over against the window-pane in her embarrassment. As for me, I was so excited that I actually felt numb.

"Well, well, child, what is it?" exclaimed auntie. "Don't keep us in suspense. If there is anything I hate, it is sus—"

"He's coming!" shouted Ethel.

"Who's coming?" said auntie. Just as if she couldn't tell by Ethel's actions!

"Jack—I mean Mr. Sanforth. Oh, you mustn't blame me," she went on hysterically. "Truly, auntie, I told him not to come. I knew you didn't approve of it;

but I thought that to-day I might ask you again. You see"—she held out the message—"this is what he says:

Your letter received telling me not to come; and I am coming as soon as I can get there.

"Wasn't that fine of him, auntie?"

Ethel handed Aunt Mercedes the message, that she might read it for herself. Auntie's fingers closed ominously over the crumpled paper.

"He won't be received!" she said firmly. "No modern young man shall cross this threshold. I—"

At this instant there was a peculiar sound, growing constantly louder. It was an automobile-horn. Then came a swift whirring noise, and silence.

We sat there and listened—the three of us—transfixed with a variety of emotions. Ethel clasped her hands to her heart; I really thought the poor child was going to faint. I had a sickening feeling in my chest.

Of course it was Jack; didn't he always do things that way? There was never time to think with Jack; indeed, everything seemed to be done before it was even thought of.

The big front gate swung open. Steps came rapidly near. The knocker gave forth a tremendous echo. Sarah opened the door.

At this moment auntie rose, in all her might and majesty. I had seen that look on her face before. I remembered that the last time she gave it was to a floral agent, who had some new-fangled seed that he wanted her to buy. Poor agent! I wonder if he has recovered yet!

"Tell him," said auntie to the trembling Sarah, "that we are not at home. Do you understand? *Not at home!*"

At this moment the door opened and Jack himself entered. I was quite certain that he would. It isn't in his nature to wait for anything.

"Hello, Ethel! Hello, Margy!"

He came forward and greeted us in a burst of boyish energy. Auntie, meantime, had risen, and stood there, stately and firm. Jack, unconsciously, had dropped one of his gauntlets on the floor; it was as if he had challenged her to mortal combat.

"This is Mr. Sanforth," whispered Ethel faintly.

Auntie pointed to the door.

"Young man," she said, "how dare you enter this house?"

I never saw Jack appear to better ad-

vantage. After all, he had his mother's fine spirit. Besides, I have never seen any woman yet who could quite resist that smile of his.

"Miss Kew"—he bowed soberly to Aunt Mercedes—"it was atrociously rude of me to break in on you, but it was necessary. I came to see *you*."

"I do not wish to see you."

"You cannot help yourself. It is a matter of honor. You wouldn't have me spirit Ethel away in the night?" he said. "That wouldn't be the square thing to do, would it? I am going to marry her, you know. She doesn't know it yet"—Ethel clasped her hands in agony—"but I am. I am going in for her, and I am just telling you this now, so that you will be prepared. It's a fair fight, isn't it? Pardon my coming in on you; you understand, I'm sure. Good-by—"

He started out of the door. I did not dare to look at Ethel; I could fancy her in my mind's eye, as I stood there shivering, curled up like one of those twisted hair-papers that she had tossed into the fire an hour before, while we were dressing.

Aunt Mercedes seemed as in a mist. I almost shrieked internally as I thought of her as the great statue of Liberty in a fog.

Jack had reached the door, when she commanded him to stop.

"Wait a moment!" she said.

Jack stopped. The instant she spoke his whole attitude changed. He was now the very soul of humility and deference.

"Young man," she said, "have you had your breakfast?"

"No!"

Ethel and I both knew that he was lying; and what a masterpiece! But, then, a fellow who comes from such a family as Jack's never makes a mistake. He knows when to tell the truth and just when a lie is justifiable.

"Sarah!" Sarah came. "Show Mr. Sanforth to the pink room. Please leave that dusty coat on the nail just outside of the piazza door. I will have it attended to."

"Thank you."

Jack obediently disappeared. Ethel and I exchanged lightning signals. Long practise had taught us the smallest fraction of time, to say nothing of the minutest gesture, necessary to convey a whole volume of meaning.

Auntie sat down in the old Sheraton that she favored in moments of austerity.

"Well, it's come at last," she said, "and I suppose we might as well face it." For her, facing things indicated a calm joy, born of Puritan courage. "I knew, of course," she went on, "that it was bound to come—in time. I've done my duty—I held it off as long as I could; but now that it has come, we'll face it and meet it squarely. Ethel!"

"Yes, auntie."

Ethel's voice was the very incarnation of the spirit of meekness. I have always envied her the range of her voice.

"How far has this gone?"

"I don't know quite what you mean, auntie."

"Child, don't attempt to deceive me. How much do you care for this young man?"

"Why, *auntie*! I have only met him three times."

"How much do you care for him? Answer me."

At this moment I boldly rushed to Ethel's defense.

"She doesn't care for him at all, auntie, dear," I said. "Can't a girl have friends without falling in love with them? Why, auntie, it isn't anything. You don't go about the way I do. Hadn't I been to Rome and Paris, and hadn't I had a flirtation on the steamer with a real Russian prince? All the young men act that way now. It's the regular thing."

"You keep quiet," said auntie sternly, in her squelchiest voice. "I can manage this affair without your assistance, thank you!"

At this moment Jack came back. And how he did eat! He told us afterward that he felt as if his life depended upon it. I laughed until I cried when he told us all the things he had had only half an hour before at the Bannister Inn.

Silently—for there seemed, somehow, nothing further for us to say—we had left him at the table and had gathered in the front sitting-room while Jack finished. Auntie sat grimly near the door leading into the hall, and Ethel and I—nervously holding each other's hands—sat together on the sofa.

"We must face it," said auntie at last. "We must have it out with him! Nothing disturbs me more than suspense. He's coming now." I fancied I saw her lip tremble, but it may have been just my fervid imagination. "Margy, you had better go up-stairs."

"Oh, auntie!" The words burst from me in spite of myself. "Please don't! I will be good!"

"Do let Margy stay, auntie," whispered Ethel. "I need her—I really do."

"You may stay."

Jack entered. Auntie surveyed him—completely.

"Do you smoke?"

Jack produced a cigar.

"Yes, ma'am," he said in half apology. He told us afterward he realized that it was better to own up to everything.

"Well, if you are going to indulge in those dreadful things, you will have to go out on the piazza. I can't have my curtains scented with that nauseating odor. We might as well have that understood in the beginning."

"I don't care to smoke now, thank you."

He dropped into a chair. Auntie started to shut the door, but Jack anticipated her.

"With these servants we have to-day," said auntie, "you never can tell. And now, young man, let us come to a complete understanding. You have made up your mind to marry Ethel?"

"I have."

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Have you an occupation?"

Jack almost grinned.

"I am in my father's office."

"And who are your family?"

Jack quietly reached over to one of the shelves. His observant eye had detected a blue book. He turned the pages until he came to the right one.

"Here we are. That's my father. I don't belong to all of his clubs—only three of them."

"What church do you attend?"

I could almost see Jack shrink. As for me, I was shrieking—mentally.

"St. Andrew's."

"How often do you go?"

Jack smiled that wonderful smile again.

"Not any oftener than I can help," he said. "My mother demands it of me once a month."

"How much income do you have?"

"I have five thousand from the office, and five thousand of my own."

"Do you expect a settlement to go with this young girl?"

"I hadn't thought about it. I have been too much interested in her. I don't think it matters."

"Well, we might as well have it understood. I'll make provision for her. When do you want to marry her?"

"To-morrow."

I knew *that* would come, of course. It was just like Jack. Ethel started up.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Not before October."

This was too much for me. I actually snickered—and I knew by auntie's face that it almost cost me the remainder of the interview.

"It's a long time to wait," said Jack, "but I suppose I shall have to."

Aunt Mercedes rose, Jack with her.

"Then we may consider the whole matter settled," she said; "provided, of course, I find, after a *thorough* investigation, that what you tell me is true. In the mean time, I want you to take away that horrible motor-car, and never let me see it again. Under no circumstances will I permit you to take Ethel out in it. You may sit here for an hour, and you may call twice a week in the evening, but you must go promptly at a quarter to ten." She held out her hand. Jack clasped it fervently. "It is understood?"

"Perfectly. How can I thank you?"

"You do not need to. I am not doing this because I want to, but because I realize that it can't be helped. Come, Margy!"

I trailed weakly after her up-stairs. I was actually as limp as the proverbial rag; but one supreme interrogation-point obsessed me. The impossible, the incomprehensible had happened!

Feverish with curiosity to ask the great question that filled me, I could scarcely wait until we were alone and the door of auntie's room had closed. Then I sank on my knees, and, putting my arms around her waist, I asked:

"Auntie dear," I said, "how could you have known? Why, you asked Ethel if she loved him, and you didn't even wait for her reply. You must be right, of course; you are always right; but how *could* you know?"

"Child!" Auntie put her hand on my head. "It was not necessary for her to tell me that she loved him. I knew, because I looked into her eyes and saw it there. Besides—"

Her gaze had strayed to a certain miniature, that stood on her dresser, of a young man in army uniform.

"I felt that way once myself."

EDITORIAL

PARTIES AND GROUPS IN NATIONAL POLITICS

THE "group system" of political organization, such as they have in most of the European countries, is regarded by many Americans as desirable for the United States. Under that system, many shades of opinion have their individual coteries of advocates, and legislation is secured by a more or less temporary coalition of various groups on particular propositions.

But the group system does not seem to have given entire satisfaction in Germany, which was long regarded as affording the best example of its working. The recent elections to the Reichstag have strengthened and consolidated the radicals and socialists, and have practically divided the Reichstag into two parties, which may fairly be described as conservative and progressive. In short, the German Parliament seems to be upon much the same basis as the British, except that the position of its constituent elements is reversed. In Germany, the socialists form the largest single factor, but they are powerless against the "block" of allied conservatives. At Westminster, the Unionists are the most numerous body, but they are easily outvoted by the radicals, labor members, and Home Rulers in combination.

In the United States, the bi-party system is strongly entrenched—so strongly that during the last fifty years it has never been seriously shaken. Germany and England have the advantage of us, in that their party division, generally speaking, places the conservatives on one side and the progressives on the other side of the dividing line; while in this country we have conservative Democrats and progressive Democrats, conservative Republicans and progressive Republicans, and each of these factions has its subdivisions into various shades of opinion.

What we need, more than anything else, is to get a division into progressives and conservatives, so that there shall be a national line-up on opposite sides of the most significant line of demarcation between opposing political elements.

When such a development comes, it comes like an earthquake, like a volcanic island rising from the sea. In other words, it cannot be manufactured, but is the result of some deep, intense feeling that breaks the bonds of party control and sets the political world to revolve in a new orbit.

It is not impossible that even now such an upheaval is at hand, that a storm is gathering which will bring about an epoch-making realignment of forces.

A CASE OF MERIT UNRECOGNIZED

SOME weeks ago, two veteran employees of the New York post-office were retired, each with a record of about a half century's continuous service. The Postmaster-General, learning of their cases, took steps to assure that these two deserving old men should not be cast, in their last days, upon the doubtful charity of the community or their relatives. He arranged that places should be provided to keep them in security of living incomes.

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of February.

Yet more recently, a Chicago man resigned after sixty-two years' continuous service in the postal department, and the resignation was accepted.

These cases illustrate the grave need of some provision for the more humane treatment of government servants who grow old in the line of duty. If these men had worked for similar terms in the employ of a railroad, a great industrial corporation, or almost any foreign government, they would have been automatically retired with substantial pensions for the remainder of their days. It is beyond belief that, with all its claims to leadership in the ways of enlightenment, the United States should lag behind most of the world in this regard. Nothing but ignorance and cynical disregard for the simple humanities can account for continuance of such a policy.

As was pointed out in an article published in this magazine last year, the government does not save money by having no pension system. Present conditions result in so heavy an impairment of departmental efficiency that they are wasteful as well as inhuman. Employees who have outlived their working power are kept at their desks because no official chief will turn them out penniless. This, in turn, clogs promotion and drives the ambitious and capable out of the government service. The result, to quote from the article referred to, is that we have an official system "superannuated at the top and atrophied at the bottom."

How long are we to tolerate such an unbusinesslike and discreditable state of affairs?

INDUSTRY AND FINANCE—AN ANALOGY

THE commercial and industrial fabric of the United States has grown to vast proportions without much supervision, and without any effective effort to make it a homogeneous structure—to secure a maximum of systematization and a minimum of confusion and waste. We have as many kinds of corporations and business organizations as there are States. We have endless variations in such matters as the responsibilities of officials and the rights of stockholders. We have vast and heterogeneous masses of securities, including both the best and the worst in the world.

Precisely the same is true of our financial system—if it can be called a system. It has grown big, but not systematic. Our national banks are under efficient supervision, but there are many other kinds of banks and near-banks, with no central authority to coordinate and harmonize the parts of the structure.

In regard to business, the country has concluded that this condition needs remedying. The remedy generally demanded is a centralized supervisory authority, empowered to work out something like uniformity of organization, methods, and security.

If supervision and systematization are going to bring order out of disorder in business, why not in finance? If Federal regulation is good for railroads and trusts, why not for the issuance of currency and for all the various forms of banking?

Time was when we all believed that an Interstate Commerce Commission would be a dangerous thing, because it would be controlled by the railroads. In experience, that forecast has not proved true. Likewise, not very long ago, an Interstate Trade Commission would have horrified most of us; but to-day most people seem to favor something of the sort, and to think that it can be kept good and clean, as the Interstate Commerce Commission has been.

Carrying the analogy farther, then, why not a centralized enginery for controlling, coordinating, and regulating our financial system? Why not a proper central bank, or reserve association, or whatever it is to be called?

Does not the same logic that brought railroads and is bringing industry under Federal supervision point inevitably to a centralized domination of every phase of banking and finance, in the interest of the public?

Of course there is a money power. It is the natural power of money, and of control over money. Proper supervision will bring that power to serve the real public interest. Without such supervision, it will serve private interest.

Banking and financial experience has shown that such government regulation can only be secured through a government-dominated banking institution. Properly organized, it would be the Interstate Commerce Commission of the banking and financial world. At the present time, all the tendencies are toward its formation.

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL METHODS

TOKYO, the capital of Japan, has about two million people. Recently it bought its street-railway and electric light systems, paying for them by a sale of bonds to the amount of forty-six million dollars, divided among London, Paris, and New York.

The prospectus literature states, no doubt correctly, that the city has a debt of only seven and one-half millions of dollars ahead of this new loan. Where is the Occidental community of two million inhabitants that can compare with such a showing? Where is the large city that could borrow, in one flotation, seven times as much as all its existing debt?

Moreover, Tokyo owns much valuable property, including profitable municipal business undertakings. The money realized from this latest flotation goes into public utilities that give every promise of paying the interest on the investment, and substantial profits to the city treasury in addition.

It would seem that in municipal management the Japanese have something to show us. Apparently the very ancient city of Tokyo has been running for centuries on the general principle of pay-as-you-go. It has been struggling along without the highly civilized expedient of borrowing all it can induce the financiers to loan, and passing on the bill to posterity.

This Tokyo loan is placed at a lower interest than the Mikado's government was paying, only a few years ago, on its imperial loans — which indicates that Japanese credit is steadily improving. When the people of the island empire are able to borrow money as cheaply as western peoples, and to use it as effectively and economically as the Japanese notoriously do, they will have about closed the gap between themselves and the Occident in the matter of business and industrial equipment.

A PARCEL-POST OBJECT-LESSON

IF the most highly civilized nation is the one whose institutions are most useful to its people, we boastful Americans are a trifle behind in some respects. Our consul at Johannesburg reports the details of the parcel-post lately established throughout the newly formed Union of South Africa. For eleven cents one can ship an eleven-pound parcel anywhere in the Union, a country so large that its two capitals are almost a thousand miles apart. The people ship butter, bread, meat, poultry, all sorts of household supplies and merchandise.

The German parcel-post enables city residents to have eggs or cheese mailed from the farm producer in north or northeast Germany, to any point in the empire, up to eleven pounds, at rates so low as to be an almost inappreciable element in cost. The rural carrier takes the package at the farmer's door, the city carrier delivers it at the city man's house; the post carries back the remittance for it.

Rates in Germany, densely populated as it is, are remarkably similar to those in

sparsely settled South Africa. We are told that the German rates are altogether too low for a country of longer distances and less concentrated population, like this. By the same argument, it could be shown that the South African rates are higher than should be charged in the United States.

At present, we have no parcel-post rates at all for business of this sort. The existing charge on merchandise—sixteen cents a pound—is practically prohibitive. We ought to have the cheap rates that obtain in other civilized countries. They would do more than perhaps any other single reform to bring producer and consumer together and to reduce the cost of living.

Furthermore, it is doubtful whether we ought to accept the proposed parcel-post limited to rural routes. A general parcel-post is a proved success; a restricted one is an unknown and doubtful experiment. It may fail, and give the whole project a black eye for a long time to come. At least a sufficiently wide zone should be provided to bring the city consumer into touch with the country producer over an ample radius. And there should be no more delay in providing such a system.

THE HOUSE-FLY AS A CARRIER OF DISEASE

DR. LELAND O. HOWARD, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, and boss fly expert of this country, says that a common house-fly which comes out of hibernation on April 15, and gets as busy as poultry-raisers desire their hens to get—doing a standard day's work every day, that is—will have one hundred and twenty adult descendants by April 30. These in turn, getting down to business in like fashion, will start a geometrical progression which by September 10 will have produced, as descendants of that first Mother Eve of flydom, more than five thousand billions—a number containing thirteen figures when written down—of the buzzing messengers of disease!

All summer long this swarming host will be diligently distributing the germs of all manner of diseases. If all the mother flies could be suppressed, and their potentiality of progeny destroyed, the death-rate, the doctors' incomes, and the undertakers' profits would simultaneously decline.

And to a marvelous extent they can be suppressed, too. Dr. Howard tells how, in "Farmer's Bulletin No. 459." A postal card addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, will bring the bulletin by return mail. The department is only too glad to get copies printed as fast as they are requested.

Why not get a copy, and by following instructions increase your own and your neighbors' expectation of life, and also the comfort of living while it lasts?

PROPERTY-OWNERS WHO FAIL TO MAKE WILLS

WHEN the late Edwin Hawley died, there ensued among his heirs, and others who were not his lawful heirs, an unseemly scramble for his estate. It appeared that the dead man had left no will. Here is an episode which warrants thoughtful consideration.

Mr. Hawley began life as a messenger-boy and rose to be a railway magnate of far-reaching interests. From his boyhood he struggled hard, and as the years passed he consecrated all his resources to wealth-getting. He succeeded, but at a fearful price. He denied himself pleasure, culture, and the leisurely enjoyment of the best things in life.

Money and power were his passion. Yet the irony of all his endeavor is that when he passed away the millions for which he sacrificed himself became the bone of bitter

dispute, with only the letter of the law to disperse them, and with the probability that much of the estate will be wasted in the strife.

Obviously, such confusion could hardly have been Mr. Hawley's intent. Yet what else did he expect to result from his failure to provide proper instructions for his heirs or executors? It was an extraordinary piece of neglect on the part of so keen and strenuous a man of business.

It would be still more extraordinary, if it were not a familiar fact that many people have a deep-seated feeling against the making of a will, and will grasp at any excuse for postponing or evading it. They seem to regard it as a precedence which means that their life is ended, or is approaching its end. By no test of logic or common sense is such an idea anything more than a superstitious weakness, utterly unworthy of a practical man or woman.

To the possessor of any property, to fail to make a will is to shirk a duty. The ownership of property is a responsibility, and so is its proper distribution at the owner's death. It is a man's work to meet such responsibilities with intelligent and thoughtful courage.

LEGISLATING AGAINST THE TIP

THE Mississippi Legislature, according to the news despatches, has passed a law to prohibit tips—fifty dollars fine for the giver, as much for the taker, and one hundred dollars for the employer of the tip-taker. A somewhat similar bill has been introduced by a New York legislator.

There is no doubt that the tipping evil is becoming a serious one in this country. Not only does it impose unfair expense on people who have to pay twice for service, but, what is worse, it is breaking down the self-respect and manhood of an increasing class of American people. As true charity is twice blessed, blessing both the donor and the recipient, so the tip is twice cursed, for it curses him that gives and him that takes. It tends to make one a snob, the other a fawning sycophant.

It must be admitted that as to fining everybody concerned, there is some doubt as to the practicability of the Mississippi statute. There may be danger of adding one more law of the sort that brings lawmaking into something like derision because public opinion refuses to sustain it. Laws that are not generally and uniformly enforced are not desirable; they bring more important statutes into some of the contempt that they evoke.

Nevertheless, apart from the question of the workability of the penal clause, we should be glad to see some such experiment tried. If we are ever to end the tipping evil, the only way to do so is by law, not by unorganized public opinion. The Mississippi statute may not be perfect, but at all events it is a start. Perhaps the New York proposal is wiser, in that its operation is limited to hotels, restaurants, dining-cars, and sleeping-cars. Should a notice of legal prohibition be posted in such places, the result might be both effective and salutary.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In Mr. Welliver's article on the status of the Republican party in the Southern States, published in the February number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, there were some inadvertent errors in the list of the Louisiana delegates to the convention of 1908. Pearl Wight and Rufus E. Foster, mentioned as commissioners of internal revenue, never held that office, Mr. Wight having refused it when it was offered to him, and Judge Foster being a justice of the Federal District Court. W. J. Behan was formerly postmaster of New Orleans, but was never a customs-inspector, as stated.

The most serious misstatement, however, was that alleging the existence of a "bipartisan arrangement" and close personal relations between John Fitzpatrick and A. Romain, of New Orleans. Mr. Welliver was misled on this point, and we regret having given currency to an unfounded statement.

This correction would have appeared last month had we received the necessary information in time.

THE NURSE

BY BANNISTER MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE GREATER GOOD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THE sitting-room of the little apartment was aglow with the hazy sunshine of October. The long rays came slanting in at the west window, magically enriching the dull blue rug on the floor; changing the canary, in its hanging cage, into a golden bird, imprisoned behind golden bars; shining full upon the face of the little girl huddled in the big chair—a face as wanly sweet and sad as the autumn sunlight itself.

Margaret, entering from the hall, paused for a moment. She saw the picture as if it was a dream. But the little sister turned, at the sound of the closing door, and Margaret set her suit-case down, hurried to the chair, and bent to kiss the white cheek.

"I'm all through, Ally dear," she said. "I think I can stay home a whole week. Just think of it, Ally!"

The child said nothing, but her eyes were big with happiness. Her thin fingers clung to Margaret's coat.

"How's the back?" asked Margaret.

"It—it hasn't been hurting so very, very much," faltered Ally.

Margaret's mouth tightened, but she only said:

"And did the new doctor come to-day?"

Ally nodded.

"He's a nice, whiskery doctor, isn't he?" Margaret suggested cheerfully. "And he's going to do my little sister lots of good!"

Again Ally nodded.

But Margaret abruptly straightened up and turned away, to hide her sudden anger. The pity of it all! The absolute needlessness! The wrong of it! Her face hardened, for her love for Ally was shot through with hatred of the man who had made the child a cripple.

There was the sound of a step. Mrs. Bentham had heard the voices, and was coming from the kitchen, her patient face alight.

"Well, mother"—Margaret kissed her—"here I am! I didn't think I could get away till to-morrow, but my patient—"

"Is thee tired?" asked the mother.

"So-so. I'm all right." She drew her mother aside. "What did Dr. Crandall say?"

Mrs. Bentham's face became grave.

"He said very little, Margaret. He wishes to make a more thorough examination.

Margaret's face darkened.

"That man!" she muttered.

"Daughter, thee must not, thee must not!" cautioned her mother. "It is wrong to hate."

"Wrong?" Margaret looked into her mother's patient eyes. "You dear, sweet mother," she whispered, "of course you don't understand." Her anger returned. "If I could make him suffer tenfold for every instant of pain he has caused her!"

She stopped. This overwrought talk was not like her. Whatever she felt, she was not normally one to put such passion into words.

"I must be more tired than I supposed," she said to herself, "or I shouldn't play tragedy like this." She put her arms around her mother. "I oughtn't talk that way," she whispered.

"But also thee must not feel that way."

Margaret sighed. She sank into a chair, and fumbled at her hat-pins.

The telephone rang. It was the one thing she dreaded—the thing that was always in her mind subconsciously when she came

home tired after a difficult case; and here it was, even before she could get her hat off!

She went to her room to answer. From the stand by the head of her bed she lifted the receiver, hoping desperately to hear the voice of a friend merely, and not a call to work. But to her inquiring "Yes?" there came, in answer, the insistent tones of Dr. Turner.

"That you, Miss Bentham? I heard you were free. There's a case—"

It was like her, that she did not try to beg off. Duty found her submissive. When she went back to the sitting-room she was quiet and businesslike. The mother and the little sister both knew what that manner meant—and both smiled bravely.

II

"I'm the new nurse," said Margaret to the servant who opened to her the door of Lawrence Trent's house. "Has Dr. Turner gone?"

"He's still here, miss. I'll tell him."

The man left her in the hall. Presently Dr. Turner appeared.

"Very good, Miss Bentham," he began, in his nervous, abrupt fashion, while yet a dozen paces from her. "It was a relief to get hold of you. This isn't an easy case."

She nodded. The implied compliment was familiar.

"Miss Peck was worn out. I had to let her go. The worst of this case is that there isn't much for you really to do." He peered at Margaret over his glasses. "Trent has been going too fast; now he's paying. His weak spot is his eyes. He must stay in the dark for some time to come. No alcohol; no tobacco; above all, no light. The trouble is that he's spoiled—always had his own way. He gets irritable. If you don't watch him, in those moods, he'll slip his bandage. I want him in a light room part of each day, but the bandage must never leave his eyes except in the dark. Can you manage it?"

"Yes." Margaret was quite sure of herself.

"One ray of light now may blind him for good. Read to him; talk to him; keep him amused. Look out for him as carefully"—he shot a kindly glance at her—"as you do for that little sister of yours."

Margaret winced.

"You can trust me," she said. "Is there a night-relief?"

"No need of that—he's a fairly sound

sleeper. His man will be in an adjoining room. You'll be called if you're needed. Well, I'm going. You'll find your patient in the library—front of the house—second story. I'll be in about ten to-morrow morning."

The servant appeared and showed Margaret to her room, where she swiftly got into her nurse's white. Then she made her way composedly to the library.

The great room was more like a living-room than a treasury of books. Two mahogany cases held uniform sets in handsome morocco bindings—unread volumes, Margaret assumed. There was a huge mahogany center-table, littered with papers and magazines. Chairs upholstered in red leather stood about.

Margaret was conscious here, as she had been in the room assigned to her, that this was a man's house. The feminine touch was lacking. The library reminded her of a club—as her own room had suggested a room in a high-class hotel.

Her feet had made no sound in the thick carpet of the hall; yet, as she paused at the library threshold, a voice came from the other side of the room—a man's voice, gruffly irritable.

"Well! Who is it?"

Margaret advanced.

"I'm Miss Bentham—the new nurse," she explained.

"Oh!" he grunted. "Find the *Post*—it ought to be on the table—and read me the markets."

An auspicious beginning—with its promise of persistent hard driving! Margaret took up the evening newspaper from the table. She had not yet seen her patient, for he sat, with his back to her, in a chair so large that he was almost hidden.

"Don't rustle it more than you can help," he admonished. "My ears are so keen it almost hurts to hear."

Some quality in his voice—for he spoke now without gruffness—almost startled her. In her memory was a question. She advanced quickly, and looked squarely at the face of the man in the chair.

At once she knew. The black bandage across the eyes did not disguise him. No mistaking the dominant chin; the firm, rather contemptuous mouth; the sensitive nostrils. It was the man himself! Months before, in a brief five minutes, the picture of that face had been photographed on her mind forever.

The whole scene flashed back—the balmy spring day, Ally and herself picking wild flowers along the country roadside, the big motor-car plunging recklessly around the curve. She could hear her sister's scream, the thud of a poor little body flung aside by the metal monster, the shrill of the sudden brakes. Then she was bending over Ally, and looking up to see the man running to her from his car.

must go. He was a selfish brute. Let him look out for the child? Never! His name? No, he must not speak it, for since she must spend the rest of her life hating him, it would be better not to know his name. No,



"DAUGHTER, THEE MUST NOT,
THEE MUST NOT!"

She remembered so well how she had ignored him until she was sure that Ally was not hurt mortally—how she had at last risen to her feet and blazed at him. He needn't protest; he mustn't even speak; he

he must go; and he might remember always that he had done a brutish thing—that it was worse to kill or maim carelessly in the pursuit of pleasure than to shoot or stab in passion.

And he had stood dumb before the angry flood of her denunciation; had stood while she gathered Ally into her arms and walked to the near-by farmhouse; and then he had gone his way.

III

"WELL, why don't you begin?" he demanded irritably.

"In a moment!" She spoke in a low voice, controlling herself as best she could, sparring for time. "In a moment!"

She sank into a chair. Half conscious of the action, she opened the newspaper, and began to read the quotations:

"Amalgamated Copper—sales, 22,400; highest, 63¾; lowest, 61¾; closing—"

Why had this happened? What trick of fate had led her to this place?

"American Smelting—sales, 5,400; highest, 71½; lowest—"

She had accepted a charge. Could she stay? Could she bear to face daily for the next month, perhaps, the man who had hurt what she loved most?

"American Tobacco—sales, 3,700; highest—"

Only an hour ago she had said: "If I could make him suffer tenfold—" Well, here was her chance. She could make him suffer; she could repay him for what he had done to her and hers. At the thought she abruptly stopped her reading.

"What's the matter, nurse?" Trent asked sharply.

"Nothing." She resumed her task. "Atchison—Baltimore and Ohio—Brooklyn Rapid Transit—"

It would be so easy. This type of man, irritable, impatient of restraint—let him alone at the right moment, and he would do the rest himself.

"If you don't watch him, he'll slip his bandage," the doctor had said. "One ray of light may blind him for good!"

Of course, people would say she should have been more watchful. Her standing in her profession would be lowered. But what of that? The doctors would not continue to turn to her in cases of especial difficulty. And she had said to Dr. Turner: "You can trust me."

Again she stopped reading and looked searchingly at Trent. A big, restless man; with a black bandage across his eyes! Bottled energy—no wonder he was restless! He would never become used to blindness. Yet she felt no pity for him. What his

sheer recklessness had done to Ally placed him beyond pity. She would give him a chance to spoil his own future—to turn his recklessness against himself. "Retribution!" was the word that leaped into her mind.

"Nurse!" He spoke sharply.

"Yes?" She was on her feet, alert.

"I can't stand it another minute. Get me into the dark before I rip this bandage off. It drives me wild!"

"Wait!" she commanded, noting with professional satisfaction that he relaxed a little at the word.

He had risen from his chair and was groping in futile fashion. She took his arm. Looking about, she noted an open door, with an entryway beyond that ended in obscurity. She led him, stumbling, to this door—through the entryway—into the darkened room—to a chair. He sank down, already fumbling at his bandage.

"Wait!" she exclaimed again.

With a swift glance, to get her bearings, she hurried to the entryway, and shut both doors. Then, in the blackness, she retraced the three steps she had taken, and found the chair. Her hands encountered his nervous fingers, trying to undo the catches that held the bandage.

"I will do it," she said.

His fingers melted away from her in the dark. In a moment she had found the catches. What thick, ruffy hair he had!

The bandage was off. Trent sighed his relief.

"There are times when I can't stand it!" he growled.

"Mr. Trent"—she spoke firmly—"you simply must be patient."

"Patient!" He laughed.

"Better a week of patience now, than—"

"Oh, I know—I know," he said.

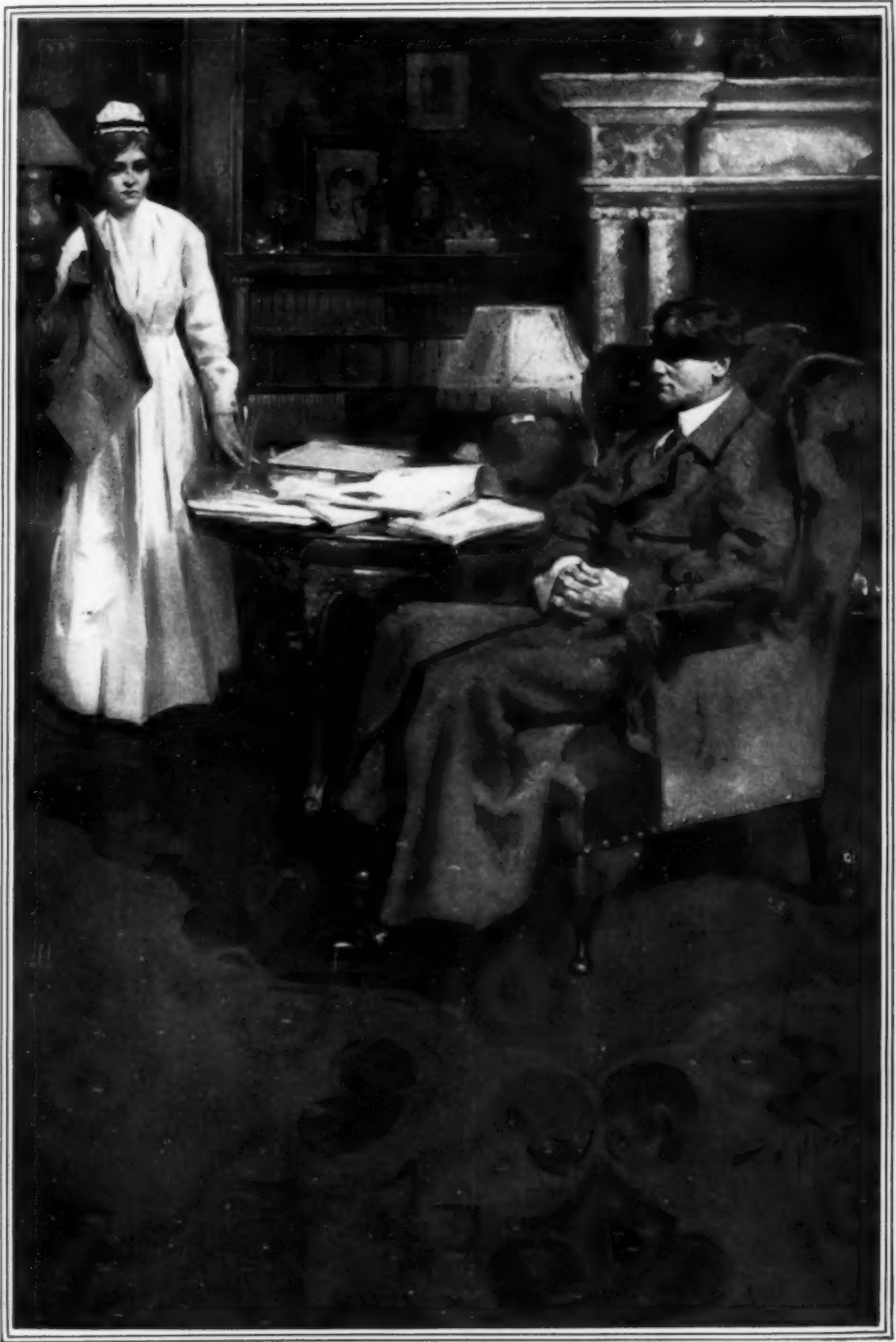
"Think what it would mean, Mr. Trent; your whole life—"

She broke off; for she had a vision of a child, huddled wanly in a chair, the autumn sunlight on its face.

"Oh," she groaned inwardly, "why didn't I let him?" Then, with a little sob, she whispered to herself, there in the dark: "I can't! I can't!"

IV

In the days that followed, Margaret's endurance was often tried. Trent seemed to have little consideration. Even in conversation he gave her no help. It was her



THE BLACK BANDAGE ACROSS THE EYES DID NOT DISGUISE HIM

task to find new subjects, to expand them without letting his lack of responsiveness chill her.

Gradually she was aware that he was finding a certain enjoyment in what he considered the crudeness of her ideas. No doubt they were crude; for, in striving to interest him, she had naturally sought topics that would be familiar to his experience. When she fully realized his attitude, she felt a certain sense of relief. Some progress had been achieved. What next?

She found her answer to this question in a sudden change of tactics.

They were sitting in the darkened room. He liked to be free of his bandage as much of the time as was allowed by Dr. Turner. A silence had come. She could hear him shifting restlessly in his chair. Her hatred of him, repressed under the strain of professional duty, came back in a sudden wave. She impulsively gave it vent, though she tried not to forget her professional caution. That was something she could not do.

"You think women are great fools, don't you?" she demanded.

"Women know what they need to know," he answered shortly.

"But if you only had a man around—"

"I couldn't stand a man—now."

There was a curious difference in his voice. She tried vainly to understand.

"You haven't a thought for any one but yourself," she said shakingly. "Your whole philosophy of life is built on doing what you want to do." She almost forgot that he was her patient. "You are paying for your attempt at omnipotence!"

The silence that followed was so tense that she almost cried aloud under the strain of waiting. But at last he spoke.

"You are right," he said. "I have known it all along, since—since this came upon me. I've been a good deal of a fool! That's what bothers me. It isn't pleasant to have to contemplate one's own folly."

"Pride!" she exclaimed.

"Pride it is," he answered calmly. "Do you wonder? But I'll do you the credit of telling you that I've felt it less since you came. You've been patient with me. You haven't got nervous or rattled. It has amused me to hear you talking about matters you didn't understand or care for, trying to keep my mind off things; but I've realized what you've been trying to do. I'll tell you I'd much rather hear you talk about yourself—what *you're* interested in!"

"There is nothing to tell you," she answered swiftly.

"Some months ago," he went on, after a short silence, "some one tried to open my eyes. It was a girl, too. She gave me my first glimpse of myself. She rated me as I had never been rated before. Probably she thinks I forgot her words. But—"

Margaret rose abruptly.

"Excuse me," she said. "I must get your medicine."

She moved away to the door.

V

It is strange how close men and women can come to the edge of a crisis without foreseeing it. Margaret still believed that she hated Trent. Her apparent pleasure in his society she attributed to the joy of professional work well done. For she could not deny that he was becoming a different man under her charge.

No longer could she feel that he was secretly laughing at her opinions of men and women and the world. Their talks had taken on a new tone. It was he, now, who talked to her—illuminating her view of life with shrewd, comprehensive statements.

Moreover, with a tact for which she would not have given him credit, he pressed her no more for personal talk. He was serious, kind, and, yes—patient. Dr. Turner, coming daily to see Trent, chuckled to himself as he departed.

The crisis came one day as they were sitting in the darkened room. Trent had been telling her of a famous deal in the Street—the deal on which his own fortunes had been founded.

"And now," he said, "I'm going to surprise you. I've made up my mind to quit piling up money. I'm going to retire!"

"And do nothing?" Margaret queried satirically.

"And paint," he replied. "Years ago I studied in Paris. I'm not old."

He paused, while Margaret considered this new phase of him. Somehow it did not surprise her as much as she might have expected.

"But I'm not going to be alone," he went on. Then, suddenly: "Miss Bentham, why do you hate me?"

"Hate you?" she gasped.

"Don't deny it," he said calmly. "At least, don't deny that you *have* hated me. What is it?"

"I—I—" she stammered.



"I KNOW NOW! I KNOW
NOW!"

"Out with it!" He sighed softly.
"Don't be afraid!"

"I—I've a little sister. She—she is
crippled—"

He waited for her to go on, but she could
not speak.

"How could that—" He stopped in
turn.

The telephone rang. Margaret went to
the table on which the receiver stood. Two

steps right, one left—how well she knew
how to find her way about that dark room!

"Is that thee, Margaret?" It was her
mother. "Are thee all right?"

"All—all right," faltered Margaret.

She had been home only three or four
times in the fortnight, and then for the
briefest visits.

"I have good news for thee," went on the
gentle voice.

"Ally!"

"Yes, my daughter. Dr. Crandall tells us that he has found the cause of the trouble. We thought it best thee should not know till the doctor was sure. He says now I may tell thee that sister will be well again."

With a choking cry of happiness, Margaret hung up the receiver. She realized all that this great news meant to her. It meant more than Ally; it meant that God had repaid her for letting her hatred die. It meant that she did not hate him—would never hate him again.

She moved back to his chair.

"My sister," she whispered, "my sister—will get well. Do you understand? She will get well!"

His hand gripped her arm.

"Who are you?" he demanded, his voice filled with sudden wonder. "Who are you? I must know."

The room sprang into light. Trent had pressed the wall-button near his chair. For an instant his eyes stared into hers. He drew in his breath sharply. Then darkness again.

"I know now!" he cried. "I know now! And I love you!"

His fingers relaxed their grip on her arm. She stumbled to the door, out through the entryway, to the library. She was breathing fast. Anything to escape!

She hurried to the telephone in the hall and gave Dr. Turner's number. Would he never answer? Yes, there he was.

"Doctor, Mr. Trent turned on the light!"

"Well—no damage done," came the unexcited answer. "Why did he?"

"He—he wanted to see." She said it lamely. Did she really hear a chuckle at the other end of the line, or was it fancy? She went on rapidly. "And, doctor, I'm leaving the house at once. You must get some one else. I—I'm going now—at once!"

She hung up the receiver, called Trent's servant, and gave him brief instructions to watch his master till the doctor came. Then she hurried to her room, put on her long coat, without stopping to change her nurse's dress, and almost ran from the house.

VI

A WEEK had gone. Margaret, in her home, was very happy about little Ally; and yet something was wrong with her. No message had come from Trent since her flight. She could not forget the look in his eyes. His last words burned in her ears.

He loved her—Lawrence Trent loved her! She tried to push the knowledge away, but it flashed back persistently. When she smiled at her mother or Ally, she remembered that Trent had never seen her smile. When evening came, she hastened to turn on the lights; she could not bear to sit in the dark. And so the days went.

The postman brought it one evening—his letter. She knew before she opened it, and she carried it to her own room and shut herself in. It was written in a strong man's hand.

Margaret, I did not mean to frighten you.

He had got her name.

I have learned more lessons than one. My eyes were never as bad as they made me think. It was serious enough; and Turner—the kind rascal!—well, I needed the discipline. And so those weeks of darkness—and you.

Margaret, I am coming to you. Phone me and tell me I may come—at once.

I did not mean to frighten you; but what I said is true forever.

The letter was pressed against her heart.

Her eyes filled. Slowly she reached out her hand and turned off the light. With darkness came mental communion. She stood still for a moment, then slowly groped her way toward the telephone.

A VISION

You come to me in the night,
When the hours are long;
In your fathomless eyes the light
Is sweeter than song.

How futile the empty day
When we needs must part!
How precious the twilight gray,
Oh, my heart, my heart!

Clinton Scollard

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XL—HEINRICH HEINE AND THE RED SEFCHEN

BY LYNDON ORR

A LITTLE more than eleven years ago Heinrich Heine should have had a world-wide centenary celebration. It should have been world-wide, because the pleasure that he has given to those who read is bounded by no frontiers, and affected by no race or language.

He is rightly spoken of as the successor to Goethe. Like Goethe's, his soul aspired to breadth, to liberality, and to everything that was opposed to pettiness and provincialism. Like Goethe, he was a warm admirer of Napoleon; and long after Waterloo, he spoke and wrote as one who felt that the downfall of the great Corsican meant a reversion to feudalism.

Heine, as a child, like many Germans, heard with pleasure the news of the triumphs of France. He and his relatives enjoyed the real equality which Napoleon secured for them, and he worshiped his hero secretly until one day the French armies rode through Düsseldorf. The green walks on the outskirts of the town became brilliant with the splendid uniforms of the imperial staff; the air throbbed with the flourish of a hundred silver trumpets. And Heine describes Napoleon himself:

He wore his plain green uniform and his world-famous cap, and rode carelessly, with an easy seat, the beautiful white horse whose neck he often stroked with his right hand. His face was of the same hue that we see in marble busts of

Greeks and Romans. His features wore the same expression of calm dignity, such as the ancients have, and upon them is written:

"Thou shalt have none other God but me!"

One hesitates how to rank Heinrich Heine in the muster-roll of German literature. From a foreigner's point of view it is fairly well established that while Goethe was more profound as a philosopher, and more successful in giving dramatic form to an elaborate thesis, neither he nor any of his countrymen ever approached the wonderful lyric power and the extraordinary satiric gifts of the man who died, a pensioner of France, after years of agonizing torment on what he called his "mattress-grave."

Goethe seems consistently a genius of high order, but of a single type. In Heine there are blended such inconsistencies as are seldom elsewhere to be found. The vivacity, and brilliancy, and beauty of the Greek; the quaint and inimitable humor of the old-time German; the sense of form which led him to give the exquisite and perfect touch of the French to a Teutonic language; the seriousness of the ancient Hebrew, and the cynicism of the blasé modern cosmopolitan—all these were Heine's. He could be so tender and wistful as to draw tears by a single phrase or line. He could lash and use the scourge until his victims felt an almost physical agony. Above all,

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911); "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February); "The Story of Richard Wagner" (March); "Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska" (April); "The Story of the Carlyles" (May); "The Story of Mme. de Staël" (June); "Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux" (July); "George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert" (August); "The Story of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (September); "Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester" (October); "Napoleon and Marie Walewska" (November); "Goethe and Charlotte von Stein" (December); "The Mystery of Charles Dickens" (January, 1912); "The Story of Karl Marx" (February); and "Queen Christina of Sweden and the Marquis Monaldeschi" (March).

he could steal close to nature and interpret her subtlest phases. Here is one of the miracles of literature, and because it is quite unique, its master deserves a place in the very first rank of men of genius.

Yet this rank will probably never be accorded him by the critics, and for reasons

Moreover, those who can make no allowances for the strange eccentricities of genius, and who cannot think of a man's great works as distinct from his petty frailties, regard too much the fact that Heine was often loose and sensual, both in his life and in his minor writings. Therefore, no



HEINRICH HEINE, THE FAMOUS GERMAN POET, AS A YOUNG MAN

Drawn by M. Stein after the portrait by Diez

that have nothing to do with the canons of true criticism. Most Germans cannot forgive him his admiration for Napoleon and his love of France. The French look doubtfully upon him because he was a German and wrote in German. Some Christians dislike him because he was a Jew; and many Jews reject him because he became a Christian.

one seems capable of judging him as, for instance, they judge Shakespeare—by the very finest and noblest of his poetry, forgetting altogether those more or less infrequent imperfections, whether personal or pertaining to his art.

As a piece of pure literature, who greatly cares for the second part of Goethe's "Faust"? Who would form his final es-

timate of Scott from a reading of "The Pirate" only, or of "St. Ronan's Well"? Therefore, let us apply to Heine a sane and reasonable judgment, and place him side by side with Goethe, and above Schiller, who belongs to Germany more than he does to the whole world.

An anonymous critic, quoted by-William Sharp, has said of Heine:

I will write of him, not only because he is strange, sad, and significant, nor because he tears up treaties and quizzes Kaiser and Fatherland, and parodies the songs of Israel by the waters of the Seine; but because the music of his melodies "beats time to nothing in my brain" to-day; and because, in this sweet, Rhenish weather, I have first learned how exquisite is his singing, how subtle and how true is the rhythm of his genius.

And Mr. Sharp wisely adds that in Heine's versatility there is somewhere fascination for every one, and in his songs there is music for all.

THE GRANDSON OF A "JEWISH PRINCE"

The Heines were among the richest families in northern Germany, and one of them was everywhere known as the "Jewish prince" of Hamburg. His sons also accumulated fortunes in business and in banking—all save Samson Heine, who enriched himself in a much more pleasing way. His tastes were esthetic and not commercial; he was handsome and attractive, and extremely fond of playing on the flute. His music and his allurements won him the daughter of a wealthy physician—a handsome girl, and one of genuine intellect. And so Samson Heine and Betty von Geldern married for love, but with plenty of money behind it, and took up their home in Düsseldorf, where the first child born to them was Heinrich Heine.

It is hard to trace the influences which molded this erratic genius. His mother was a woman of great force, but with all sorts of high-flown theories, of which Heine in his "Memoirs" ironically says:

She played the chief part in the history of my development. She composed a program for all my studies; and even before my birth she began her plans for my education.

But she found many a stumbling-block when she came to carry out those plans. The flighty young genius had notions of his own, and his mother's lofty theories came to little. Her father, Heine's grandfather,

also took a hand in Heinrich's education, and out of his wisdom tried in vain to make the boy study according to a definite scheme. So we must come to the conclusion that his esthetic, handsome, flute-playing father most surely swayed the sensitive lad, who frankly wrote:

Of all human beings, my father is the one whom I loved the most. Even after an interval of more than twenty-five years, I can scarcely realize that I have actually lost him. Scarce a night has passed that I do not seriously think of him.

It may be said that the imaginative poet in Heine was the son of his father, while perhaps the tricky reasoner derived his quaint and often exasperating logic from his mother. From both the young man learned a complete indifference to religious faith. His father seems to have had no belief at all. His mother was a deist, following Voltaire and Rousseau.

Her father had forced her to read long Latin monographs, and she had startled him by her wonderfully clever criticism. As a young girl she must have been romantic, to be attracted by Samson Heine's flute; but in middle age she hated everything that was fanciful—romantic legends, superstition, and quaint folk-lore.

So here again it is to his father that we must look for the dominating influence in Heinrich Heine's early life. His taste for letters and reading was satisfied in his uncle's splendid library, where he had a special nook reserved wholly for himself, which he called his "Noah's ark."

HEINRICH HEINE'S SCHOOL-DAYS

His boyish years, as a whole, were happy ones. He talked and dreamed with his father, argued violently with his mother, and sported with the children near the great castle, where he made friends with the French soldiery, some of whom took delight in telling him about the glories of Napoleon. At other times he would lie prone upon the floor in his "ark," and spell out of the great books the fascination which comes, as Conan Doyle expresses it, "through the magic door."

His one affliction was the necessity of going to school, which was held in a Franciscan convent. In the damp cloisters outside the great room where the children suffered mental and physical pain—for a flogging came close upon the heels of an ill-prepared lesson—there hung a great,

gray crucifix carved with rude but frightful skill, so as to make the mournful eyes stare as if filled with blood. Often Heine flung himself in an agony before this crucifix and cried:

"Oh, thou wretched Deity, once tortured like myself, grant, if it be possible, that I may remember the irregular verbs!"

He could detect no difference between regular and irregular verbs, except that somehow the latter involved more mental strain and brought more floggings with them. As to Greek he wrote:

Of Greek I cannot trust myself to write. The monks of the Middle Ages were not altogether wrong when they called Greek an invention of the evil one. Heaven knows the troubles it has caused me!

He made progress, however, with his French and Hebrew, and began to get some notion of German style. Sympathy with France came to him from a small, heavily whiskered, red-eyed drummer of grenadiers with whom the boy made friends. He saw his drummer march off with the Grande Armée on the Russian campaign, and afterward he saw him with all the marks of that frightful experience upon him; so that when he was seventeen years old he was inspired to write that world-famous song, "The Two Grenadiers," which has never been fitly translated into any other language but the original German, although it has been sung by every distinguished barytone since Heine's time.

Up to this time his life had been a harmless, boyish existence filled with love of sunshine and moonlight, the reading of good books, the refining influence of his father, and a fondness for scribbling verses. It was, in fact, a life of innocence and moral helpfulness, made still more amiable by a vein of humor. Then came an incident which changed him to a different being. The episode itself was so curious, and proved so marked in its effects, as to constitute, perhaps, the turning-point in the career of one of the world's greatest writers.

THE SUPERSTITION OF THE EVIL EYE

It has been already said that Heine's mother hated and despised anything that was imaginative or superstitious; yet her son was surrounded by children, servants, and superstitious people, while his own imagination was beginning to gleam forth, not only in what he wrote, but in his daily life.

An old woman of Düsseldorf once praised the lad's beauty to the skies, though her grandson was a boy whom young Heine specially disliked. At once there sprang into being that old, old fantasy which still exists as it has existed for thousands of years—the dread of the evil eye.

According to this ancient superstition, to praise any one excessively arouses the jealousy of the gods, or of the spirits of evil; so it was felt that this old woman's praises would have the effect of curses were they not counteracted by some charm against misfortune. Heine's former nurse insisted that he should go with her to a woman who was supposed to be a witch. This was a disreputable, baleful creature known as *die Göchin*, because she had come from the town of Goch, near the Dutch frontier, where she had successively married two public executioners.

Her connection with a family which had practised this repulsive trade for several generations would in itself have made her an object of fear and hatred; but she also was well versed in charms and magic spells that had come down from the wizards of ancient Germany, centuries before. In her isolated dwelling, she received young Heine and anointed him against all harm—a process which both disgusted and awed him. She cut off a few hairs from the crown of his head, and then stroked the place with her thumbs, while she murmured all kinds of mystical nonsense.

In later days Heine wrote:

That was how, at such a tender age, I was ordained a priest of Satan. This woman instructed me in the secret art. I did not myself become a wizard, but I know the tricks of the trade, and I know witchcraft when I see it.

Afterward Heine wrote a poem of which two stanzas are significant:

She was a native of Münsterland,
And had a stock most splendid
Of ghostly legends horrible;
Her tales and songs ne'er ended.

My heart would leap as the ancient dame
Told tales of the old king's daughter
Who sat alone on the barren heath,
With her golden hair about her.

All these spells and snatches of quaint song drew Heine to the house of the executioner's widow; but, as he says himself, it was not witchcraft that was the strongest impulse; it was a kind of charm that few

are able to resist, and that stirred his ardent young blood in a new way.

THE RED SEFCHEN

The executioner's widow had a niece, who was just the age of her aunt's young pupil, but who seemed to be much older. Of this girl Heine gives the following highly pictorial description:

As she wore no corsets and very few undergarments, her close-fitting gown was like the wet cloth of a statue. But no marble statue could rival her in beauty; for she revealed life itself. Every movement declared the rhythm of her body, and, I may say, the music of her soul.

No woman had a face more nobly molded. Its color, like that of all her skin, was of a changing white. Her great, deep, dark eyes looked as if they had asked a riddle, and were waiting tranquilly for the answer to it; while her mouth, with its arching lips and teeth of ivory-white, seemed to say:

"You are dull, and will guess in vain!"

Her hair was red—red as blood—and hung in long tresses below her shoulders, so that she could bind it like a scarf under her chin. When she did that, she looked as if her throat had been cut and the red blood were bubbling forth in scarlet streams.

Her voice, when she spoke casually, seemed muffled and without tone; but suddenly, when passion came into it, there would break forth a ringing sound, which particularly charmed me, because it was so like my own. When she spoke, I was sometimes afraid, because it seemed as if I heard myself speaking. When she sang, I was reminded of dreams in which I had heard myself sing in the same tones and in the same fashion.

It is small wonder that the sensitive, imaginative Heine should have been deeply affected by his close association with a girl whose own life was so strangely lonely, whose thoughts and ways were so unusual, and whose beauty attracted him so strongly. Her name was Josepha, but she was always called by the German diminutive—"Sefchen," and because of her remarkable hair most people who knew her well prefixed the adjective "red."

Red Sefchen told Heine many strange recollections of her childhood, especially a weird episode which happened when she was eight years old, and when her grandfather, who was also an executioner, was still alive. One afternoon more than a dozen visitors came to his house, almost all of them old men, wearing swords under their old-fashioned French garments. It was a gath-

ering of the oldest executioners from the most distant parts of Europe. As they had not seen one another for a long time, they kept shaking hands, but spoke very little. When they did, they used a secret code of speech.

At nightfall, the master of the house, after making certain arrangements, sent his assistants away. He then ordered his old housekeeper to bring out three dozen bottles of his best Rhenish wine, and to put it on the stone table under the lamps of pine-oil. Next he carefully chained up the watch-dog, and thrust a horse-cloth into an opening of the watch-dog's kennel. Red Sefchen alone was not sent away, but she was told to rinse out a great silver goblet, and to place that also on the stone table. Afterward she was sternly ordered to go to her little room in the garret, and to shut her door.

An intense curiosity took possession of the child. She managed to slip out of the house and hide herself where she could hear little, yet could watch everything. She saw the strange men come, with her grandfather leading them, and sit in a semicircle around the stone table on high blocks of wood. The lights were kindled, and their ghastly glimmering showed the grim faces underneath them, hard as stone.

The executioners muttered and prayed in a manner that could not be heard, and then they drank from the great silver goblet, after which they solemnly shook hands. Then Sefchen's grandfather made a speech, of which she could understand little; but presently all the old men began to weep. This was a strange sight to behold, for they looked as hard and heartless as the stone images before a church; but tears oozed from their eyes, and they sobbed like children or like dotards.

A STRANGE MIDNIGHT BURIAL

At last all rose, and the old men, throwing off their cloaks, marched out after Sefchen's grandfather, each holding his sword under his arm. Marching slowly in double file, they came to a tree, where there stood an iron spade, with which one of them dug a deep trench. Then Sefchen's grandfather, who still wore his red cloak, stepped forward and produced a long, narrow parcel wrapped in a sheet. This he laid at the bottom of the open trench, which he quickly filled again.

At the sight of this secret burial, Sefchen's courage gave way entirely, and she fled in terror to her room. Next morning, all that had happened seemed like a dream; but when she saw the newly turned earth behind the tree, it was plain that she had really witnessed what she remembered. Yet not for worlds would she have spoken of it to any one. She puzzled over the contents of the curious grave, but in time it grew dim in her memory, until five years later, when her grandfather had died, and her aunt had taken her to Düsseldorf, she dared to reveal the secret.

The aunt was far from being shocked by the gruesome story. On the contrary, she was greatly interested and delighted by it. What was more, she could easily explain it. She said that in the trench was buried neither child, nor cat, nor treasure, but that it must be the grandfather's sword, with which he had struck off the heads of a hundred criminals.

She explained that it was a custom among executioners not to keep or use a sword which had been employed a hundred times in their hideous profession; that such a sword was not like other swords, for in the course of time it gained a sort of consciousness of its own; and that finally it had need of peace in the grave, precisely like a human being. That very night the woman hastened to disinter the buried sword, and thereafter she kept it hanging in her den, among her other paraphernalia of witchcraft.

THE SONG OF OTTILIA

Now among the ditties which the Red Sefchen used to sing to Heine there were two verses of an old folk-song—so old, in fact, that in later years Heine was never able to find it in any collection. He could remember only two stanzas, of which the first ran as follows:

Ottilia mine, Ottilia dear,
You will not be the last, I fear;
Say, will you hang on lofty tree,
Or will you swim the dark blue sea?
Or will you kiss the naked sword
That is a guerdon from the Lord?

These lines are supposed to be spoken by a certain "wicked Trajig." To him Ottilia answers:

I will not hang on lofty tree,
I will not swim the dark blue sea,

But I will kiss the naked sword
That is a guerdon from the Lord.

This song had a great effect on Heine, for he and Red Sefchen used to associate the disinterred weapon of the old executioner with the naked sword of Trajig and Ottilia.

At this time both of them were blooming into manhood and womanhood. Neither knew just what it meant—the strange intervals of silence that came upon them, the seriousness which took the place of their former gaiety, their dislike for association with strangers, and, on Sefchen's part, strange outbursts of wildness, curiously contrasted with her normal gentleness. Yet they were not unhappy, so long as they could be together. Their story reminds us of the old Greek romance of Daphnis and Chloë, where the youth and the maiden sank deeply into love and yet were not aware of what it was that stirred them so.

One day, Red Sefchen was singing the song of Ottilia. When she came to the end of the verse, Heine saw the emotion that was thrilling her, and was so moved that he suddenly burst into tears. The two fell into each other's arms, sobbing, they knew not why, and saw each other through a veil of mist. It was the first outbreak of their love. They both knew it, though they did not yet quite understand.

Heine asked Red Sefchen to write the verses down for him.

"I will do so," she said, "but not in ink!"

So she drew blood from her arm and wrote the words for him.

Then Heinrich urged her to let him see her grandfather's sword, which was in the witch's inner chamber. She went into the room of wizardry, and came out swinging the great sword with her slender white arms. With a look, half threatening and half roguish, she crooned:

Say, will you hang on lofty tree,
Or will you swim the dark blue sea?
Or will you kiss the naked sword
That is a guerdon from the Lord?

In answer to her challenge, Heine leaped forward, thrilling at the sight of this strange, alluring girl, with her blood-red hair streaming about her, and answered quickly in the same tone:

"I will not kiss the naked sword, but I will kiss Red Sefchen!"

And in a moment he held her in his arms and pressed his lips on hers. She could not struggle, lest she might do him harm with the fatal sword; but little he cared for sword or spell. He dashed the weapon to the ground and gathered the girl up into his arms; and there, for the first time, the flood-gates of full emotion overwhelmed them both.

A LASTING INFLUENCE IN HEINE'S LIFE

How long this curious love-affair continued, we do not know. Heine himself writes of it with singular delicacy, and even his latest editor, Gustav Karpeles, has nothing to add to what the poet himself has told. It is certain, however, that he loved Red Sefchen long and well, that her influence never left him, and that he remembered her throughout his life. Her personality, and the curious bits of folklore that she taught him, ran like a thread through much of his lyric poetry. Thus, in his "Traumbilder," the most imaginative poems are those which he wrote for Sefchen, or under the inspiration of her memory, such as "A Dream of Fearful Mystery," "Headlong Madness Stirs My Blood," "Oft Have I Called Pale Specters," and "I Came from the House of My Mistress."

To the moment of their first passionate embrace Heine ascribes the guiding desires of his lifetime. When he kissed the lovely daughter of a family of executioners, he

kissed her, as he thought, in his yearning after her young beauty. Later, looking back upon the incident, he says:

In that moment there flared up in me one of the first flames of those two passions to which my later life has been devoted—the love of fair women and the love of the French Revolution, with which I was also seized in the struggle with the feudal landlords. I kissed her in scorn of society and of all its gloomy prejudices.

Thus it was that Red Sefchen, and Heine's love for her, gave the initial impulse to his remarkable career.

It would require a volume to relate his other love adventures—his almost agonizing passion for his cousin Amalie, and finally his "mattress-grave," where the woman, Mathilde Mirat, with whom he had made what he called a "conscience marriage," cared for him tenderly, as did also that other mysterious figure in his life, who was long known to him as "La Mouche."

Writhing in the tortures of a spinal disease, and so enfeebled that he could not see, except by propping up his eyelids with his long, skinny fingers—even then Heinrich Heine, flashing his keen thought over the whole of his extraordinary life, forgetting Mathilde, forgetting La Mouche, forgetting Amalie, and the many loves whom his life-history records—still remembered that wonderful day when the Red Sefchen stood in the brilliant sunlight with her slender arms uplifted and the fateful sword glittering above her locks of red.

THE POET'S QUEST

WHAT is it that the poet seeks
In haunts of brook and bird,
Afar on purple mountain peaks?
The finely chiseled word.

What is it in earth's dim bazaars
On which he fain would gaze,
Or find in suns or moons or stars?
The richly jeweled phrase.

What is it that his mind most craves
On time's wave-flowered beach,
Along the coasts of coral caves?
Carved ivories of speech.

All truths are his, all dreams as well,
All fancies frail and fleet;
He holds the pearl, but seeks the shell
To waft it to your feet!

Clarence Urmey

A PROTESTANT'S IMPRESSION OF LOURDES

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "DESMOND O'CONNOR," ETC.

WINDING slowly upward among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees, crossing and recrossing the turbulent torrent of the Gave, the long pilgrim train draws up at last in the little station of Lourdes.

Every compartment is crowded, every window frames its two, three, or four anxious, eager faces. They are pallid faces, for the most part, or touched with the hectic flush which excitement lends to weakness, but all lit by the radiance of hope and the joy of accomplished desire. For these invalids—and the train is a mere hospital on wheels—have been traveling day and night without stop from far-off England, sustained by the expectation that the saving miracle of a cure may be wrought among them, and that some, at least, may be restored, painless and useful, to the world.

I spoke a few words of sympathy to a crippled girl, whose extreme pallor and emaciation made me wonder that she had lived through the long, weary journey. She had been set aside on her pallet, to be carried

into the town as soon as the confusion of arrival had subsided, and, by the aid of priests, doctors, nurses, and scores of willing helpers, the feeble freight had been cleared from the station.

She suffered from tuberculosis of the spine, it appeared. Physicians had given up her case as hopeless, and yet she hoped.

"But," I urged, "of all these hundreds, how many can expect a miracle to be wrought on their behalf?"

"None expect," the girl answered, "but all hope. There may be one cure, two, or three, or there may be none at all. But we all come here in the full faith that, even if our bodies do not benefit, we shall be granted the grace of resignation to bear our burden in patience."

FAITH THE KEY-NOTE OF LOURDES

This is the key-note of the place—faith! And to me, though I could not share it, this implicit, universal, unwavering faith was the most impressive thing in Lourdes.

That night, looking out of my window,

EDITOR'S NOTE—A few further facts about Lourdes may be of interest to the general reader. This little French town of about ten thousand people stands among the northern foothills of the Pyrenees, at the entrance to the valley of Argeles, along which a small river, the Gave de Pau, descends from the snows of Gavarnie toward the plain of Pau and the Bay of Biscay. It is a historic place, with a castle that was several times besieged during the wars of the Middle Ages, when for three hundred years France and England contended for the possession of the provinces of Guienne and Gascony.

The present interest and importance of the town, however, date only from 1858. In that year, a fourteen-year-old peasant girl of Lourdes, named Bernadette Soubirous, declared that the Virgin had several times appeared to her, and had ordered that a shrine should be erected at the scene of the vision, a grotto in the rocks beside the river. The order was obeyed, and the shrine—which has now become two handsome churches—became an object of veneration to the religious people of the neighborhood. Soon there were reports of marvelous cures effected by the waters of a spring issuing from the grotto. Health-seekers and lovers of the marvelous began to flock to the spot from all over France and from abroad, and Lourdes has now become one of the most famous and frequented places of pilgrimage in the world.

A celebrated description of the town and its pilgrims was given in Zola's "Lourdes," but the cynical tone of the novel, and its unsparing realism of detail, made it offensive to the church authorities.

I saw far up in the sky a cross of fire. It seemed as high as a half-risen moon, but there was no moon in the sky. The night was inky dark, and the great, fiery cross hanging above the town seemed like a portent. Perhaps some of the more ignorant and superstitious of the pilgrims saw in it a confirmation of their faith, a promise of help.

Daylight showed it, prosaically enough, as a great wooden cross, perched on the summit of a giant peak of the Pyrenees, the Pic de Jer, and, when the electric light was turned off, commonplace and insignificant. But at night, when the mountains were quite invisible, its effect was eerie and impressive.

I suppose every one knows the story of Lourdes, a mere village—if, indeed, one could call it a village—little more than fifty years ago; to-day, the hope and boast and glory, the longed-for goal of pilgrimage to millions of Roman Catholics all over the world.

The famous vision came to a child, Bernadette Soubirous, in 1858. Lourdes is full of Soubirous now. A shop for the sale of holy pictures, crucifixes, and images is kept by one of the name, who announces himself as *frère de Bernadette*. One of the hotels is managed by another—a cousin, he says.

In passing, it may be remarked that there is scarcely a shop in the town where one can buy anything save "holies" of one kind or another. There is a drug-store, of course, there is a café or two, and after some research I discovered a tobacconist; but let the visitor to Lourdes be advised to carry such literature as he may fancy in his gripsack, and to arrange for the newspaper of his choice to be sent him by mail. It will be some days late, but, oh, how welcome! Nothing readable, so far as I know, can be purchased in Lourdes, save a history of the place itself and various lives of little Bernadette Soubirous.

These two are really one, for Lourdes is Bernadette and Bernadette is Lourdes. The visitor will be shown the cottage where she lived, the ford—it looks too deep and swift for fording—where she crossed the Gave. Fed by Pyrenean snows, it must have been as cold half a century ago as it is to-day, but its course has been altered so as to give easier access to the famous grotto—in which the Virgin Mother appeared to the peasant girl, and expressed the wish that a great church should be built at the spot, and that

the faithful should resort thither in their thousands.

THE CHURCHES OF THE GROTTA

Both wishes have been more than fulfilled. The piety of the Catholic community has seen to that. Two churches have been built. One, the Basilica, is superimposed on the other, which is called the Church of the Rosary. The whole forms a noble piece of architecture, built, as desired by the Lady of the Vision, directly above the grotto, and decked with rare marble and statuary, at a cost of two million dollars. The twin structure is approached by a sweeping flight of steps on either side, and illuminated at night—front, portal, pillars, steeples—by thousands of electric lamps of every hue, arranged in graceful patterns, and producing the most wonderful and beautiful lighting effect I have ever seen.

Below is the grotto of the vision, containing a fine statue of the Virgin Mother, and a huge candelabrum to receive the offerings of the faithful, in the shape of large candles, which can be purchased anywhere in the town at a franc apiece. Indeed, they are sold by street-hawkers, but all, we are assured, are blessed. The wax of these candles, as they burn, falls into a receptacle which is cleared several times a day by men with hand-carts. Tons of it must be removed in the course of a pilgrimage week.

The entrance to the grotto is protected by a railing, through a gateway in which passes a constant stream of pilgrims, and in front of which scores, sometimes hundreds, of penitents may be seen kneeling at any hour of the day—or, so far as my observation went, of the night. Mass is said daily at the grotto, and a distinguished prelate is often the celebrant. Two English-speaking bishops—those of Southwark and of Brooklyn—officiated during my stay; and the local diocesan, the Bishop of Tarbes, is a frequent attendant.

In the great square in front of the churches an impressive spectacle may be witnessed any afternoon. All the sick—and, alas for poor humanity, they are many at Lourdes!—are carried or assisted thither and placed in long lines extending from the steps of the church to a noble statue of the Virgin which marks the opposite extremity of the square. Some lie prone and helpless on their stretchers; some are

able to sit, more or less, on seats; but to each separately the host is carried and a blessing given by the officiating priests, who pass up and down the lines. The joy and the gratitude of the poor stricken ones are good to see.

Another thing struck me. As the sacrament was borne past, with its train of attendant clergymen, every one—the promenade, the idlers, the mere sightseers, like myself—would drop on his knees where he stood, apparently heedless where he knelt. One rainy afternoon a couple of young ladies exquisitely dressed, apparently Parisians or Americans, bent the knee in the muddy square. They regarded their stained costumes ruefully as they rose; but who that appreciates all that a becoming frock means to the feminine heart could fail to applaud the sacrifice?

The procession of sufferers on the way back to hotel or hospital is pathetic beyond words. Up the steep street they come, borne on litters, wheeled in chairs, supported by kindly arms; death in some faces, pain in almost all, but joy and thankfulness in every one. Truly faith is a wonderful thing, and Lourdes has well fulfilled its mission if it can bring happiness to the bedside of suffering, even though never a cure could be placed to its credit.

THOSE WHO COME TO BE HEALED

But this is far from the case. Ascribe the cause to what you will, cures do occur for which science cannot account. Many solutions have been offered. Auto-suggestion acting on hysterical cases is often put forward, but not all cases are hysterical. Some undiscovered remedial agent in the water of the miraculous spring, wherein people bathe and whereof they drink, seems a likely hypothesis, but the waters have been analyzed and pronounced exceptionally pure and free from any foreign ingredient.

The good Catholic will answer, with perfect conviction, that miracles have occurred aforetime, and that God's arm is not shortened. Very likely he will cite the Pool of Siloam. This, whether satisfactory or not, is unanswerable. One cannot analyze a miracle.

So it all narrows down to a question of faith, and faith at Lourdes is all-pervasive. It meets one at every turn. It is in the air one breathes. I almost came to believe, against the evidence of my palate, that the

cooking at my hotel was good; but that may have been the effect of the mountain air.

After dark is the spectacular time at Lourdes. Then the great cross on the Pic de Jer hangs in the heavens like a beacon for souls. Then the massive front and spires of the Basilica gleam in fires of azure and crimson and gold. Then the long, ordered processions of pilgrims wend their way through the darkness, hundreds upon hundreds of men and women, each bearing aloft a consecrated candle, and halting, a serried mass of devotees, in the great square before the Basilica.

It is a spectacle not to be forgotten, as one watches the serpent of light trailing down the hillside, while the Lourdes hymn, pealing from a thousand throats, fills the gloom, growing louder and yet louder as the procession draws nearer. Ever and anon the devotees are seized with ecstasy, and the candles are waved aloft, while the chant takes on a wild, almost imperative tone, as if it were battering at the gates of heaven, insistent to be heard.

There are daylight processions, imposing with their numbers, and with the splendid banners carried in their ranks; but save for the manifestation of the all-pervading faith, they left me cold. It was the nocturnal spectacle—the rivers of light flowing down the hillside and collecting in a lake of fire on the square—that left me with a memory which will always abide with me.

Other crowds assemble to sip the healing waters at the fountain. This seemingly inexhaustible spring, which supplies both drinking-water and the famous baths, is said to date only from 1858, and to have gushed forth at the command of the Virgin Mary. The baths are supposed to be the direct source of healing, and thousands of crates of bottles, filled from the sacred spring, are exported each year to all parts of the world.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT

Are they really endowed with the miraculous power of healing the sick? No true Roman Catholic doubts it, and for myself I keep an open mind, for during my short stay at Lourdes I was brought face to face with a prodigy.

One night—it was the fourth or fifth after my arrival—I was awakened about midnight by a tempest of wind and rain, which lashed and rattled the windows and

effectually banished sleep. As I lay, I heard from the street below a rich, deep barytone voice intoning the Lourdes hymn. The chant was taken up by a chorus of voices, which mingled with the outcry of the storm and dominated it.

"*Ave, ave, ave Maria!*" The pæan of praise asserted itself melodiously against pelting rain and driving wind, and through it all I heard the great clock in the Basilica chime the first hour after midnight.

I listened, wondering. Presently the singing ceased, the wind abated, and I fell asleep.

In the morning I learned the occasion of this midnight serenade. The town was in an ecstasy of religious enthusiasm. Strangers who met in the streets stopped and asked one another:

"Have you heard of the miracle?"

I was accosted a dozen times between the hotel and the Basilica, and had the story from as many lips, without variation in any detail. And a marvelous story it was.

The girl I had seen at the railway-station, the tuberculous patient, had been healed in the night. The chorus I had heard after midnight was in thanksgiving for her cure. It happened in this wise:

She announced that she had been vouchsafed a vision, and that she had been told to go to the grotto between the hours of twelve and one that night. Through the pelting rain and driving storm they bore her—the frail atom whose shrunken frame had been anointed for death in the train hours before Lourdes was reached, who had received the last rites of her church, and of whom the doctor traveling with the pilgrimage had said:

"She cannot live an hour."

At midnight she was carried on her poor pallet to the grotto. At twenty minutes past twelve she threw off the coverings, and, rising from her bed, took the first step she had taken for two years.

To the onlookers, and they were many, it must have been an uncanny sight. She raced—I use the words of one of my informants—to the grotto, and flung herself against the railings with such force that she bruised herself, and would have fallen, had not one of those present caught her as she staggered back. Then she walked to the hospital whence she had come, leaving her stretcher behind her.

To the onlookers the incident must have been as startling as was that scene by the

grave of Lazarus, when he that had been dead obeyed the Voice of Power and "came forth."

Hysteria? Perhaps. Auto-suggestion? Very likely. I can only tell the facts as they were told to me by a dozen unimpeachable witnesses. I saw the girl, whom I had seen a few days before stricken and helpless, walking about among her fellows and praising God for His great mercy.

One point I have omitted. This young woman, who had worn no garment but her night-robe for two years, had insisted that her clothes, hat, and shoes should be brought with her. She *knew* she would be cured. This may seem to point to hysteria; but at least two medical men, presumably competent, had diagnosed her disease as tuberculosis of the spine.

Let the reader make what he will of it. I simply tell the story of the case, setting down honestly what I saw and heard. I presume to offer no explanation.

THE MEDICAL BUREAU AT LOURDES

A medical bureau is attached to the institution at Lourdes. I use the word "institution" to include the whole system which is the very essence of the place—the grotto, the churches, the healing spring; for all are supposed to bear their part in the miracles. This bureau, which is under the charge of Dr. Cox, an English physician, assisted by some French colleagues, critically examines every case and passes judgment upon it.

The doctors do not hesitate to employ, in the struggle with disease, every therapeutic weapon in the modern doctor's armory. This is a material point that differentiates the system at Lourdes from Christian Science, with which it is sometimes confused by the unthinking, on the ground that mental suggestion is the foundation of both. Christian Science, as I understand it, does not tolerate a doctor at the bedside. Lourdes invokes his aid.

Authentic cures, certified by the bureau as having continued in health for one or more years, are fairly numerous, and from the emotional faithful the visitor will hear of many more which he would do well to accept with reserve. Not that the good folk at Lourdes wilfully deceive, but exaggeration is a very human failing, and often the story is embroidered with such a wealth of detail that it is difficult to determine whether the original fabric was woven of fact or fiction.

I returned from Lourdes profoundly impressed by much I had seen, but not wholly convinced. The atmosphere of the place, where thousands assemble, thinking the same thoughts, chanting the same hymn, kneeling day and night at the same shrine, is hypnotic. One's judgment, whirled away

and strangled in the torrent of faith which beats against it on every hand, is helpless.

But clear of the glamour of Lourdes—in the bustle of Bordeaux, amid the gaiety of Paris, with the workaday world closing round me on every side—I remember, I reverence, but—I wonder!

THE INNER LIFE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

AUTHOR OF "THE KUKLUX OF THE SAGE," "NELLIE," ETC.

THE sun had just sunk flaming behind the bare, black range which, like an outpost, sleepless and gaunt, had camped so long upon the edge of the Nevada desert. In the hollow of the sands, where trails crossed, the fledgling town of Nero sprawled, ugly and wizened in the pale light that heralded the desert's night.

Among the dozen board shacks a few human figures stirred. Dogs which had lain panting in the straight heat of day now wandered searching for offal. From the Gem dance-hall rose the shrill cicada strains of a tinny piano—strains grotesquely merry. From the Grand Hotel came unceasingly the piteous wail of an infant. In a sluggish cloud of alkali dust the tired stage from Walker City plodded toward the hotel.

It set down one passenger—a woman. Then it struggled on, to deliver the mail.

Awaiting in the hotel doorway, Landlord McPherson greeted his guest jovially.

"Back again, are you, sister?"

"Yes, Mac." She spoke wearily as she followed him in. She was large, almost burly, and masculine; dusty, khaki-skirted, man-hatted in a pinned sombrero, man-shirted in blue flannel, man-booted in high-laced mountain shoes. Her features were heavy, shrewd, and leathery. "Got any message for me? Did you save that rig?"

"I did, but I had to fight for it." He was behind the rude counter which signified his office. She bent over the soiled register and scrawled a name. "There's a telephone for you from those people. They say to tell

you the option on that property is open for you till to-morrow at twelve o'clock. Then, if you aren't there to sign the papers, the whole thing's off."

"Well, I'll be there." She uttered it with a certain grimness. "You're sure of that rig, are you?"

The landlord was entering opposite her name a big "9 S" for room and meal.

"Who? Me? Sure! I told Jack who it was for, and he said he'd keep it. You know Jack Carter's hoss and buggy? That's it. He was offered a hundred dollars for it when that strike got out, but he's saving it for you."

"That's right."

She turned, and, leaning with one flannel elbow upon the counter, a hand upon her khaki hip, surveyed the room. It was a lean, cheerless room, the chief decorations being chromos and fly-paper, the furniture a few whittled chairs and a stove. The only person present beside herself and the landlord was another woman—a small, pale, travel-worn woman, with stringy, knotted hair, seated in a corner by a window and holding the crying babe.

The newcomer's gaze passed reflectively over her, and left her, and the newcomer herself turned back to the landlord.

"Supper ready?"

"Ready and half over. Want to go up to wash?"

"No; I'll wash down here."

"Well, you know where."

She stalked heavily away, removing her hat to wash in the common basin at the

sink. The landlord walked across to the door, and stood looking out into the dun, empty street.

The large woman, having washed, passed on into the dining-room.

"Who was that?" curiously asked the small woman in the chair.

The landlord seemed astonished:

"That's Mrs. Let Thomson. Ever hear of her before? She's one of the biggest operators in this country."

"Oh, is she? What does she operate?"

The woman in the chair was evidently an ignoramus, or a stranger, or both.

"Mines," the landlord proudly informed her.

"She looks almost like a man," ventured the little woman. "Hush, now!" she added to the squalling babe in her arms.

"That's right, she does," admitted the landlord. "She is more'n half man, I reckon. She's better'n any man. She's a dandy, Let Thomson is. She certainly knows the mining game. Been in every big camp in the world, I bet. That's all she does. Goes it alone and makes her own trails and depends on her own assays. Wherever there's a good strike, you'll find Let Thomson. She's here right now on a half-million-dollar deal for a property over at Rob Roy, where that new boom is. She's got an option on the best claims. That baby must be sick, ain't it?" he demanded irritably.

The woman, as if reminded, gazed down again upon the unhappy infant and pressed her cheek to its red, wet, contorted face.

"I don't know." I don't know whether she's sick, or what. She's been crying this way all day. I think it's the heat."

"Better eat, hadn't yuh? First thing you know, supper'll be over."

"I don't believe I care for any. I guess I'd best take baby and go up to my room."

"Well," acquiesced the landlord, as if quite ready to be relieved, "I'll show you."

He piloted her to the stairs, and aloft. The crying of the child drifted behind them. Muffled only slightly by the thin partitions, it continued unabated after the landlord's return to the office. It penetrated from end to end of the flimsy structure, filling the hotel with an unwonted sound. Babies came here not often.

II

At the messy supper-table in the cheaply furnished dining-room, where presided a

single waitress, the large woman was struggling through a meal such as might have been expected here amid the sands, forty miles from a railroad. The other guest present—a red-faced, Irish-countenanced man in earth-stained shirt-sleeves and prospector's garb—nodded civilly at her as she took her chair.

"Hello, Mike!" she had said; and with this Western laconism they both proceeded to eat.

The woman occasionally paused, listening, and knitted her bushy brows.

"That is fierce, ain't it?" volunteered the waitress. "It's been crying this way ever since they got in."

"Who is she, Minnie?"

"I don't know." The waitress tossed her pert head. "She come over this afternoon by the stage from Lumberton, an' she was goin' on to Rob Roy, but there ain't no rigs. Goodness, if we all have to stand that cryin' for another day, we'll surely be crazy!"

"It's pretty bad," mumbled Mike, the other boarder.

He shoved noisily back, and left. The waitress cleared away his dishes. Presently the woman, who had continued to eat with brows still irritated and ear inclined, as it were, likewise shoved back, to pass out into the office.

The landlord was standing, according to custom, upon his threshold, watching nothing. The office was empty. She hesitated a moment, reflectively; but at a renewed outburst from the infant above she turned resolutely to mount the narrow stairs.

The room was easily enough located. The door was shut, as if in vain endeavor to confine the sounds. She rapped upon it, and was told to come in. She did so.

The woman within was sitting, holding the baby, upon the room's one straight-backed painted chair, by the window. The lower sash was open, but despite this attempt at air and coolness the atmosphere was lukewarm—dead. The piano of the dance-hall was banging, the child was bawling, there was no desert peace.

The mother looked up inquiringly and half affrightedly.

"How do you do?" she greeted.

The other woman loomed massive. She stepped through.

"I had an idea that something might be the matter," she said, "so I came up."

"Oh, could you hear?" the mother replied apologetically. "Did it bother you? I expect they can hear her all over town, but I can't stop her. I don't know what ails her. And—won't you sit down?" she asked nervously. "I haven't only the one chair. You can sit on the bed, though."

The large woman seated herself upon the edge of the bed.

"I'm Mrs. Thomson," she announced.

"Yes, I know," admitted the mother shyly. "The landlord told me. You're—in business."

The other sat, brown, homely, and composed.

"I'm in mines. I'm a mining woman. Going far?"

"To Rob Roy. But there isn't any way. There ain't any rigs, I'm told; so I'll have to wait. My husband's at Rob Roy. He works in a mine. Are you going to stop here?"

"Not any longer than I have to," responded the large woman grimly.

The mother shifted her squalling babe. She gazed down at it anxiously.

"Hush!" she said. "Hush-a-by!" She prattled on, as if glad to find a listener. Such a little, weary-faced woman she was! "Jim will be disappointed. I thought there was a stage. I guess I'll have to walk," and she laughed ruefully.

"Rigs are scarce because of a new strike."

"That's what the landlord said. I suppose I must wait, then. But I haven't seen Jim for two years. This is a new baby, to him."

The baby continued to uplift its voice. The conversation faltered.

"I see silver's a little higher," vouchsafed the large woman.

"Is it?" the small woman answered vaguely, groping for intelligence. "It—it doesn't seem to make much difference in prices, though, does it?" She paused, groping further. "Have—have you seen the new hats?" she asked hopefully.

"Not many."

"They're simply terrible. I've got one, in my trunk. I wanted to show myself to Jim in it. I had to pay seven dollars and a half. It almost fills the trunk."

There was another lapse in the conversation. The baby still squalled. Outside, the tinny piano still banged. The two women racked their brains for some common ground of talk.

"Come far?" asked the larger woman presently.

"Clear from Chicago. I've visited with my sister. Ever been there?"

"Not lately. When I go to a large city, I go to Frisco. That's a mining center."

"I like Chicago. I just love it. It's such a place for bargains, if you watch sharp. I know I'll miss the show-windows, at Rob Roy."

"Well, Rob Roy has some mighty good properties," spoke the large woman judicially, pursing her lips. "They only need developing." Another lapse. "You'd better let me take that baby for a minute," she said, "and you lie down on the bed. Aren't you tired?"

"Tired 'most to death; but you mustn't trouble. She'll stop, I guess. She might not stay with you."

"Well, let's trade places, and I'll try."

She left the bed, took the baby, and sat upon the chair. The mother tentatively stretched upon the bed.

"You must be used to babies," she volunteered, to the large woman.

"Not very."

However, the baby actually seemed to approve of the change. Its cries died.

"I just thought so. You're Mrs. —, aren't you?"

"I'm not married."

"Oh!"

"I call myself 'Mrs.' It's a protection. I'm a business woman, you know."

"It—it must be a very interesting business," ventured the little woman, from the bed.

"Yes. It's all right, if you know the mining game. I've been in pretty nearly all the big camps of the world, buying and selling. I don't care to ask any odds of the men, and they don't ask any odds of me. I don't touch the small deals any more. When I talk mines, now, I talk in thousands and millions. Interesting? I should say yes! Australia, the Klondike, Nevada, Arizona, the Rand—I've been there, and everywhere else. I haven't had time to get married. I'm my own man!" She laughed good humoredly. "I don't believe this baby is sick," she added. "She's tired."

"She's teething, too," explained the mother. "Put your finger in her mouth, if you like to. My, she can bite!"

"Never mind," returned the large woman. "I need my fingers for my work. The

little rascal! All she wanted was a change of laps."

"I'm no good at all at business," sighed the mother. "I was a clerk in a store when I married Jim, and gracious, but I was glad to get out of it! But of course your business is different. You travel, and I guess you make lots of money for yourself."

"Some," admitted the large woman.

In the quick flash of her keen eyes and the compression of her lips there was a trace of triumph. She glanced down at the quiet baby, upon her broad khaki lap. The mother noted.

"That baby has taken right to you, I declare! I never knew her to do so with a stranger before."

"Babies like me, as a rule, but I'm always more or less afraid of them."

"You wouldn't be, if you were married and had some," protested the little mother eagerly. "Bless you, no." She laughed, with a sigh. "I guess that's my business—babies and Jim. This is our first, but we'll have more. Jim likes 'em; so do I. We want to get settled down somewhere, though. We haven't really been to house-keeping yet, and living like folks. But maybe we can, now. Jim thinks he has a steady job. Rob Roy isn't very big, is it?"

"Hardly. It's a good camp, though, in a good field. What company is your husband working for?"

"The Red Chief mine. Are there any shops at Rob Roy?"

"I know the mine. It's a fair property. I wouldn't object to owning it myself; but I have some other deals on."

"Is Rob Roy anything like this town?"

The large woman nodded.

"About the same," she replied. "They aren't any of them much to look at. People are there just to make their pile, and then get out."

The little mother sighed.

"We'll stay, then. Jim only gets a dollar and eighty cents a day; but I tell him we can live on that, all right. He's been putting up a two-room house for us. It didn't cost much. Two rooms are enough—at first. It'll be hot and dusty, I expect, if Rob Roy's like this; but it'll be better for the babies than in a big city. We can have a garden, maybe, and chickens. Jim hasn't planted anything yet. He's been waiting for me. I've got seeds in my trunk. I thought I'd have a moon-vine

over the kitchen porch, for Jim to smoke his pipe under while I was doing the dishes. Wouldn't that be a good plan?"

"Yes, very."

"You see, I don't travel, like you do," the little mother apologized drowsily. "A two-room shack, with a baby, and a Jim man sitting under a moon-vine smoking his pipe, ain't much, I guess, compared with being in big business; but when you plant your own stuff and watch it grow, that helps make home. And maybe Jim will get two dollars a day, pretty soon; before—before another baby comes." She laughed sleepily. "I guess we'll have to talk in babies, instead of in thousands and millions, the way you can talk. Being a business woman, buying and selling mines, and seeing the world—being your own man—must be finer than just marrying a man who works in a mine. But I'm no good at anything but home. I've traveled all the way from Chicago to find Jim, and now—to-morrow—he ain't going to see me—after all—'cause baby and I—can't get over. The new house—is done—and he'll be—disappointed."

Her voice trailed off into slumber.

The baby slept, also. Holding it, the large woman sat, waiting. She did not move. She scarcely breathed; she must have been thinking very hard.

III

THE vast desert changed from purple to drab. Watched by the sentinel evening star, the dusky forces of night enveloped it.

The tinny piano seemed to wax louder, as it courted patronage. The little woman on the bed, now barely perceptible through the dimness, started and awakened.

"Jim!" she exclaimed. "Where's baby?" She partly rose, but sank down again with a laugh of understanding. "That piano! Ain't it awful?" she went on. "I didn't know, at first—" Babbled, she drifted off into sleep once more.

The large woman waited a minute longer. As she sat, she frowned. Presently, rising, she cautiously tiptoed across in her heavy laced boots and laid the child beside the mother. She tiptoed out, softly closing the door behind her.

Down the stairs she went, and across the street. The cheap dance-hall was being only sparsely abetted, but the tinny piano was indefatigable. She strode through, paying attention to none but the proprietor.

"For goodness' sake, Kelly," she said reprovingly, "some of us want to sleep. What'll you take to quit until to-morrow night?"

From his tilted-back chair Kelly surveyed her quizzically. He knew Mrs. Let Thomson.

"Fifty dollars."

She extracted a purse from her skirt, counted out some bills, and handed them to him. Then she turned without a word and trudged away, emphatic and massive.

"Muzzle that piano for the night, Chris," called Kelly. "The show's over. There ain't enough here."

The woman reentered the hotel. The landlord was yawning behind the counter.

"Phone that party in the morning that I won't be over to take up the option, will you?" she directed bruskiy. "I can't get there."

"Why, sure you can, Mrs. Thomson," corrected the landlord, startled. "Sure you can. Jack Carter's going to drive you over. He's saved the only rig in town for you."

"No, he isn't. He's going to drive that woman and her baby, up-stairs, to Rob Roy. And I want you to tell her so, early enough. You needn't mention me."

The landlord blinked, perplexed. He was hurt.

"But if that there option expires on you, you'll lose big money," he protested. "What's her rush? Can't she stay here a while?"

"Nope. They're waiting for her. She's got a bigger deal."

"What's *her* deal?" he snorted, incredulous.

"A two-room house, babies, and a man named Jim."

The landlord blinked, and grinned. He would bluff that mood away.

"Shucks! Ain't you being a fool?" he inquired abruptly.

Mrs. Thomson paused with a foot upon the stair.

"I'll tell you, Mac," she answered. "If you could guess horses as well as you guess woman, you wouldn't be running this hotel. Good night! I'm tired."

"Trouble is, you've been sitting up with that woman and her baby," he called. "Ought to 've been in bed."

"No, Mac. I've been sitting up with myself!"

And she slowly climbed the stairs to her room.

REFLECTIONS

WITH steadfast eyes you said to me:
 "How brave you are, dear, how serene!
 From your calm courage troubles flee;
 My own weak faith on you I lean."
 And as you looked at me, so grave,
 I knew, dear, that I ne'er was brave.

"You are so wise," you said, "I trust
 To your clear reason all my fears.
 Your gentle wisdom sweeps the dust
 That fain would hide the gold of years."
 And as I met your trusting eyes,
 I knew, dear, that I ne'er was wise.

So tenderly you stroked my hair!
 "You are so good," you said to me;
 "The poorest things to you are fair,
 And in the meanest you can see
 Worth." But how well I understood
 How far I was from being good!

Dear, loyal comforter of mine!
 Answer to all my heart can crave!
 These things to me you did resign;
 Yes, I am good and wise and brave—
 Good by your goodness, brave and wise
 By the inspiring light of your dear eyes!

George Foxhall

MIRABEL'S ISLAND*

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES

BY LOUIS TRACY

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE SILENT BARRIER," ETC.

WHAT was that—land? Or did death scowl in such guise from the midst of tempests?

The man rose stiffly. His body was worn and spent, but its weakness was still subjugated by a strong soul. Clutching the tiller with benumbed fingers, he cleared a mist of spindrift and foam from his bloodshot eyes with the free hand.

Around him snarled and raged a yellow-maned sea whipped into frothy madness; in front lay a ruin of spars, cordage, and flapping canvas; low above raced black storm-clouds in chaotic fury. But he had vowed that he would not yield until he fell, and he had kept his vow during a night that told of eternity. Now the day was here. Through the wraiths of scud he thought he had seen something—something! Could it be land?

A great wave sprang at the dismantled cutter, as if urged by a demon's knowledge of that blurred vision, and eager to crash the life out of the man before he could determine whether or not he had seen aright. He braced his feet against the side-walls of the well, and the blow smote his oilskin with the loud crack of a heavy whip, while tons of water pounded ominously on the deck. He heard, without flinching, that appalling sound—half sob of despair, half grunt of rebellion—uttered by honest timber under the duress of a strain to which it is unequal.

He knew that the yacht was water-logged, and might dive headlong to the depths when it sank into the trough. But he only held his head the higher, to take advantage of the upward lurch as the cutter rose sluggishly on the back of its enemy; and again he swept the salt spume from his eyes.

Yes—he had not been mistaken. One of

the group of small islands dimly seen to westward at dawn—whether dawn began five minutes or an hour ago he knew not—now lay almost ahead. Mechanically, he changed the cutter's course a couple of points to port.

The foresail still held—all that was left of the trim canvas. It seemed as if some monster of the deep had sheered away jib and topsail, mainyard and boom, and started the rounded bows so badly that the vessel's fore part was full of water. Yet the mast and foresail tackle were spared, and to that small mercy the yacht owed steering-way. Otherwise she must have broached to and filled a thousand times during the night, nor could her owner have made that desperate fight for life.

Then the cheated wave roared past. The little ship sank wearily into the churning hollow, and the man looked gray death squarely in the face. Still the yacht swam on, with the dogged valor of all inanimate things. Death itself must have changed its frown to a derisive grimace, for what hope of succor could be wrung from gloomy crags scoured by a pelting sea?

The man spoke aloud. It was a relief to hear his own voice, though in that din of wind and water a trumpet-blast would scarce have carried beyond the bows.

"You have five minutes' grace at the utmost, Davie, my boy," he said. "You can choose between being battered on a rock or going under with the Firefly. Well, the rock for you, sonny! A rock offers a million-to-one chance; the sea, none. Perhaps you may not have a choice. Anyhow, be ready!"

Some men are born to command. When

among their fellows, they lead; when peril must be met alone, they marshal the forces of the soul.

All night long David Lindsay had been fighting a rear-guard action against pursuing seas scourged to frenzy by an equinoctial gale. Now the dawn had brought a forlorn hope, and with fine courage he mustered the last remnants of his strength for a crisis which apparently could have only one issue, and that through the narrow gate of death. That is why he spoke aloud—why he called on his cohorts as if he were not one man, but a hundred.

After peering intently into the tormented vista ahead, he prepared for the struggle.

First he divested himself of his heavy oil-skin coat. It had well served its purpose. Without its friendly aid he must certainly have perished hours ago from exposure, for the bitter wind would have driven a million arrows through his skin; nor could he, unless thus protected, have withstood the continuous buffeting of broken seas. Even now he contrived to clasp it loosely across his shoulders, in such wise that he could discard it instantly if a leap for life came within the wide bounds of a doomed man's last effort.

Then, making the most of the growing light, he endeavored to read the signs of the danger-zone into which the Firefly was being hurried by wind, wave, and tide.

He saw now that he was already abreast of the southerly extremity of a long, narrow island, of which a lofty peak, capping its northern half, had alone been visible earlier. It was not a large place—perhaps a mile and a half in length. Its narrowness was suggested by the absence of any high-lying ground except the rock crests above the eastern shore-line.

Beyond, and equally inhospitable in aspect, were other smaller islands, some mere gaunt rocks. Extending far to seaward on the right, and apparently barring the way in front, ridges of flying spray showed clearly that reef after reef lay between the island and its northerly neighbors.

Some knowledge of the general features of the Western Isles told Lindsay that his frail fortunes depended wholly on the existence of a channel between cliff and reef. It was possible, even probable, that ages of warring tides had thrust a deep-water passage of a sort through the opposing barrier at that spot.

Of course, such a channel might be

studded with rocks, but his slender chance of salvation lay there and nowhere else. If the cutter did not sink beneath his feet he might be able to win the comparative shelter of the island's northerly spur, and endeavor to run ashore. In two or three minutes, so fast was he driven by wind and current, he would be carried beyond even this bleak haven, which looked so desirable now to one in his dire predicament.

He could discern no opening in the white clouds torn from off the reefs by the ever-growing gale, but he murmured a few words of prayer and steadfast trust, and boldly steered the drowning Firefly for the junction of rocky shore and storm-beaten sea.

The next couple of minutes passed like some stupefying and ill-remembered nightmare. Rocks there were, black and ruthless, now laid starkly bare in their clinging garments of shells and seaweed, and now smothered a fathom deep by swirling torrents. He saw them as a defenseless man might see great beasts prowling by night in the jungle, and he strove to avoid them with an eager zest from which all bane of fear was banished by the ardor and fire of effort for dear life's sake.

Once, twice, three times, when the dying cutter seemed to lurch hopelessly into the clutches of one of these dismal monsters, the capricious sea snatched her up in mighty embrace and flung her bodily out of reach of the waiting jaws. It seemed to Lindsay, watching this sport of Titans in curiously detached mood, as if those ancient enemies, rocks and sea, were testing their skill on his tiny craft, and thus far the sea was winning.

After the third and narrowest escape he fancied that the rocks became fewer; but the Firefly was in no fit condition to serve as shuttlecock in a game between the elements. She was sinking now in dead earnest.

As well as he could judge, for his endurance was at an end and his sight was failing, the northern tip of the island was not a hundred yards distant. He leaned against the tiller with the last flicker of consciousness, the last ounce of strength. He did not know then that the land, by lucky hap, curved away rapidly to the northwest, and that in consequence every foot gained on the new course brought increased shelter from wind and sea.

He had suddenly become blind and deaf. His lips moved in broken supplication to the All-seeing, the All-wise, but they uttered

words of no meaning. He was not even sensible of a natural feeling of anguish; though, having achieved so much, it might be deemed hard and cruel that he should collapse in the very instant which demanded the maximum of effort.

Some shred of memory, some prompting of a bold heart, caused him to shake his shoulders free of the oilskin. Then he felt the cutter bump heavily, and a black shape, solid and unmoving, stood before his waning eyes. He made the mad jump for which he had nerved himself during that horrible rush across the reef. His feet seemed to touch the earth again, and he clutched wildly at the dour shape which barred the way.

The impact against the rock jarred the remnants of his senses out of him, and he fell like a dog, with his feet lapped by the tide at its full flood, and his head and shoulders nestling into soft shingle.

II

HE lay there until aroused by what he took for the barking of a dog—a sound so intimate and homely that in moments of distress it vibrates in the ear of civilized man a chord of confidence, a promise of help.

Once he had risen to his feet and stretched his limbs, even taking a deep breath or two to assure himself that no ribs were broken—in fact, once he was sure of life, David Lindsay took quick strides toward complete recovery. He was young, and strong, and splendidly vital. No food or drink had been attainable since he had dined the previous evening. An all-night vigil, with death crouched at his elbow, had taken the place of sleep in a comfortable bunk; but a man who had gone through a protracted campaign, and was noted as a hunter of big game, needed little else than that interval of utter oblivion and rest to win back his faculties, almost in full measure.

He was undeniably hungry, and his mouth and throat were parched from the spray swallowed with every inspiration during the greater part of the night. But these physical evils were trivial. He had been snatched by a miracle from the swirling waste of waters, and knowledge of that stupendous thing came swiftly and overwhelmingly.

It took him, perhaps, a minute to order his mind and ascertain that he was uninjured, save for many bruises and some slight abrasions of the skin. His first collected

glance was at the Firefly, lying crippled and inert on the shelving beach where he had flung himself ashore. Her stern was wedged between two great boulders, so it was evident that the little vessel had floated gallantly to the last, and had only escaped being smashed to match-wood on the reef by the accident of jamming between the rocks as she was drawn seaward by the falling tide.

Then he looked inland, and was instantly conscious of a feeling of blank surprise. He accounted for it later by his expectation of being hailed by some island fisherman—perhaps a gnarled and weather-beaten Scot, who would address him in Gaelic. Yet, after a moment's scrutiny, the place struck him as uninhabited, save for a group of shy Highland cattle now eying him from the shelter of a grassy cleft a few hundred yards away. At any rate, there was no sign of man or dog, though he fancied he had heard a dog barking. He had even persuaded himself that it was a small dog.

A rough plain, littered with rocks strewn on patches of wiry grass, crowned a low cliff and rose at a gentle gradient till it merged in the buttresses of the precipitous hill which had been his beacon during that last amazing half-hour at sea. Near the shore, and somewhat to the left, were a few crofters' huts, but so obviously ruined and untenanted that he hardly gave them a second glance.

Although he was standing on the northern end of the island, it was undoubtedly its lee side. The one-time inhabitants would surely have built their houses on the least exposed site, and the unpleasant conviction was borne in on him that he had been marooned in a spot where rescuers might not reach him for weeks, or even months.

A man of less experience than David Lindsay would not have arrived at this disheartening conclusion so readily. The presence of cattle, combined with the certainty that the island was not far removed from Mull and the mainland of Argyll, might have reassured a novice. But this stalwart castaway knew that the denizens of such places had a sixth sense in prescience of a wreck or of a visit by strangers. Had there really been people on the island, they would have been waiting on the beach to drag him and the Firefly high and dry when the yacht struck.

No; he must have mistaken the flapping of canvas for the barking of a dog. A man

hovering on the borderland of insensibility is subject to strange imaginings, and even now the wet sails cracked like pistol-shots in every furious gust. Besides, here he stood in his right mind, keenly alive to every sight and sound, and there was neither man nor dog to be seen or heard.

His next action was well calculated to alarm any suspicious watcher who might be lurking in one of the ravines that scarred the hillside. He went to the yacht, opened a hatchway facing the well, stooped into it, and lifted out the body of a man.

There could be no sort of doubt that the man was dead, for mere loss of consciousness differs from death as the sleep of life differs from the repose of the grave. Moreover, this man had been slain by a murderous blow which had shattered the top of his skull.

The corpse was clothed in a sailor's uniform. The yacht's name was worked in discolored white letters on the breast of a blue jersey, and the white cord of a jack-knife was dyed brown in parts. No need to ask whence came those ominous stains. The wound gaping through the clotted hair would have answered the dread question ere it was put.

Lindsay carried the body up the beach, and laid it on the comparatively dry patch of shingle where he himself had fallen. Then he brought an oilskin coat—not his own, which was lying in the well—and covered the white face and limp figure down to the knees. The neatly shod feet stuck out at helpless-looking angles, and their forlorn aspect seemed to annoy Lindsay, for he went back to the yacht, fished up his coat from the sump of water and small spoil of the sea which had lodged above the grating, and thus completed the shroud.

Then he did a thing which must have struck any unprepared observer as callous in the extreme. Disappearing from view in the small cabin, of which the hatch was half raised from the deck and half sunk in the well, he emerged presently with some biscuits, a tin of preserved meat, and a bottle of beer, and without more ado ate a hearty meal.

He was seated on the deck, with his feet dangling over the side, and his face partly turned to the island, so his eyes must have dwelt frequently on the suggestive outline beneath the oilskins, though he did not look in that direction more often than he could avoid. As a matter of simple fact, David

Lindsay was eating from necessity, not from choice.

Ever and anon his glance swept the clear, cold arena bounded by the hills, to learn if by any chance he could be wrong in believing that he was really alone in this place with a dead man. But he looked in vain for any sign of humanity.

The cattle seemed to have accepted his presence, and were browsing contentedly higher up the glen in which he had first seen them. A few rabbits, tempted forth by the cessation of the rain which had drenched the land during the night, skipped in timid rushes from tuft to tuft near their burrows, and a multitude of birds whirled and circled in the storm, scanning the sea for its daily harvest. The occasional lowing of the herd, the thunder of the surf, the roar and whistle of the gale, and the continuous wailing of many thousands of gulls and coots, puffins and cormorants, served only to render the island more desolate.

The undertone of silence was dismal, almost unnerving. Even this hardened traveler, inured to the profound solitude and mystery of the desert, owned to the uncanny influence of the place, and ate and drank in a fever of haste to be done with an unpalatable repast.

He made an end quickly. From the yacht's cabin he procured a chart, and consulted it. Soon he was examining the features of the coast-line, and checking the bearings of such islands as were in sight. Apparently satisfied as to his exact whereabouts, he took a note-book and pencil from a breast-pocket of his reefer jacket and wrote:

Yacht *Firefly* wrecked on north end of Lunga, Treshnish Islands, during the early morning of October 15. James Farrow killed, apparently by falling spar, but his body has been brought ashore. William Tresidder is missing since some time before midnight on the 14th. The owner, undersigned, is not injured. Send help when weather moderates.

DAVID LINDSAY, R. Y. S.

Tearing out the leaf, he put it in the empty beer-bottle, which he recorked securely and threw far out into the clearest space of water he could discern. It bobbed up again, and was carried away by a tidal current.

"The first message!" he said aloud. "I wonder how many more I shall send, and how many, if any, will be picked up?"

When it had gone, he recollected that he

had given no explanation of the yacht's plight, while the death of Farrow and the vanishing of Tresidder were but lamely accounted for.

"I can supply details in subsequent messages," he thought. "Not that it matters much. I have very little faith in a bottle post in this rock-infested sea."

He looked at his watch, which had suffered no damage in its practically watertight case, although his clothing was soaked.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Half past seven! I must have been thoroughly knocked out when I made that last leap. I came ashore soon after daybreak."

Then he eyed the great boulder in the lee of which he had placed the hapless sailor.

"I suppose that is what I grabbed so earnestly," he mused. "Drowning men clutch at straws and madmen at shadows. Well, I was mighty near drowned, and quite mad, so I may be forgiven my rock!"

The wind caught a sleeve of one of the oilskin coats and tossed it to and fro in fantastic mockery of a man's arm waved in signal.

"Poor Jim!" he sighed. "A good, honest chap, if ever there was one. I would give—"

He threw out his hands in a gesture of despair. The mere notion of naming some big sum of money was grotesque in its folly. Money could not quicken the dead. At that moment, and on that island, all the gold in the world would have been far less valuable than the wreckage which strewn the beach. Here gold was truly dross, and fire-wood was better than diamonds.

Then he suddenly felt chilly. The food had brought his body back to its normal state. Hitherto his brain had been dominated by the one great fact that he was alive, that the storm had cast him aside as no longer worthy of its spite; but now the bruised and shivering flesh reminded the spirit that it, too, was a partner in the compact called life.

He swung his arms and stamped until the blood glowed in his veins, but, physically fit though he was, he knew that he risked a serious illness if he did not change his garments. So he went into the little cabin, and when he reappeared he had the semblance of some well-dressed yachtsman who had just stepped upon the landing-pier of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. His attire was spruce and complete, from natty cap to brown leather boots.

In the message committed to the sea he had added the letters "R. Y. S." to his signature as a means of identity. Any experienced eye summing him up now would not have disputed his right to the social distinction conferred by those magic initials.

The Firefly was a roomy little ship of five tons, with a beam and lines designed for comfort, rather than speed. A stout bulkhead had safeguarded the after part, and the hatch had been closed during the night, so the contents of the lockers were dry, except in the lowermost tiers, which had been swamped as soon as the yacht was beached.

When his head rose above the coaming he was almost startled by a flock of screaming sea-birds that leaped into the air at sight of him. A pair of cormorants were standing on the spread-out oilskins, and one was plucking viciously at the stout cloth. Then David used words of sailorlike import and sprang to the beach in a fury, whereupon the feathered brigands made off with an uproar of raucous cries that momentarily shut out the howling of the wind and the booming diapason of the reef.

"Evidently, my first task will be hard and bitter," he growled.

He was no stranger to harsh death and its melancholy demands on the living, but he had never yet dug a grave. He cast about in his mind for some suitable implement which might be found on board the Firefly. He could think of no other device than the fashioning of a spade from a pole and a piece of the planking which abounded in every little cove on the island at high-water mark.

He did not boggle at the notion of committing Farrow's body to its last resting-place without delay. He was given to clear thinking; and if ever a man might dare to read the future, he was surely justified that day in believing that he would long remain a prisoner on Lunga.

So he procured an ax, a saw, a hammer and nails, and set resolutely to work. In a few minutes he had contrived a rough spade, but some knowledge of the difficulties attending sepulture in a South African kopje caused him to experiment at once on a promising bit of sand before essaying the bigger task of making a coffin. As he feared, he struck the solid rock at the depth of a foot or less.

He climbed the cliff by a steep path and went inland some little way. He soon ascertained that the barrenness of the island was

readily accounted for—it was only a mass of basalt set in the sea, among dozens of smaller islets. He was seriously contemplating the building of a cairn when he happened to notice that the tide had receded a hundred yards or more from the yacht, and already several new patches of tolerably dry shingle were revealed.

By prodding here and there with the broken topmast he found one spot, in front of a columnlike rock, where gravel and pebbles ran deep. Busily plying the improvised shovel, he cleared a pit of the necessary size, though he was obliged to divest himself of boots and socks and turn up his trousers to the knees, owing to the percolation of water. But the beach shelved rapidly, and the tide would fall for another five hours, so he reasoned that the hole would empty itself sufficiently before his preparations were completed.

Well beneath the surface he made a discovery which at any other time would have been full of interest. He had followed the face of the rock in his digging, and came upon a sunken boat, its woodwork black with age, its ribs and strakes held in position solely by mortise and tenon, and its general structure betokening a builder possessing little, if any, acquaintance with malleable iron. Here, then, was a tomb worthy of a viking!

The occasion forbade the raising of the ancient craft, since such mournful toil did not chime with the enthusiasm of an archaeologist, so Lindsay contented himself with scooping out an accumulation of sand and shells. From the midst of a roll of some rotted material, which might have been fur or leather, he picked three green-tarnished metal ornaments, which he threw aside on the beach after a hasty scrutiny.

As the water had ceased to flow into the pit he went to the yacht for a bucket, and, suddenly remembering one last sad duty, sought for a prayer-book. To the owner's credit be it said that such a volume formed a somewhat unusual addition to the Firefly's library. Then, again driving away a dense flock of sea-birds, he uncovered his shipmate's remains and discharged the most disagreeable part of the undertaking by searching the poor fellow's pockets and making an inventory of their contents.

This done, he lifted the inert form in his strong arms and carried it to the edge of that strange grave. Soon the coracle was ready for its latest tenant, and Lindsay laid

his humble friend at rest on the floor of a craft which was probably hundreds, if not thousands, of years old.

Many times, in far wilder lands, had he heard and read the burial service under conditions that lent a dismal eeriness to a ceremony ever most solemn and depressing; but never had he been so stirred as in this hour. The frantic sobbing of the wind, the unceasing rancor of the sea, the discordant clamor of the birds, and the absence of all human companionship, tried his strong will almost to the breaking-point.

He opened the book. . . .

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Words full of beauty and consolation—yet Lindsay's voice rang hollow in his ears, and his eyes dimmed. . . .

He was alone, utterly alone.

III

Odds and ends of timber formed the lid of poor Farrow's singular coffin. When these were weighted with stones, and the whole packed with pebbles and sand, David put on his coat, socks, and boots, and endeavored in the same breath to throw off the pall of sorrow which had enwrapped his soul.

The training of the regimental mess and the explorers' camp had not seared his finer feelings, but it certainly had taught him the folly of railing against the edicts of fate. Though he would cheerfully have risked life or limb to save the man whom he had employed as second hand on the Firefly, his nature was of too strong a fiber to indulge in useless regret. Farrow had been struck down without his cognizance, and by an agency which he could only guess at. He had not shirked the labors of a sexton, but he refused to chant a dirge.

Gathering his tools and the time-worn ornaments secured from the ancient boat, he returned to the yacht, and rummaged in the pockets of his wet coat for pipe and tobacco. Both were there, the tobacco hardly damp in its tin case, while there were plenty of cigars in the lockers. But his matches were in a pulp, and he realized, before a hopeless quest confirmed the belief, that the supply carried in the fore cabin, which also held a stove and some tins of methylated spirit, must have been destroyed hours ago.

Here was the first pin-prick of existence on desolate Lunga—no fire!

"Never mind!" he told himself promptly. "The sun will shine some time, and then—hey, presto!—I shall do stunts with a burning-glass out of my binoculars. But, marry-come-up, gadzooks, what have we here?"

He drew forth a gold match-box and peered eagerly into its interior. It held a Kruger sovereign, a crooked sixpence found at Laing's Nek, a four-leafed shamrock pent within a glass charm, five two-cent stamps bearing the bland profile of George Washington, and, snugly tucked away at the bottom, a frayed and disreputable-looking wax match.

Many a man would have hailed a rare gem with less joy.

"Rest there, ruby of price!" he cried. "I must find thee a setting worthy of thy scintillations. But I shall be wary, for methinks thou art French, and therefore fickle. So do thy part, Mme. Vesta, and we shall light such a blaze on Lunga as shall be seen from Tiree to Argyllshire!"

A hoarse cackle of laughter smote his ears with an insistence greater than all the artillery of the storm. He was so astounded that even his hunter's eyes roved a second or two before finding out that the scoffer was a jackdaw perched on a stone among the herbage.

"Well!" he gasped.

"Jack!" said the bird, hopping confidently down the zigzag path.

"Good morning, Jack!" said Lindsay.

"Fine day," said the bird, halting in front of him, and cocking an impudent and inquiring eye at the stranger.

"Where on earth do *you* come from?" demanded David.

"Mirabel!" was the inexplicable answer.

"And can you tell me who, or where, is Mirabel?"

The jackdaw's attention was suddenly drawn to the crumbs of Lindsay's breakfast. He uttered that sardonic laugh again, and hopped away to investigate. His plumage was smooth and glossy, but one wing had been broken off in the middle of the humerus, and he had to depend solely on his legs for movement.

"You didn't fly here, that's sure, Jack," said David, who was unfeignedly glad of the bird's company. "I suppose you once were Mirabel's pet, though whether Mirabel was a lady or a yacht I don't know. Any-

how, old sport, I am pleased to see you, and I'll find you some fatted calf."

He climbed into the cabin, and brought out a ship's biscuit and a slice of corned beef.

"Ha, ha, ha! Good dog! Carlo! Carlo!" vociferated the bird, dancing about excitedly and flapping the stump of the lost wing in unison with its fellow.

"I shall know the whole family soon," said David, breaking the biscuit into small pieces.

But the jackdaw preferred the meat; when it was gulped out of sight he sprang to the yacht's deck and thence to the top of the open hatch.

"Come out of it, you pampered rascal!" cried Lindsay, driving him off and closing the hatch. "I like people to be free and easy, but you mustn't choose your own menu. Don't you see, Jack, you and I may have to live here for weeks? Though I must admit that solitary confinement on Lunga doesn't seem to have disagreed with you."

"Oh, you naughty dog!" said the bird, and then he whistled shrilly.

Now, a man seldom implies that a dog is "naughty," but by preference emphasizes the fact with the toe of his boot. Even if he uses the word, he does not give it that high-pitched stress on the first syllable often heard from a woman's lips.

"So Mirabel is a lady, and she has a dog named Carlo!" commented Lindsay.

"Ho, ho! Off we go; Tom, Dick, Harry, and Joe," cackled the bird, and, disdaining the biscuit, he raced up the path and in the direction of the glen.

Lindsay was about to follow, when the inbred caution of the explorer caused him to pay out a few fathoms of chain and bury a fluke of the anchor well above high-water mark. More than once when on trek he had set out to stalk a springbok, thinking that he would be absent from camp half an hour, and had reached his wagons again next day. To-day the Firefly was his camp and Lunga his continent.

He was driving the anchor home with his heel when he saw a red eye winking at him brightly from the port light.

"What luck!" he cried, hurrying to the caboose for a tin of colza.

He had passed and repassed the yacht a dozen times on the starboard side, where the green light had given out, but had not happened to look at its companion. Carefully unshipping the lantern, and carrying it into

the cabin out of the wind, he found that it still contained a small quantity of oil, whereas the starboard lamp was empty.

The two facts were eloquent to a sailor's mind. It was Farrow's duty to tend the yacht's lights, and he had replenished the port cistern just before he was killed. Possibly, he was about to lift the second lamp from its screen when he received the tremendous blow that crushed his skull.

At any rate, David could now light his pipe, and with both lamps going and protected from the gale, he was fairly sure of a fire when needed.

These operations consumed fully ten minutes. When he looked for the jackdaw again, that mysterious visitor had vanished. He went up the glen, which seemed to offer the easiest line of approach to the hill, and the cattle drew together in a mob. They were two-year-old bullocks, and not in the least likely to be vicious. Indeed, as he neared them, they turned tail and ran, bearing somewhat to the left and vanishing over a hillock.

He had not gone far before he learned that, instead of one hill on the north part of the island, there were three, set in a row; but two were unimportant, mere humps on the shoulder of the third and most southerly, which rose well above the three-hundred-foot line. In fact, he remembered that its height, three hundred and twenty-eight feet, was given on the chart.

He saw now, as indeed he might have ascertained earlier by close scrutiny of the chart, that Lunga held several well-concealed hollows, where grass was abundant, and in which many buildings might have been hidden. Except when actually skirting the central spine of rock, Lindsay could follow the coast-line on either hand, as the island was nowhere more than a quarter of a mile wide. He decided to examine the east side first.

While crossing the second transverse ravine, he noticed that the western face of the hill was much more precipitous than the rugged and broken slope to the eastward, which, nevertheless, must be surmounted before the remaining section of the island came in view. Yet the cattle had gone that way, as he had observed when their tracks branched off. To this skilled tracker of shy game every raindrop brushed from a blade of grass, each tiny stone dislodged from its natural resting-place, was an open page in the book of venery.

At this point, too, he came upon a well, a crude thing, but efficient, because he tested the water at once and found it slightly brackish, but drinkable.

Thus he wandered on, letting nothing pass his careful eyes, but often glancing at the noisy sea and wondering why Providence, in its mercy, had deigned to snatch him from its fury. Nor was he forgetful of his new friend, the jackdaw. It would seem that the bird, like the beasts, had chosen the alternative route, and Lindsay resolved to come back that way, and so complete the tour of the island.

Active and light-footed though he was, progress was not easy. Lunga had been built with a haphazard magnificence by the volcano and the storm. He had to pick and choose each step after leaving the well, since there was no semblance of a path, except from the landing-place to the higher level of the island proper, and his boots were not stout enough for such rough work.

At last he stood on a little plateau, bounded by a sheer cliff on the left and a steep escarpment of rock on the right. Beneath the cliff the sea pounded vigorously, for a strong ebb-tide was now fighting the wind, and the waves were running higher than ever. In fact, he realized that the Firefly, quite apart from her sinking condition, had not run her nose into Lunga an hour too soon. The cutter could not have lived five minutes in the open now. The gale had flogged the mighty Atlantic into a rare fret and fume, and ever and anon a watery mass weighing thousands of tons would surge savagely up fifty feet of the rock wall, and fling its spray to such a height that it swept across the plateau in drenching showers.

To avoid getting wet needlessly, David climbed out of range, and the island spread its second panorama at his feet. Almost in the very center, a deep gully ran from east to west. Beyond that curiously distinct dividing line, Lunga was comparatively low-lying. In the distance, perhaps two miles away, he recognized the island of Bach Mor, known to sailors as the Dutchman's Cap, a name suggested by its conical hill rising from the midst of a flat table-land.

So barren and desolate was the gray aspect of rock and reef in this section that Lindsay would undoubtedly have returned to the yacht by the way he had come, were it not for the problem set by the jackdaw and the cattle. Whither had they gone? To decide that trivial point he kept on.

The hill did not fall evenly toward the gully. Half-way down, it expanded into a well-marked horseshoe, opening due south. The broken amphitheater thus provided by nature was singularly regular in its crest and inner curve. Two small hills, which stood somewhat to the southwest of its entrance, might possibly have been wrenched from the complete circle by some geological convulsion.

But it was not any fantasy of the rocks that caused David Lindsay to stare and blink into the hollow like one bewitched. Tucked away down there, sheltered from every wind, yet so placed as to receive the maximum of sunshine, was a house—a well-built, habitable house!

At first sight it suggested a manse, for it resembled no other edifice so thoroughly. Scattered over the length and breadth of Scotland were thousands of its congeners—U. P. and Wee Free—with the same solid walls, the same sedate gables, the same sober, homely aspect of roof and windows. It is impossible to conceive a frivolous oriel or giddy turret in a manse.

Lindsay almost expected to see a frock-coated, clerical-hatted, benevolently severe-faced old gentleman appear on the garden-path and pass with proper decorum through the half-open wicket gate; but no such respectable vision was vouchsafed to him. Around and about bellowed the gale, overhead flew wild fowl in their wildest flight, and below, in staid seclusion, solemn as a stone owl, stood the silent and apparently tenantless house.

Though smoke did not curl out of any of the chimneys, the place wore a snug aspect of habitation. A wicket gate standing ajar, and the presence of three milch goats, with as many kids, surreptitiously devouring some growing vegetables within the enclosure, undoubtedly helped this conceit.

David, eager for human companionship, soon put the matter to test. He ran down the steep slope and entered the garden. First, he obeyed the law of nations by chasing out the thieves; then he knocked at the closed outer door of a porch.

There was no answer, though he waited patiently and rapped loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

As there was no help for it, he had to be rude, and glued his nose against a window-pane. He peered into a spacious kitchen; it was fairly well equipped, but empty and fireless. On the other side of the porch was

a sitting-room, comfortably furnished. Both apartments had the general air of the house; surprise lay only in the fact that they were deserted.

He looked long and closely for external signs of possible occupants, but the paths were made of pebbles and flints, and the deluge of rain during the night had scoured them thoroughly. It did not escape him that the goats' tracks on two small patches of soil were fresh. True, they could just as easily have leaped the low wall as entered by the gate. But why on that morning only? He suspended judgment, but he frowned in thought.

At last, hardly imagining that there could be any result save one, he grasped the old-fashioned sneck on the door. Lo, the latch lifted and the door opened. A second door yielded as readily, and he stood in the kitchen. Then Lindsay knew that he was not alone on Lunga, for the air of the room was warm.

Crossing to the hearth, he felt the stone. A fire must have been lighted there during the morning, and David fancied that its embers had been hastily thrown aside, as a big kitchen-shovel, which stood near a pile of logs, bore traces of having been used for the purpose.

"Any one here?" he shouted, and his voice rang hollow through the silent rooms.

An open door led to a scullery, and, probably, to a larder, but the second door was locked. The door of the sitting-room was also secured, as was another door, which, in all likelihood, provided a draft-screen for a staircase. He banged heavily on the panels of this last door, and called again, loud and insistent.

"The place is empty," he admitted finally. "It seems to say: 'Come in, if you want shelter, but leave the inmates alone. They know you are here, and don't wish to make your acquaintance.' Well, well! The inhabitants of Lunga must be offish people. I wonder if they will respect my vested rights in the cutter! Perhaps I had better mount guard."

Without another glance at the house or its contents, he hurried out, but, true to his original intent, followed the westerly side of the island.

The way, though steep, was really less difficult. Some effort had been made to cut a path among the rocks, and, if David climbed higher, he advanced more rapidly. He noticed a giant of a rock which was

separated from the mainland by a narrow chasm hardly ten feet wide, yet more than a hundred feet deep, as he could tell by the din of a tidal race booming up through the cleft; but he was now all eyes for aught that moved, and he gave no heed to a natural phenomenon which would otherwise have proved irresistible.

His keen hearing was of no avail in that war of wind and wave, but never a white-tailed rabbit bobbed into cover, or tall fern-frond swayed in the gale, but he noted it. He missed nothing, either at his feet or on the sky-line, and thus it came to pass that, when he was crossing a small gully where the rain had gathered into a miniature rivulet, he saw a footprint in a little drift of sand.

It was clean, well-cut, and recent as his own might have been had he stepped in some such place during his passage along the east side. He looked around sharply, to make sure that he was not being watched from some crag or cleft. Gray rock, wind-swept undergrowth, stormy sky, and lowering sea made up the whole of the picture. The only living things in sight were the rabbits and the sea-fowl.

Yet here was a footprint, a child's or a woman's—a neat, well-molded sole and broad heel—and, by the side of it, scarcely legible, owing to the thinning of the sand on a smooth slab of rock, were the pads of a dog—a small dog!

Lindsay knew his "Robinson Crusoe"—there was a copy of that immortal book on board the Firefly at the moment—and he remembered how the castaway "stood like one thunderstruck," or as if he "had seen an apparition," when he found "the print of a man's naked foot on the shore." Indeed, he had often wondered by what jugglery one solitary print, as insisted on by Crusoe, could have located itself on a sandy shore, a circumstance so truly amazing that the worthy mariner of York himself accounted for it, at first, by imagining that the Evil One had done the thing to plague him.

But David had no such suspicion. Even if an up-to-date Satan wore boots, he would surely display a larger foot. Where was the maker of this telltale imprint? That was the puzzle, and David at once set his wits at work on its solution.

The existence of a dog told him so much! One or more of the dwellers on the island knew that he was ashore, and had taken pains to remove evidences of a fire having

been lighted should he chance to discover the house. Probably he had been spied on ever since he was roused from the stupor of exhaustion by the dog's barking. He had been seen burying poor Farrow! Did *that* explain the inhumanity of any Christian being who could witness a shipwrecked man carrying a messmate's body from the yacht—though himself obviously in utmost need of succor—and yet be so callous as to remain aloof, uncaring, unsympathetic?

David was not prone to forejudging others, but the reflective frown on his brow deepened. He felt that, if ever an explanation were forthcoming, he would give it a cold hearing.

From the farther side of the little ravine he saw the cutter and the whole of the northern foreshore. To his right, where the watercourse broadened into a pasture, the cattle were grazing. There was no one visible—that part of the island afforded hardly any cover, unless a spy was lying full-length on the grass behind a boulder—so he resolved instantly to adopt a trick known to every scout and shikaree.

As soon as he had made certain, with sidelong glance, that he was well over the shoulder of the hill, he ran swiftly up the first gully that offered. Then, choosing a promising cleft branching to the south, he climbed steadily up until he could just peer through a tuft of rock-heather growing there.

He lay at a comfortable angle, and waited. Hidden himself, he surveyed the greater part of the western coast-line. If he was being tracked, or followed, the next move rested with the spy.

IV

HE had not long to wait. Indeed, scarcely a minute had passed before he received the surprise of his life.

From a recess in that great rock beyond the chasm rose a woman—or, rather, a girl probably yet in her teens, as David could see in the clear, steel-gray light which now made all things so vivid. Instead of the coarse, homespun dress and plaid shawl of the Scottish fisherfolk, she wore a serviceable and stylish coat and short skirt of dark tweed, such as may be seen by the score on the moors any day during the shooting season. A true Highland touch was given to a brown tam-o'-shanter cap by an eagle's feather set jauntily on the left side. Lest the astounding vision should be incomplete in any detail, the young lady not only held

a black Aberdeen terrier on a leash, but carried a double-barreled hammerless gun.

"Mirabel and Carlo — ten thousand pounds to a potato on the double event!" breathed Lindsay.

But he did not budge. Enforced residence on Lunga had suddenly become exciting.

He watched the girl's proceedings with a breathless interest that did not lack a spice of fear—in her behalf—for she laid the gun aside, drew a long plank from a crack in the rock, bridged that awesome cañon with it, picked up gun and dog, and crossed to the mainland, though she had to lean well against the wind to preserve her balance. After one glance at the crest where Lindsay's figure had disappeared so recently, she pulled the plank in, hid it in another crevice, and, still keeping the dog on the leash, sped lightly on David's trail.

At any other time he would have admired the graceful activity of her movements, for she leaped from rock to rock like a chamois until she reached the rough path; but her motive in thus secretly and furtively stalking him was so hard to read, or even guess at, that the problem stifled all other thoughts. And again, what would she do when she discovered that he had not gone to the yacht? Would she search the hillside warily, and find him crouching on his ledge?

"I hope she won't shoot at sight!" he muttered. "She handles that gun as though she could hold it straight, if need be!"

But help came from an unexpected quarter. Girl and dog were speeding up the incline—and David saw that the terrier had been cleverly muzzled with a bit of rope—when a loud laugh rang from a rocky pinnacle above the ravine in which Lindsay was concealed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a voice. "Good dog, Carlo! Wow! Wow!"

The girl stopped.

"Oh, Jack, you bad bird!" she cried. "How you startled me!"

"Now is my chance," thought David.

He thrust head and shoulders well in view, and lifted his cap.

"Good morning, madam," he said, disregarding the instant blanching of the girl's face when she looked up at him. "I hope you will forgive me for appearing in this fashion, but it is hardly my fault."

He smiled, for it seemed incredibly stupid to charge this fair creature with the cold-blooded barbarity he had mentally ascribed to the inhabitants of Lunga; but no answer-

ing smile relaxed her drawn features. He remembered afterward that she did not appear to be afraid. Rather was she stanchly scornful; her eyes gazed into his as if the sight of him was intensely disagreeable, almost odious.

"Who are you and what do you want?" she demanded, and her well-bred accents fully accorded with her appearance. Truly, this bleak island was beginning to reveal marvels!

"My name is David Lindsay," he said, meeting her steadfast glance with quiet good humor. "My cutter was cast ashore here soon after daybreak, and I had no option in the matter. What I wanted then was merely to save my unworthy life. What I want now is to convince you that I have no felonious intent, such as you evidently credit me with, judging by the businesslike way in which you hold that gun."

At that she softened somewhat, and the forefinger of her right hand clasped the grip of the stock instead of resting on the trigger-guard.

"You seem to be speaking the truth," she said coldly, "though you looked a very different sort of person when you—when you came ashore. You were not alone?"

"No. Unfortunately, one of my men was killed by the collision which disabled the yacht, and the other was swept overboard. At least, I suppose so. I cannot be certain, as I was fast asleep in the cabin when the accident took place."

She hesitated perceptibly. Each moment she was becoming more and more convinced that the intruder on her domain was a gentleman. But she had the upper hand of him, and meant to keep it.

"Come down to the path," she said, with a fine air of command. "I must have some proof of your statements; and please believe that I can use a gun as well as carry one."

"Phew! What a spitfire!" thought David.

But he obeyed, and soon they were standing face to face, though parted by some few yards, while the dog, freeing himself with an unexpected jerk, leaped up at David in a friendly manner, and the jackdaw chortled strange sounds from his perch high above their heads.

Lindsay felt that he was being eyed critically, and he felt, too, that the girl was rather at a loss how best to obtain the "proof" of which she had spoken. The gale was not to be denied, for its undimin-

ished vigor was blowing her hair into her eyes and pressing her skirts tightly around her ankles. The wrecked yacht and David's presence on the island came within that category of evidence which, in courts of law, is styled "undisputed." Wherein, then, lay the germs of doubt?

In truth, this Diana of the Isles had seen fit to adopt a strange attitude, and Lindsay thought it would help if he brought an enforced acquaintance to a commonplace level. He stooped and patted the dog's head.

"Carlo takes me on trust, at any rate," he said. "I rather fancy it was he who roused me—"

He stopped abruptly. The girl's face, mobile and expressive beyond the ordinary, betrayed a new terror that astounded him.

"You know my dog's name?" she almost gasped.

"Yes, and yours, too, I believe. If this is Carlo, surely you must be Mirabel?"

He allowed some hint of vexation to creep into his voice. This picturesque young lady was carrying things with a high hand. For the life of him he could not imagine what he had said or done that her eyes should dilate and her very lips whiten.

"I refuse to exchange another word with you," she said tremulously. "If you want food, I will supply your needs. You can come here at midday, and you will find some milk, and bread, and meat. For the rest, you must keep to the north end of the island. Do not dare to approach my house. I am well protected, as you will learn to your cost if you annoy me. Come, Carlo!"

The dog went to her, and she walked away rapidly, leaving David dumfounded.

He did not stir, but watched her graceful figure as she bent against the wind and climbed the ravine in which he had found her footprint. She did not look round to ascertain what had become of him, and the last he saw of her as she sank below the skyline was the tip of the eagle's feather and the barrels of the gun swinging on her shoulder.

Then he turned and gazed blankly at the jackdaw, which had hopped down from the spire of rock and stood jauntily near him.

"Ho, ho! Jim Crow!" said the bird.

"It's time you acquired some new rimes, my dusky poet," said David. "Try this:

She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway,

To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way;

But who can tell

Why Mirabel

Should fume like this—ah, who can tell?"

The bird sharpened his beak on a stone, and an odd notion rose in David's mind.

"You are far more sociable than your mistress, Jack," said he. "Come with me to the Firefly, and I'll cram your maw with potted beef."

Having a capture in mind, he tried to entice the bird to peck at his hand, but the black bead-eyes were alert, and Jack skipped out of range, making off after the girl with long jumps and cawing derisively, or so it seemed.

Then Lindsay hit on a better plan than that of turning the jackdaw into a postman. The imperious tenant of the island had said that she would bring, or send, a quantity of eatables to that same place at noon. Well, if she declined to talk, perhaps she might be willing to read; so he strode off to the yacht and wrote a letter, tearing another leaf out of his note-book for the purpose. He had no better writing-materials, because the yacht had run out of note-paper and envelopes, and a fresh stock was awaiting her arrival at the port she was apparently not destined to reach.

"Dear madam," he began, though he hung a full minute on the "dear," but ultimately held to it as strictly conventional.

DEAR MADAM:

To avoid misunderstandings, I wish to make the following statement:

I have told you the literal facts about myself and the Firefly. I learned your name and that of your dog from an affable jackdaw. I shall be glad to have some milk, if you can spare it, but I have plenty of food. When the weather moderates, I purpose building a fire, or flying a kite, or both, in order to signal to Mull or a passing vessel. Meanwhile, unless forced by some imperative reason which I cannot foresee, I shall not trespass beyond the lacteal frontier. With apologies for my existence, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

DAVID LINDSAY.

Having constructed a tripod of timber heavy enough to withstand the pressure of the wind, he folded the strip of paper, addressed it "Miss Mirabel," and tied it to a leg of the tripod, which he carried to the "frontier," and fixed in such wise that the girl could not fail to see. It pleased him to fulfil the bond by not even pausing to scan either the hillside or so much of the path to the house as was revealed from that elevated spot. He would have liked to ex-

amine the chasm which the girl had crossed with such disregard for its nightmare depths, but it lay within the forbidden territory.

Having settled the tripod securely, he returned to the yacht, lit his pipe, and sat down to ponder the extraordinary developments of the past hour.

David Lindsay was not impressionable where women were concerned. He had a shrewd, well-balanced brain, in which much knowledge of the world's ways was vivified by a sense of humor. His natural irritation at the girl's eccentric behavior soon yielded to its ludicrous aspect.

"The lady is alone on the island, I take it," he mused. "Moreover, she is determined to remain alone. Why? Her appearance clashes with her intent. A woman does not look her best when under the stress of strong emotion, but I happened to take Mirabel unaware as she was hot-foot on my trail, and I don't think there is a prettier girl in all Scotland. As a general rule, pretty girls don't elect to winter on uninhabited islands; but this one is an exception. She is established here. The weather has been fine during most of the past three weeks, and there must have been scores of fishing-boats in these waters, so she could have got off to the mainland at almost any time before to-day. In that case, Davie, my boy, you showed a wily guile in telling her about your signaling devices. She won't like *that* notion. Now, I'll make a bet with you. Two cigars to a dry pipe after luncheon that she demands a parley when she brings the milk!"

He lost the bet, or won it, whichever way it may be taken; but the net result was that he compromised on one cigar, for when he came to get a can of goat's milk, about half past twelve, the unopened note was still tied to the tripod. Then he said things, using language not fit for a tripod to hear, because it did really strike him as unreasonable that two human beings should be compelled to inhabit one small island on such unneighborly terms.

It may be doubted if David would have blazed into wrath had Mirabel been an elderly and bewhiskered Scot, whose chief motive in withholding the hand of good-fellowship from a shipwrecked man might center in the threatened depletion of his winter's store of food. But Lindsay's angry mood melted before the necessity for the hard work that must be done during the few remaining hours of daylight.

The wind was colder, and had shifted a couple of points to the southwest. There was every promise of more rain. Dark clouds were piling up in the weather quarter, and the aneroid barometer in the cabin had fallen again, after rising slightly during the morning.

In order to snatch a comfortable meal, he had taken shelter on board the yacht. The temptation to curl up in a warm, dry bunk gave the strongest of hints that he must not yield to the blandishments of tired nature, or he might awake when it was too late to save the Firefly from almost certain destruction during the next tide. So he bathed his aching eyes with a little of the milk, and resolutely set about those measures which experience deemed necessary.

His first task was to fix a block and tackle to a rock, and to adjust a chain and rope in such manner that he could get a pull from the toe of the boat when it lifted under the incoming tide. Then he fashioned four rollers, placed one beneath the keel, well forward, and tied the others loosely in the style of a rope-ladder, so that they would not be washed out of position before the hull rested on them.

Luckily, the cutter was built on seaworthy lines. Her centerboard was of the fan type, and packed up snugly amidships when not in position. Otherwise, she would not now be lying fairly upright on the shingle, nor could she have escaped being dashed to pieces when first taking the ground.

He had barely finished these preparations when the rain came in a deluge; but he was well protected by oilskin, sou'wester, and long sea-boots, and he had to wait patiently for an hour or more after daylight failed before the Firefly began to rock and strain in the heavy seas creeping over the reef.

Even with the assistance of the pulley and the driving power of the advancing waves, it was no light task to haul a five-ton cutter up that sloping beach. He toiled manfully until he was as wet with perspiration as he had ever been from salt water. Foot by foot the Firefly drew nearer high-water mark, but the changing of the rollers more than once exposed him to real peril.

Although the cutter was ashore on the only protected part of the island, its after part was often swept by heavy seas, for the gale was still increasing in violence, and the rock-broken channel between Lunga and the nearest small islands was now a boiling, howling vortex of heavy breakers. A ghost-

ly yellow light was reflected from the churning sea, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could judge when to risk a rush alongside to the stern in order to free the lowermost roller, and yet escape being caught and swept off by the undertow.

During the previous night he had to endure the scourging of the Atlantic passively; now he was called on to fight, to use every atom of strength, to strain each sinew almost to the breaking-point, yet to remain cool and observant and take no hazard that did not promise real achievement.

By half past six he found he could not budge the Firefly another inch. It seemed to him that the tide had then reached its maximum, and he felt fairly confident that, with double moorings, his little ark was safe.

By that time he was utterly spent. Heedless of the pouring rain, he sat on a boulder to restore his exhausted energies by a few minutes' rest.

V

THE noise of the storm was stupendous; it seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow louder as the night grew darker. He could not tell which was the most overpowering—the continuous bellowing of the gale, the crash and roar of the sea, or the unceasing rattle of the pebbles, which churned back and forth in distinct waves of their own as each mighty comber swept up the beach and shattered itself on the rocks and shingle, yet retaining venom enough to recede in a foam-flecked wall.

Through all this harsh din sang the deep notes of wave-swept caverns and the drumming of breakers against the cliffs. Lindsay had been at sea in many a fierce gale—he had listened to the boom of the surf on the West African coast, and had yielded to the awe of a spring-tide bore on the Yang-tse-Kiang; but he had never heard such a chorus of elemental forces as chanted in frenzied discord that night on the shore of Lunga.

It was impossible to detect any ordinary sound. A battery of the biggest ordnance yet devised by man might have been fired on the other side of the hill, and Lindsay would have remained deaf to its thunder; so it was not surprising that he should have failed to detect the approach of a slender figure that hurried down the path from the raised floor of the island.

For a few seconds the girl, cloaked like David himself in an oilskin coat, and with a sou'wester firmly tied under her chin, did

not see him. She believed, in fact, that he was on board the cutter; but, once she had reached the lower level of the beach, her eyes were so familiar with every rock in that small space that she soon discovered him.

Whatever her purpose, she did not falter. Had he not been quite exhausted, he must have known of her presence, for men who have lived in the wilds gain new senses of sight and hearing; as it was, she was standing by his side and her hand had touched his shoulder before he realized that he was not any longer alone.

He started, rather more nervously than might be looked for in one of his strong physique.

"Hello!" he said, looking up at her with uncomprehending eyes. Then his bemused brain cleared itself magically for a few seconds, and he stumbled to his feet.

"Sorry," he said. "You took me by surprise."

She could not hear a word. The exigencies of the moment obliged them to bring their faces close together.

"You cannot stay here to-night!" she cried shrilly.

"I shall be all right on board the cutter," he replied.

"No, no! You must come to my house. I apologize. I read your note. I have been horrid!"

"Impossible, little girl! Hard-hearted and huffy, if you like, but you couldn't be horrid!"

He was surely light-headed, or he would never have spoken, or shouted, such a disclaimer. Yet this strange girl did not shrink from him, but grasped his arm compellingly and led him up the steep slope without saying another word.

He did not resist. He had almost reached the limit of endurance. The long-drawn torture of the night, added to the immense exertion entailed by the safeguarding of the yacht, was now telling its tale on mind and body.

Moreover, once the two had gained the higher ground, they were exposed to the full fury of wind and rain, and David never afterward remembered one step of the half-mile walk to the house. He hardly knew where he was going. He felt, with a numb confidence, that the girl was holding his arm and guiding him. Often he stumbled, but she was amazingly strong and active, and never ceased to urge him onward, for she feared lest he might fall without power to

rise again, and then she would have been at her wits' end to get him to the shelter of the house.

At last he understood vaguely that the clamor of wind and sea was abating, and through the darkness a big, square, yellow eye gleamed comfortably at him. Their feet crunched on a path softer and smoother than the uneven rock, and a dog barked. Doors were opened, and David lurched into the well-lighted kitchen. Carlo danced around in noisy welcome, and the jackdaw, perched on the back of a high chair, cackled his approval.

"Good for you, Jack!" mumbled David. "Here we are again! All the happy family gathered in the manse!"

"Please sit down, and don't talk," said a soft voice at his ear.

He turned and gazed at the girl as if she were some pleasant and unexpected vision. But he obeyed, and allowed her to place him in the chair, from off which the bird sprang with a loud "Ho, ho!"

She closed both doors, and instantly the outer uproar fell away to a murmur. A kettle, suspended on a "reckon," was singing cheerfully over a log fire, and the hostess, throwing aside her heavy wrap, took a bottle from a cupboard and mixed a steaming tumbler of whisky and hot water.

"There," she said, "drink that, and you will soon be yourself again. Then we must get that coat off, and your boots as well."

"I'm awfully sorry—" he began.

"Don't talk, but drink," she said.

"The best of toasts!" he muttered, and swallowed a mouthful.

He blinked at her and smiled genially.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are the queerest girl I've ever met?"

She put a finger on her lips—such firm, red lips, now that they were not bloodless. The warmth and shelter of the room after the outer buffeting had brought a rush of color to her face and she looked exceedingly attractive.

He seemed to remember that her eyes were blue, but now they were violet. Why was that? He nodded, in a puzzled way, and half emptied the glass.

"Can you eat something?" she asked anxiously.

"A little *potage à la Reine*," he said, lifting the tumbler as if he were drinking her health.

She laughed, but instantly became serious again.

"I have some Scotch broth, if that will do," she said. "It will be ready in one minute. While it is heating you must get rid of the coat. There! Finish the whisky. I don't like the smell of it, but Donald says it is innocent of the king's taxes, whatever that may mean."

She bustled about in true housewifely style while she spoke, and soon had a pannikin nestling among the burning logs. Then she helped to divest David of his oilskin, made him sit in another chair on account of the rain-water which had poured off him when they entered the house, and, protecting her hands and dress with a towel from smears of dubbin, had pulled off the first of his heavy sea-boots before he could frame a protest.

Nothing could have restored him to a normal state so speedily as that simple action.

"Oh, I say," he broke out, "I can't permit that!"

"And I can't permit argument," she retorted. "I have often done it for my father, and your boots fit more loosely than his. Next, please! Now, some slippers. They are in front of the sitting-room fire."

He heard her go out. The jackdaw, who was dozing on one end of a low, crescent-shaped iron fender, suddenly woke up and whistled.

"Words fail you, eh?" said David. "I am not surprised, oh, dusky fowl!"

"You—really—must—not—talk," came the quiet command, *staccato*, from the girl. "When you have eaten and rested—perhaps. Here are your slippers. I hope they'll fit. At any rate, they will serve for to-night."

Lindsay was beginning to resent the absurd weakness which had seized him. He was on the verge of explaining that he would return to the Firefly within fifteen minutes, when it occurred to him that the girl was making amends for her earlier lack of hospitality, and it would be churlish to cavil at her efforts.

So he accepted the slippers, and took the soup and bread which she placed before him on a small table. Long ere the meal was finished, he was himself again. He knew that his companion was scrutinizing him with an odd mixture of concern and wonder in her eyes, so he resolved to make an end speedily of a situation that must be fraught with a good deal of difficulty for her.

While he was wondering what to say, and how best to say it, she gave him a cue.

"I have plenty of bread and cold meat,"

she explained, "but I don't think you ought to eat a full meal if you have been starving."

He laughed then, with such cheery good humor that the jackdaw joined in and had to be sternly repressed by his mistress. Lindsay pulled out his watch and consulted it.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I am here under false pretenses. Though involuntary, they must cease to exist, so I purpose giving myself the luxury of exactly one-quarter of an hour's chat with you. I am not weak from want of food. By the time I leave you, I shall be fully able to go back to the yacht unaided. I don't think I should have thrown up the sponge at all if it were not for the immense surprise of finding you standing by my side, down there on the beach. You see, a man is a good bit of an automaton when you come to analyze him. He can hold out indefinitely on a dull round of effort, but is liable to be upset by the least shock or jar. He may have run twenty miles at a jog-trot, and be good enough for an extra mile, or even five; but give him the least little push, and over he goes, without another kick in him. It is an odd thing, too, how the mind and body affect each other. I was utterly worn out—'all in,' as the Americans say—when you showed up, and my poor little brain said to my tired limbs: 'Look here, you've kept me busy too long—I don't feel equal to polite conversation.' So it gave up the struggle."

"Yet my chief trouble has been to keep you from talking," said the girl quietly.

"My earlier remarks were the gabble of dementia. I don't recall a word of them."

"You said nothing so very far-fetched. Do you remember that I told you I was sorry for having misjudged you when we met this morning?"

"Did you?"

David glanced around the cozy kitchen and waved a comprehensive hand.

"For any imaginary debt incurred by you I have been repaid a hundredfold," he said. "I might even question the original obligation. I took you by stealth—played a trick on you—and you had the right to resent it."

"The trick would not have been effective but for my own eagerness to see what you meant to do," she said.

"I can quite credit that. You moved over those rocks like a fawn—an island nymph, shall I say? It is evident that you have lived in the open more than most girls.

(To be continued)

Now, before I go, may I gratify a pardonable curiosity?"

He thought he saw again in her eyes the flicker of fear which he had caught at their first meeting. She was standing somewhat in the shadow, as the only lighted lamp in the room had a storm-proof cover, and its radiance was focused in a spreading circle that left walls and ceiling dim; but her features were full of expression, and her eyes mirrored every thought. No school of manners had yet taught her how to say one thing and think another.

"I only want to ask if you are really living here alone," he continued.

"Yes."

The answer came with a curious readiness, and he felt absurdly grateful for the knowledge that—no matter what the true cause of her anxiety—she was not afraid of him.

"But you mentioned the well-founded views of a gentleman named Donald," he said.

"Oh, Donald?" she cried. "Donald is a fisherman—a friend of mine. He keeps an eye on me, and brings stores from the mainland."

"Weather permitting."

"Exactly. It may not permit now for six weeks."

"What?" he almost shouted.

She stooped, picked up his sea-boots, and ran to the door at the foot of the stairs.

"We can discuss the position of affairs fully in the morning," she said, smiling with serene indifference. "You will find a fire and light in the sitting-room, and there are plenty of blankets piled up on a big couch. A sleeping-suit and some of my father's underclothing are airing on a chair in front of the fire. They are dreadfully old, but that cannot be helped. I suppose you know how to extinguish the lamps—just press the side levers downward. Of course, it is impossible to think of your going to the yacht in a storm like this. Good night!"

And she was gone—gone with his boots!

Even while he was still twisted round awkwardly in the chair, gazing blankly at the closed door, he heard her quick, springy tread overhead, followed by the click of a lock and the dumping of the heavy boots on the floor.

Carlo and the jackdaw had taken things for granted—they were sound asleep already. So was David, within ten minutes.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SCANDALS

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE RED MOUSE," ETC.

WITH TWO DRAWINGS (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY C. D. WILLIAMS

VAN RENSSELAER RISING, the scant-haired hero of a hundred summer resorts, thought deeply for a moment, after the fashion of some epicure who would fain pluck a dainty dish from the confines of his memory. Then he scribbled rapidly upon a piece of paper, and tossed it to his friends.

"If it's the altitudes you're after," he remarked, "there's but one place to go—and that's the place!"

He spoke with the certainty of one backed by the wisdom of the ages. For Van Rensselaer Rising could tell you anything about travel. He regarded himself as the walking American Baedeker.

If you wanted to go to Timbuktu by way of Greenfields, Indiana, Van Rensselaer Rising was your man. He could tell you how to do it. Whether you could follow his directions was quite another matter, and one that concerned him not. He could lay down the itinerary on paper, and if it didn't happen to work out right, so much the worse for you!

Imogene, on the other side of the table, picked up the bit of paper that Rising had tossed to her, and read it aloud:

"Tanqueray House, Rock-Ribbed Range, Eleventh Lake."

"Tanqueray House!" mused I'Anson, looking over her shoulder. "Any connection of the *Second Mrs.*, Van?"

"No," returned Rising, "nor is it patronized by an array of tanks, as its name might imply. It carries no stock in trade."

I'Anson groaned aloud.

"Dear friend," he said, "you cut me to the quick!"

Imogene I'Anson laid an earnest hand upon Rising's coat-sleeve.

"Tell me all about it," she demanded. "You've been there, haven't you?"

The expert never blinked. He *had* been there—some twenty years gone by; but the date was a mere detail. He closed his eyes.

"I have been there," he returned solemnly. "Ask me all about it."

Imogene checked off her queries on her fingers as she asked them.

"Food?" she suggested.

"Ah!" gasped Rising, with unction. "Now you're talking! My mouth waters just to think of it. St. Regis—Belmont—Knickerbocker—Ritz-Carlton—nothing doing! Tanqueray for mine! Anything you want—any time you want it—anyhow you want it—day or night."

"Accommodations?"

"Large, clean, airy," cried Rising, speaking like a summer book. "I have in mind the rooms I had. You can't go wrong on rooms."

Imogene swiftly disposed of her whole list, and Rising had the right answer for her on the tip of his tongue. Mentally he dropped to his marrow-bones and worshiped at the shrine of the Tanqueray House.

Imogene stopped him in the midst of an oration.

"But," she demanded shortly, "what about the guests?"

Van Rensselaer Rising rose to his feet. He swung an arm in the air.

"Now you've got the Tanqueray cinched to beat the band. If there's any bunch of high-class, intelligent, easy-going, approachable, happy-go-lucky, genuine aristocrats,

you'll find 'em at the Tanqueray House, Eleventh Lake. Um!" he continued enthusiastically. "When I was there—a Supreme Court judge or so, a novelist or two, a bishop, a Van Rensselaer, a Vanderpool, a—"

"A Rising," interposed I'Anson, with a bow.

"Exactly!" went on Rising. "My kind of people—your kind of people. And the price—just right. Exclusive, but reasonable. There's the Tanqueray House for you!"

He adjusted his glasses and looked his friends in the face with an air that betokened the settlement of their summer plans.

Tony I'Anson looked at his wife, and she looked at Tony.

"Looks good to me," he said.

"Particularly," assented Imogene, "since we know about the people. You're sure they're right, Van—sure?"

"Couldn't be better," returned Van.

Imogene I'Anson sighed a happy little sigh.

"The Tanqueray House for mine!" she exclaimed.

Van Rensselaer Rising seized his hat and cane.

"When do you go?" he asked.

II

It was after midnight when the stage drew up in front of the hotel, and its last two passengers crawled out wearily. The train had been nearly two hours late, and the eighteen-mile drive in the dark over the mountains had exhausted them. They stood drowsily, watching the driver lift down their luggage.

"This the Tanqueray House?" queried I'Anson of the driver.

It was the Tanqueray House, but it was as silent as the grave. Its porches were deserted. A man came out of the office, crossed the veranda, and welcomed the guests.

"My name is Ackerley," he said.

"Mine is I'Anson. This is Mrs. I'Anson."

"Follow me," said the proprietor.

They followed him and registered.

"Supper?" he queried.

"Been there," returned I'Anson.

"Front," commanded Mr. Ackerley, "show Mr. and Mrs. I'Anson to No. 33."

In the midst of his yawns, and in the midst of No. 33, Tony I'Anson suddenly came to his senses.

"Here," he said to Imogene, "I've got six hundred dollars in my pocket. I'd better

take it down and get this Ackerley proposition to put it in his safe."

He found the Ackerley proposition still on deck, chinning with the night-clerk.

"Here," said Tony, as he passed over a wad of yellow-backed bills, "just count that, will you, and stow it away for me?"

He was too sleepy to notice the gleam in Ackerley's eyes as he took the wad; but it was there, nevertheless. Tony waited until he had seen the money safely stowed, and then went back to No. 33.

"Pleasant room," he remarked to Imogene.

Imogene declined to answer. She was fast asleep.

"Oh, very well!" quoth Tony. "I'll go to sleep myself."

The next morning he stood at the window, drinking in the glory of the landscape. Within his range of vision were three lakes nestling in the hollows, with Iroquois and Algonquin towering far above them, capped with restless, downy clouds. He sniffed in delight. Then he turned to Imogene.

"I've been ready for fifteen minutes," he exclaimed. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Ready," said Imogene.

Side by side they descended to the dining-room of the Tanqueray House. At the threshold, Imogene caught her husband's arm.

"Look at the people!" she exclaimed.

Tony did not answer.

"Hungry as a bear," he kept repeating.

They were ushered to Table No. 3, Waiter No. 7. It was a large table, accommodating eight individuals. The other six were all there. Tony bowed politely to them as he took his seat. Imogene didn't bow at all.

Tony picked up the menu-card.

"What will you have, my dear?" he queried.

"Nothing," replied Imogene.

Tony looked at her doubtfully. She seemed out of sorts. It didn't worry him, however. He had seen her out of sorts before. He felt it best to leave her quite alone; so he ordered everything on the bill of fare, and proceeded to dispose of it.

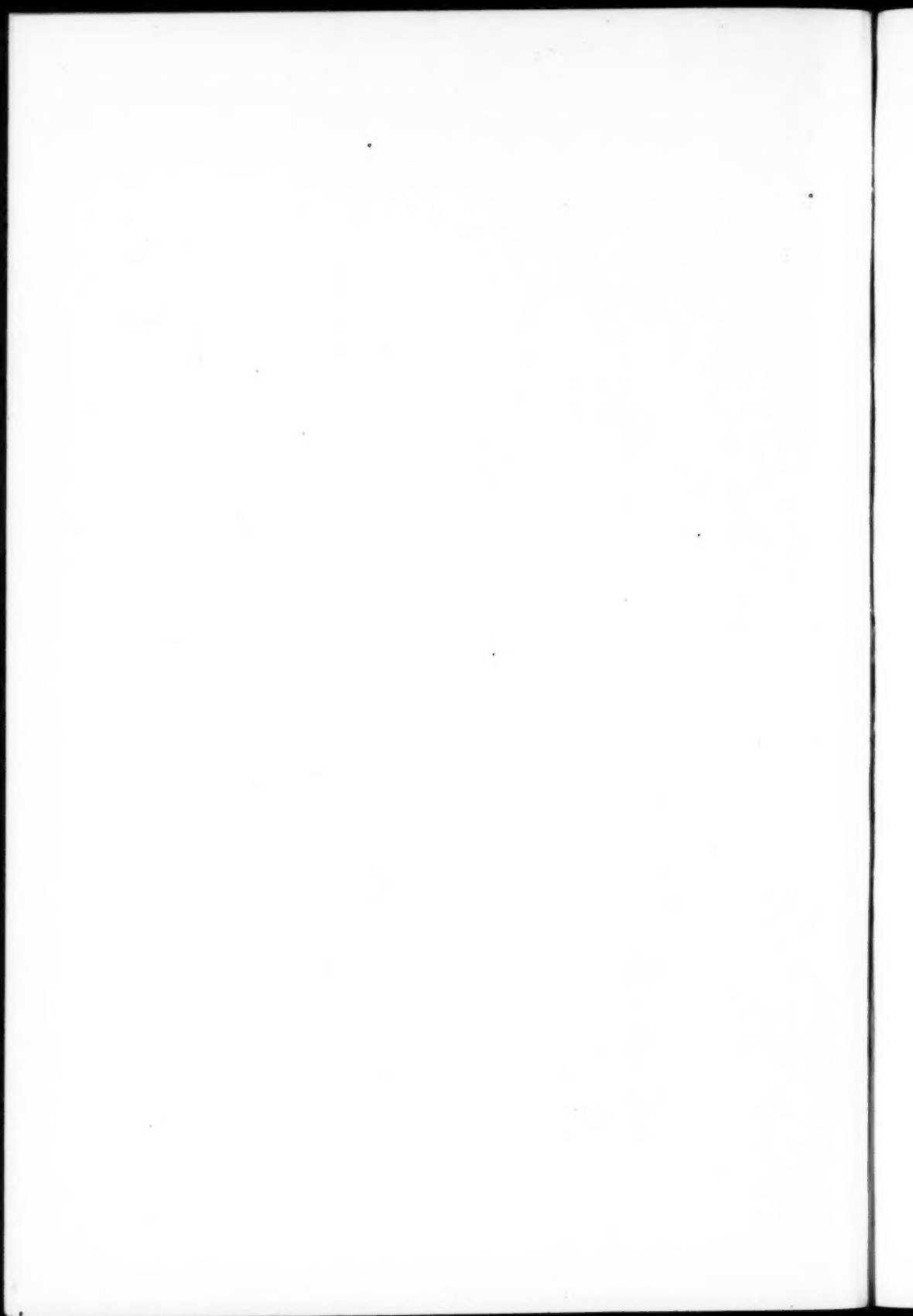
In the course of fifteen minutes the edge was off his appetite, and he had leisure to look about him. As he did so, he caught his breath. Then he caught Imogene by her arm and pinched it.

"Look at the gang!" he cried.

"What gang, Tony?" she queried icily.



"THAT'S ME, MULLIGAN. AIN'T NOBODY GOT NOTHIN' ON ME. THAT'S MULLIGAN!"



Tony's eyes swept the spacious room.

"Everywhere," he said, half aloud. "Great Scott, I wouldn't be seen at a dog-fight with a crowd like this!"

His roving eyes settled down upon his own table. Around that table, so it seemed, clustered the star boarders. Prosperity had laid her hand upon it. At its head there sat a male person weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, with a diamond ring upon his finger, and a diamond stud in his vest that would have shamed the search-lights on a Hermes car. This gentleman was engaged in shoveling—with his knife—a huge slice of bacon into his capacious maw.

"Well!" said this gentleman to his next-door neighbor, agreeably disposing of the bacon as he talked, and watching the I'Ansons out of the corner of his eye to note the effect he produced upon them. "Well, what do you think I done? 'Not under no considerations'—that's what I told 'em—that corner ain't worth no three hundred thousand, nor no two hundred and fifty. I'll give you two hundred thirty,' I says to 'em. Well, they seen they couldn't do nothin' with me, an' so they took the count. I took the corner. And," he added confidentially, with a sly twinkle of his little eyes, "I wouldn't take no half-million for it to-day! That's me, Mulligan. Ain't nobody got nothin' on me. That's Mulligan!"

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony I'Anson stood, fifteen minutes later, trembling in a secluded corner of the big veranda.

"My word!" cried Tony, clicking his teeth together. "What a terrible mob!"

Imogene gasped with indignation.

"They're not even decent—they're all of them nightmares, Tony. Come, let us leave the place at once!"

"Softly!" whispered Tony. "Don't you forget that we've got to stay at Eleventh Lake. It cost us too much to get here. What we'll do is to make the round of the other hotels. We can probably find one that suits."

They made the round, and they found one that suited—the Wampanoag, on the other side of the lake. Their eyes glowed as they contemplated the smartness and the gentility of the Wampanoag's guests.

"Our own kind!" murmured Imogene.

"This is the place for us. We can move over in an hour."

"I suppose," Tony opined, "that we'll have to go back and break the news to Ackerley."

"That won't take long," responded Imogene.

III

It took longer than they bargained for. It took some time to find Ackerley. When they found him, Tony came to the point at once, prodded from behind—mentally—by Imogene.

"Mr.—er—Ackerley," said Tony, "I—er—we've made up our minds to make a little change."

"What little change?" queried Ackerley, with a cold eye.

"We prefer the — er — Wampanoag — across the lake, and thought—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Ackerley. "Something doesn't suit!"

"That's it," said Tony, relieved. "We're not quite suited here."

The proprietor carefully went into details.

"Room No. 33 not right?" he asked.

It appeared that Room No. 33 was quite right. Mr. Ackerley checked that off on his fingers as he went along.

"Table No. 3 or Waiter No. 7?" he persisted.

As the table in itself and the waiter in himself were equally inoffensive, those matters were disposed of. Mr. Ackerley was very patient. He took up each function of the Tanqueray House in turn, and dismissed it.

"Well, now," he said quite frankly, rubbing his hands together, "what is the trouble, anyhow?"

"Well," admitted Tony, "I—in fact—it's the personnel of your guests—"

"We simply cannot stand them," added Imogene.

Mr. Ackerley rubbed his hands some more.

"Yes," he said smoothly. "And what was your plan—what did you intend to do?"

They repeated that they had found the Wampanoag more congenial, and that they desired to move their luggage thither.

"Yes—well, of course," proceeded Mr. Ackerley, "you have the right to go."

"Of course," repeated Imogene.

"You will go—at once?" queried Mr. Ackerley.

"The sooner the better," returned Imogene.

"Ah!" said Mr. Ackerley. "In that case, just let me look up our account!"

He went behind the desk, fumbled in a drawer, and finally brought out a letter. Tony recognized it as his own.

"Let me see," mused Mr. Ackerley. "You owe me a little matter of—five hundred dollars, is it not?"

"Five hundred!" gasped Tony. "Why, we've only been here overnight!"

Mr. Ackerley bowed.

"You engaged board for eleven weeks at forty-five dollars a week—just four hundred and ninety-five dollars, to say nothing of extras. Yes. Just so!"

"L-look here," spluttered the indignant Tony, "you're not going to hold us for all that?"

Mr. Ackerley shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he queried. "I reserve rooms for eleven weeks for you. I turn other applicants away. We make a contract—of your own seeking. Well, then, is there anything the matter with the house? No, you say so. Rooms O.K.—cuisine O.K.—appointments O.K."

"But you've got a bum gang of hoboos here," persisted Tony.

"Bum gang!" returned Mr. Ackerley. "Suppose I have—suppose I have! That is a matter of taste. These are all moneyed people. Why, at your very table there is a millionaire—"

"My word!" cried Tony. "He's the worst of the bunch!"

"A prominent man," returned the proprietor; "one of the biggest garbage-contractors in the State. There is also young Mrs. Helmstaedter, the big butcher's wife down in New York—"

"She sprinkles white rose on herself!" moaned Imogene.

"My guests," proceeded Ackerley loftily, "are solid people. I can show you on my register—"

"You needn't show us anything," said Tony. "We've seen enough of them."

Mr. Ackerley looked into the distance.

"By your own showing," he concluded, "the only trouble is that you dislike the guests. That trouble lies with you, not with the Tanqueray House. I think five hundred dollars will square the account. Pay me that and you may go."

Tony held out his hands.

"Do you mean that?" he queried.

"I certainly do," said Ackerley.

"Now look here, Ackerley," said Tony in a pleading voice. "Man to man—we're out on our summer vacation, you see. Now,

your people are not our people, you understand. We can't enjoy ourselves here. Be reasonable, and let us off!"

"I am reasonable," returned Ackerley, without moving a muscle.

"We'll go anyway," said I'Anson.

"Go," returned the proprietor, "but your trunks stay." His smile broadened. "And by the way, I think I have some money of yours in the safe. That stays also, understand? But you," he added with a bow, "are at liberty to go."

Whereupon Imogene burst into tears of anger, and I'Anson into genteel oaths.

"We'll see about that!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "We'll see if there's anything like justice in this State!"

"Fire ahead," smiled Ackerley.

They fired ahead. They walked down into the town, and found that it contained two lawyers—an old one and a young one. They sought the young one first. They stated their case. The young lawyer nodded his head.

"Quite sure I could do *something*," he opined. "Who's the hotel man you're up against?"

"Ackerley," returned I'Anson.

The young lawyer dropped back in his chair.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm in politics, and I'm just starting practise. If it's Ackerley—well, I think you'd better go across the street to Mr. Boggs. Ackerley's got too much influence in this place for me!"

They went across to Counselor Boggs. Counselor Boggs, placing finger-tip against finger-tip, counseled them that while the Tanqueray House might have a lien upon their cash and trunks for a night's lodging and breakfast, it was quite likely that it had no lien for the unexpired term of the eleven weeks. The Tanqueray House, however, could sue Mr. I'Anson upon his contract for eleven weeks. That case would come up in the fall.

Mr. I'Anson, on the other hand, could replevin his cash and trunks at once, but if the Tanqueray House bonded them, it could keep both, and the case would come on in the fall.

"Besides," added Counselor Boggs slowly, "Ackerley is a client of mine, and I couldn't bring a suit against him, anyhow."

The I'Ansons had some money in their pocket, and they took lunch at the Wampanoag, across the lake. I'Anson interviewed the Wampanoag's clerk, who pleas-

antly informed him that tricks like these were quite common with Mr. Ackerley. The Tanqueray House had once been *par excellence* on Eleventh Lake, and Ackerley had used the reputation of the old house as a bait, luring victims to their doom.

"He's got you hard and fast," opined the clerk of the Wampanoag.

"He has not!" exclaimed Imogene through clenched teeth. "I'll never rest, Tony, until we leave that house!"

Tony shook his head.

"Don't forget, my dear," he said, "that he's got all our money and all our clothes. What can we do about it?"

Imogene forced back her tears. She had suddenly been smitten with an idea.

"Come back to the Tanqueray, Tony," she exclaimed, her old vivacity returning. "We'll show Mr. Ackerley!"

"How?" asked Tony.

"We'll make it so hot for him that he'll have to let us go!"

Half an hour later, in Room No. 33, they put their heads together. They dressed while they did so—it was almost dinner-time.

When she had finished dressing, Imogene drew two rings from the third finger of her left hand. One was a solitaire, the other a plain gold band.

"I've never had these off, Tony," she said; "but now—"

He shook his head vigorously as she stuffed the two rings into her little purse.

"Don't go too far, Gene," he observed.

"I can't go far enough," she answered. "I'll do *anything* to get away from the Tanqueray House!"

IV

DURING the progress of the dinner, Tony suddenly leaned over and addressed Mulligan, the biggest garbage-contractor in the State.

"Mr. Mulligan," he said suavely, "you know there's something about you that I can't understand. Here you are worth a million or so—a power in finance—and yet your language is shocking. Your grammar isn't worthy of a scavenger. I listened to you at breakfast, and I recall the expressions that you used. 'What do you think I done?'—I am quoting you. 'They seen they couldn't do nothin' with me—ain't nobody got nothin' on Mulligan.' Such were your very words. My dear sir, I cannot understand it—I really cannot! You are

worth millions, while I haven't a dollar in the world—Ackerley has my pile—and yet I couldn't be induced to shovel things into my mouth on the point of my knife, just as you—my word, you're doing it now! You may have millions, Mr. Mulligan, but I'll bet you couldn't enter a drawing-room properly to save your neck!"

There was deep silence. The red crept up over Mulligan's number twenty collar as the sunrise glow was wont to creep up behind Algonquin. Finally he spluttered in his shame and anger.

"What's the matter with you?" he yelled, so far as the mashed potato would permit him. "I ain't done nothin' to you, have I?"

Tony waved his hand.

"There you go again!" he said.

There was a titter as Mulligan, the great garbage-contractor, the star boarder, left the room. The titter proceeded from Tony's own table. It proceeded from the inner consciousness of three ladies on the other side of the table—stiff persons, with acrid countenances, known in the Tanqueray House as the "three gossip old maids." No sooner did they titter than Tony flashed a look into his wife's eyes.

"Keep your eye on them," said Tony's eyes.

Imogene turned to her next-door neighbor.

"Do you use musk or white rose?" she asked, sniffing pleasantly.

Her neighbor smiled prettily.

"White rose in the morning," she replied languidly, "and musk in the evening—and sometimes hyacinth."

Imogene glared at her. Then, bowing directly across the table, she addressed the three old maids.

"I hate hyacinth!" she exclaimed. "And if there's anything that I detest in life more than musk, it is white rose. I don't see why any decent people use them. I don't. Do you?"

The three old maids didn't titter this time. They merely shook their heads, with a meaning glance at Imogene, as much as to say that they were quite in sympathy with her, but didn't have her courage in disapproving of the individual steeped in perfume.

One of the old maids leaned over toward Imogene; and under cover of this move the scented lady made her escape, her face scarlet with indignation.

"Do you like the Tanqueray House?"

asked one of the old maids pleasantly. "It's a very nice house—a very quiet house—so respectable, so free from all vulgarity! It is a prohibition house—it has no café. We hope you like it, Mrs.—"

"My name," said Imogene very sweetly, "is I'Anson. Why, what's the matter?"

The old maid's glance had strayed to Imogene's hands—to Imogene's left hand. Imogene's glance followed it. She looked quite frankly at the third finger of her left hand.

"I am Mrs. I'Anson," she repeated.

The old maid looked helplessly about her. Suddenly she caught her two companions by their respective arms.

"You are so slow with your dinner!" she whispered to them. "Finish at once. There's something that I have to tell you that will not wait."

The next morning, at breakfast, Tony and his wife noted with some inward satisfaction that they had their table pretty much to themselves. Over in a far corner the garbage-contractor sat gorging himself, trying to eat with his fork—in grammatical silence. The three old maids were nowhere to be seen. Our lady of the perfumes had made herself scarce.

But the flirt was still there. The flirt was a rather flashily dressed young person. She was alone; but she had a wedding-ring on her finger.

"Though I don't believe," she said to I'Anson, darting a coquettish look at him from under her long lashes, "that he'll be up all summer, I don't know how I'm going to pass the time!"

She said all this while Imogene was looking the other way.

Tony was very gallant.

"Perhaps I—we—could help you pass the time," he said. He turned to his wife. "My dear," he began.

Imogene never noticed him. She was staring quite frankly into the eyes of a smartly clothed proposition, as Tony would have said, who sat at the table on her right. This individual, albeit of the masculine persuasion, was also a flirt. His wife sat beside him, silently indignant at Imogene's prolonged stare, but he returned it with interest.

"I suppose you canoe, don't you?" Tony's flirt said to him.

"Do you?" he asked.

"I do when I can get a man to go along," she laughed.

"I didn't catch your name," whispered Tony across the table.

"Amy Anderson," returned the flirt quite courageously. "My husband's name is George."

"I hope," remarked Tony, quite impersonally, "that he doesn't come all summer."

"Oh!" she gasped naively. "Why do you say so? Really?"

As Imogene left the dining-room, her flirt—whose wife had preceded him—stood directly in her path.

"Beg pardon," he said to Imogene. "I was introduced to you last night."

"To be sure!" replied Imogene. "You are Mr. Billington."

She had heard the name across the space between the tables. She had never met him. He had never met her.

"I forget yours," he said.

"I am Imogene I'Anson," she replied.

Tony pinched her arm again.

"Keep your eye on the three old maids," he said. "Always be in their vicinity. They'll spread the news—no matter what it is."

V

It was two nights later. It was dark. Tony swiftly left the Tanqueray House, strode down the road, and plunged down the shore of the lake to the boat-house.

"I want a launch," he told the attendant. "I want a search-light on it, too."

"Right, sir," answered the attendant. "Hey, Bill, take this gentleman around to the Emma!"

The gentleman was taken round to the Emma, and in ten minutes the Emma was *chug-chugging* its way around a corner. It stopped in a little cove.

"Oh, Amy!" cried its occupant.

There was an answering whisper. A lithe figure darted from the protection of some shrubbery. The Emma held in toward shore, and the lithe figure leaped nimbly into the boat.

"Oh!" exclaimed Amy Anderson, in the voice of a flirt. "On Eleventh Lake—in a launch—with a man!"

"Did anybody see you?" queried Tony in alarm. "My wife?"

"No," whispered Amy, "not a soul!"

She was mistaken. Three souls had seen her. Three souls had watched her hide behind the tree, had seen her board the launch. Those three were the three old maids.

"It's our duty—our bounden duty," ex-

claimed the three old maids among themselves, "to go back and spread the news!"

They went back to the Tanqueray House; but hardly had they begun to spread the news when two people, who had been sitting in a corner, rose and left the porch. One of them was Mr. Billington. One was Imogene I'Anson.

"Did you take note of that?" queried the three old maids of one another.

Stopping but an instant to inform the guests upon the porch that Mr. I'Anson was out in a launch with Mrs. Anderson, they set off in pursuit of Imogene. As they did so, they saw a light in a third-story window.

"It's a shame!" they said. "There's Mrs. Billington sticking in her room, and he gallivanting around with—*her!*"

The Emma's search-light was playing peculiar tricks. Tony manipulated it. Now all was darkness. Now a tree, a house, a flag, a tent, would leap into being as if by magic, and then disappear.

"Wait a bit!" whispered Tony, as they neared the boat-house. "I hear voices—don't you?"

"Yes," said Amy. "There, to the right—on shore!"

With a swift movement of his search-light Tony tossed a glare shoreward. Swift as a flash, three figures leaped into being—the three old maids. They were seated on a bench near the shore. They were gazing, not out over the lake, but at something on their left. Tony knew what this something was. He flashed his light to the left, and just in time.

"You coward!" rang out a voice.

It was Imogene's voice. Mr. Billington, the married flirt, was trying to kiss her; and while the Emma held her light steadily upon the two, Imogene knocked Mr. Billington down.

Mr. Billington swore. He might have retaliated but for the search-light; but Imogene, in the full glare, held her ground.

"I thought you were a gentleman!" she said.

The three old maids screamed, and then were silent. Tony, in the Emma, yelled aloud.

"My wife!" he cried.

His companion silenced him.

"Sh-h-h!" she whispered. "Remember that you're here—with *me*. You can't make a fuss *now*, don't you see?"

Tony saw.

"Imogene can take care of herself, I

suppose," he conceded. "If she can't, the three old maids will do it for her."

"They'll do a good deal for her—and Mr. Billington," said Amy. "I'm mighty glad they didn't see me—aren't you, Tony?"

VI

MR. BILLINGTON had his troubles in explaining the cause of his scientifically bruised face. He suited his explanation to his hearer, confiding to the sports at the Tanqueray that he had been delightfully intoxicated on the previous evening, and to the old maids that he had caught his foot in the root of a tree.

"Yes," said the old maids, "we saw you do it, too!"

They saw everything, and they were good enough to pass their knowledge on. It needed but a day or two for everybody in the Tanqueray House to be set by the ears. All the married women ogled Tony I'Anson, and the married men cast sly glances toward Imogene.

Imogene took good care to speak to every married man who made sociable advances. It became her boast to Tony that in her gloaming strolls she never was escorted twice by the same guest. Wives gnashed their teeth, and husbands—well, Tony didn't bother the wives of the big men. The consorts of most of the light-weights bothered Tony. Amy Anderson, however, kept well in the lead.

One evening she approached him quite boldly on the porch of the house.

"I want somebody to take me to the post-office," she said in her most kittenish manner. "I'm afraid to come home in the dark!"

No sooner had they left the house than a wagon drove up, and a natty commercial traveler leaped out. Ackerley came up to welcome him.

"My name is Anderson," explained the new arrival, looking about him with non-chalant importance. "Just took a run up to see my wife. Is she in the house?"

The old maids heard it all. One of them stepped forward and explained that Mrs. Anderson had just gone to the post-office.

"Register for me," said Anderson to the proprietor. "I'll follow her up."

He did follow her up. He found her clinging tightly to the arm of Tony, giggling at Tony's witticisms, and glancing up tenderly in Tony's eyes.

Anderson did not show himself.

"Aha, my fine lady," he thought to himself, "I'll take you down a bit!"

He returned to the Tanqueray House and waited on the steps. The three old maids edged their chairs toward him.

"Did you find her?" they asked.

"Ah!" growled Anderson. "I found her, all O. K."

Inside of ten minutes he rose in his wrath. The two had returned—Tony and Amy Anderson.

"So," exclaimed Anderson, with a sneer in his voice, "so this is your little game, is it? You call yourself my wife. What do you think I am?"

Amy broke down, and wept copiously into her handkerchief. Her husband seized her wrist and tore her hands from her face.

"I saw it all," he said. "What does it mean?"

Tony stepped forward. The next instant Anderson felt himself hurled backward half a dozen paces.

"Who are you?" queried Tony.

"Me!" yelled Anderson. "I'm her husband. What do you mean by walking around with her?"

Tony lit a cigarette.

"What are you going to do about it?" he inquired.

Mr. George Anderson did nothing about it. He merely ordered his wife up-stairs. Tony shook his finger in her husband's face.

"Don't you lay a hand on her," he cried, "or it will be the worse for you! You understand?"

The next morning Tony and Imogene stood by while ten of the leading families—mostly with growing boys and girls—leaned over the hotel desk, and announced that the present social status of the Tanqueray House compelled them to leave.

Ackerley looked reproachfully at Tony. Tony blew smoke-rings toward the ceiling.

"Tell 'em," he advised, "that you'll hold their baggage. It's only the people they complain of—nothing else!"

VII

Two nights later Tony shook his head disconsolately.

"Well, Imogene," he said, "we've got everybody else by the ears, but Ackerley has still got us by the ears. Something's got to be done. I must smite him in a vital spot."

"Smite those old maids, too," said Imogene. "I will *not* leave here until I show them up!"

Tony suddenly smote his forehead.

"I've got it!" he cried. "Fool that I was, not to have seen it before! *Eureka*, Imogene, I've found his tender spot!"

"Say on," said Imogene; but Tony only shook his head again.

Fifteen minutes later he entered the town hall.

"I want to see the chief of police," he said.

"I'm that," returned a uniformed official.

"I want to swear to a complaint," said Tony.

"What for?" queried the chief.

"Blind tiger here in town," said Tony.

The chief got up on his hind legs and roared.

"Blind tiger!" he exclaimed. "Show me where!"

"I'll show you where," returned Tony.

"It's at the Tanqueray House—Ackerley's." The chief shivered, and was silent.

"Ackerley has no license," went on Tony mercilessly, "and yet he runs a blind tiger right behind his office. I'm a guest there, and I know. Besides," he added, "I'm a personal friend of Watson J. Goodrich, the chairman of the State committee. I want to swear to a complaint."

The chief of police, who was also a magistrate, reluctantly drew up the complaint, and Tony signed it with alacrity.

"Come on," said Tony, "and we'll raid the place!"

The chief held back.

"Now, look here," he protested.

Tony held up a forefinger.

"I," he repeated, "am a close friend of the chairman of the State committee. What are you going to do about it—take a chance and refuse me?"

"No," responded the chief sullenly. "I've got to go with you."

At the Tanqueray House the ballroom was full of guests. Baboona, the wonderful lady magician, was turning rabbits into diamond rings, or diamond rings into rabbits. All the guests were there—all save four. Tony was missing. So were the three old maids.

Suddenly, from the office, there was a wild whoop.

"Everybody come!" yelled Tony. "We're going to raid the blind tiger of this prohibition house!"

Everybody came, all right.

"Open that door!" cried Tony to the chief of police.

The chief put his shoulder against the door of the room behind the office, and forced it open. Inside the room, with its little row of bottles on a shelf, were four people, and no more. One of these was Ackerley, the owner of the house. The other three—the other three were the three gossip old maids!

They were all drinking milk punches with an energy and gusto worthy of a better cause.

"You're pinched!" shouted Tony.

Ackerley looked at the chief.

"Yep," responded the chief. "He insisted on it, and I had to do it—see?"

The three old maids fell back against the wall, their glasses still in their hands.

"The doctor's orders—very strict—milk punch every night," they murmured, in their agitation.

"Ackerley," whispered Tony, "you can see now that you caught a tartar when you held on to me!"

VIII

THE next morning Tony was smoking his cigar on the veranda, when Mulligan, the garbage-contractor, stepped up to him.

"Mr. What's-your-name," he said humbly and quite miserably, "I want to tell you something. You was right, see, when you said I couldn't eat and couldn't talk and couldn't walk. You was right! I don't belong at a place like this. I ought to be in some road-house, with a couple of hostlers for company. I got my money, and I always thought money was a whole lot, until you set me right. There's my hand! I'd rather be a beggar any day, if I could do what you do, and act like you act, and talk as you talk. You was right, stranger, and I was wrong!"

Tony caught his breath. He gripped the old man's hand tight.

"Mr. Mulligan," he returned warmly, "I have never ceased to regret what I said to you the other day. You're a better man than I am, and I'll prove it to you. The greatest people in the world are those who never make others uncomfortable. You're one of those. Being such, you've got me beaten all hollow. I'm ashamed," said Tony honestly. "I said what I said under the stress—well, you never would have done it in my place, and that's what mortifies me so. You've got me beaten a mile!"

As they were shaking hands, a woman rushed up to Tony.

"Where's your wife?" she asked breathlessly.

Tony told her, and the woman rushed away around the corner to find Imogene.

"Mrs. I'Anson," she said contritely, "you were right—about musk, and such. I've asked everybody in the house—everybody that's any ways nice—and they all tell me that you're right and I'm wrong."

"Oh, my dear," cried Imogene, "please forgive me!"

"I thank you," replied the perfumed lady. She held out a tiny lace handkerchief. "What kind of perfume do you call that?" she asked.

Imogene sniffed.

"I—I don't smell anything," she said.

"Just so," said the perfumed lady.

"Well, that's my perfume for the future!"

"Forgive me," repeated Imogene.

"I thank you," said the guest.

A few moments later Tony came into view around the corner, and Imogene button-holed him.

"Tony," she whispered, "we ought to be ashamed of ourselves! How can we look each other in the face?"

Tony puffed on his cigar.

"Oh, I don't know," he returned. "Little Amy Anderson sent me a note this morning saying that it was the best thing she could have done—to flirt with me. She said that her husband thinks she amounts to something now, and he's going to stay here for a month. Just what she wants!"

Imogene hid her face in her handkerchief.

"You know the bruised gentleman—Billington?" she queried. "Well, the old cats told her all about it, and what she didn't do to Billington! Well, she actually thanked me. She said it had made a different man of him. She's glad I hit him such a crack—"

They were interrupted by a uniformed official. It was the chief of police. He beckoned Tony to one side.

"Now, look here, Mr. I'Anson," he said. "You probably don't understand all the facts. This man Ackerley, who runs this place, has always had his troubles. Last year he lost out. This year his wife is dying up there in the sanitarium on the hill. He's got his children in charge of a governess. He's got his own people to take care of. I know the hotel business—a man just about evens up, up here. Every time a man takes a drink in that blind tiger, it's just so much more for—her, up there on

the hill. That's how it is, you see. Well, I'm sorry for Ackerley, to tell the truth—sorry, that's what I am!"

Tony drew a long breath.

"By George, chief," he cried, "don't say another word—I'm sorry, too!"

The chief looked at him doubtfully.

"You don't mean to say—" he began.

"I do," returned Tony. "Complaint withdrawn! Long life to the blind tiger! May it never regain its sight!"

Ackerley saw them there, and came out slowly and dejectedly. He was under bail.

"You got me dead to rights, Mr. I'Anson," he admitted. "You can have your money. Maybe I was wrong."

Tony glanced across the water at the Wampanoag.

"I'll talk to the missus about it," he returned, "and let you know."

Imogene had disappeared. She could be found, the clerk said, in Room No. 45. Tony sought the apartment and tapped softly on the door.

"Come in!" said a quavering voice.

"It's a man," returned Tony. "I want Mrs. I'Anson, if you please."

"Come in!" repeated the voice.

Tony went in. The three old maids were seated in a row, humbling themselves before Imogene.

"To be caught in a whisky raid!" they sobbed. "The shame—the disgrace! What will they do to us?"

Imogene looked at the third finger of her left hand. The old maids looked at it and started.

"Been cleaning my rings," said Imogene. "Don't they look nice?"

"Don't worry about the raid," exclaimed Tony. "It's all over. Besides, I've just ordered up three milk punches, with my compliments to you."

The old maids nodded in gratitude.

"Oh, what a considerate man!" they cried. "After all, the doctor's orders should be carried out!"

Five minutes later Tony and his wife confronted Ackerley, who stood at his desk with a wad of bills in his hand.

"Here's your cash," he said.

Imogene held up her hand.

"Mr. Ackerley," she exclaimed, "we decline to leave the Tanqueray House! We've got a reputation to live down, and we've got to do it here!"

IX

"VAN RENSSELAER," said a brown beauty, Imogene by name, to her husband's friend, some ten weeks later, "our gratitude to you for recommending the Tanqueray House!"

"Did you like it?" asked Van Rensselaer Rising.

"Like it!" cried Tony and his wife in unison. "Never spent such an exciting summer in our lives. We—we're going there again!"

Van Rensselaer rubbed his bald spot.

"I didn't know," he remarked uncertainly, "but that it might have changed in twenty years. I haven't been there in that time, that I recall."

SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAINS

BRIGHT jars of golden sunshine
From shining meads of earth
All day the sun had gathered
In cheerfulness and mirth;

And then—a laggard fellow—
Went down the evening aisle
As if he longed to loiter
On earth a little while.

But suddenly the twilight
Came fast upon his trail
Across the meadow reaches,
Up through each quiet dale;

And hasting on unseemly,
With shining jars o'erfilled,
He tripped upon the mountains
And all his sunshine spilled!

Arthur Wallace Peach

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

CHALLIS WRANDALL, a member of one of the leading families of New York, is found murdered in a suburban road-house. His companion, a woman, presumably the murderess, has disappeared. The dead man is identified by his wife, who comes from New York by a late train. Although it is a stormy winter night, Mrs. Wrاندall refuses to stay at the scene of the tragedy. As the last train has gone, she starts back toward the city alone, in a motor-car which her husband left at the inn.

On the way, she encounters a young woman, lost and wandering on the lonely, snow-covered road, whom she recognizes as answering to the description of her husband's companion. Taken into Mrs. Wrاندall's car, the stranger admits her identity, confesses her crime, and asks to be taken back to the inn, that she may give herself up to the law. Moved by emotions which she herself scarcely understands, Sara Wrاندall refuses this request. Instead, she takes the fugitive to the city, shelters her in her own apartment, and keeps her as a companion. The girl gives her name as Hetty Castleton, daughter of a British army officer. She had come to America expecting to find a position as governess, but had been disappointed, and Challis Wrاندall, who had met her on the steamer, had pretended to be anxious to help her. Of the tragedy that ensued, however, Mrs. Wrاندall will not let her speak.

Hetty's connection with the death of Sara's husband remains unknown, except to herself and Mrs. Wrاندall. She meets Challis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, his brother Leslie, and his sister Vivian, but none of them suspects her. After the funeral, Sara takes her abroad, and soon the whole mysterious affair drops out of the public memory.

About a year later, Leslie Wrاندall, meeting his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, tells him that Sara is about to return to New York from Europe, bringing with her her companion, Miss Castleton.

XI.

SARA WRANDALL returned to New York at the end of the month, and Leslie met her at the dock, as he had done on another occasion, some fourteen months earlier. Then she had come in on a fierce gale from the wintry Atlantic; this time the air was soft and balmy and sweet with the kindness of spring. It was May, and the sea was blue, the land was green.

Again she went to the small, exclusive hotel near the park. Her apartment was closed, the butler and his wife and all their hastily recruited company being in the country, awaiting her arrival from town. Leslie lent his resourceful man-servant and his motor to his lovely sister-in-law, and attended to everything.

Redmond Wrاندall called at the hotel immediately after banking hours, kissed his daughter-in-law, and delivered an ul-

timatum second-hand from the power at home. She was to come to dinner and bring Miss Castleton. A quiet little family dinner, you know, because they were all in mourning, he said in conclusion, vaguely realizing all the while that it really wasn't necessary to supply the information, but, for the life of him, unable to think of anything else to say under the circumstances. He knew that he deserved the scowl that Leslie bestowed upon him.

Sara accepted, much to his surprise and gratification. He had been rather dubious about it. It would not have surprised him in the least if she had declined the invitation, feeling, as he did, that he had in a way come to her with a white flag, or an olive-branch, or whatever it is that a combative force utilizes when it wants to surrender in the cause of humanity.

Leslie was a very observing person. It might have been said of him that he was

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always on the lookout for the things that most people were unlikely to notice—the trivial things that really were important. He not only took in his father's amiable blunder, but caught the curious expression in Hetty's dark blue eyes, and the sharp, almost inaudible, catch of her breath.

The gleam was gone in an instant, but it made an impression on him. He found himself wondering if the girl was a snob as well as the rest of them. The look in her eyes betrayed unmistakable surprise and—yes, he was quite sure of it—dismay, when Sara accepted the invitation to dine. Was it possible that the lovely Miss Castleton considered herself—but no! Of course it couldn't be that. The Wrاندalls were good enough for dukes and duchesses. Still, he could not get beyond the fact that he *had* seen the look of disapproval. He made up his mind, as he stood there chatting with her, that he would find out from Vivian what his mother had done to create an unpleasant estimate of the family in the eyes of this gentle, refined cousin of old Lord Murgatroyd.

He was quite as quick to detect the satirical smile in Sara's frank, amused eyes as she graciously accepted the invitation to the home whose doors had been only half open to her in the past. It scratched his pride a bit to think of the opinion she must have of his family, and he was inexpressibly glad that she could not consistently class him with the others. He found himself feeling a bit sorry for the old gentleman, and hoping that he had missed the touch of irony in Sara's voice.

Old Mr. Wrاندall floundered from one invitation to another.

"Of course, Sara, my dear, you will want to go out to the cemetery to-morrow. I shall be only too ready to accompany you. We have erected a splendid—"

"No, thank you, Mr. Wrاندall," she interrupted gently. "I shall not go to the cemetery."

Leslie intervened.

"You understand, don't you, father?" he said, rather out of patience.

The old gentleman lowered his head.

"Yes, yes," he hastened to say. "Quite so, quite so. Then we may expect you at eight, Sara, and you, Miss Castleton? Mrs. Wrاندall is looking forward to seeing you again. It isn't often she takes a liking to—ahem! I beg your pardon, Leslie!"

"I was going to suggest that we should move along, dad. You may want to get at your trunks, Sara. Smuggled a few things through, eh? Women never miss a chance to get a couple of dozen dresses through, as you'll discover if you become a real American, Miss Castleton. It's in the blood!"

Mr. Wrاندall fell into another trap.

"Now please remember that we are to dine very informally," he hastened to say, his mind on the smuggled gowns. It was his experience that gowns that escaped duty invariably were "creations."

Leslie got him away.

As soon as they were alone, Hetty turned to her friend.

"Oh, Sara, can't you go without me? Tell them that I am ill—suddenly ill. I—I don't think it right or honorable of me to accept—"

Sara shook her head, and the words died on the girl's lips.

"You must play the game, Hetty."

"It's—very hard," murmured the other, her face white and bleak.

"I know, my dear," said Sara gently.

"If they should ever find out!" gasped the girl, suddenly giving way to the dread that had been lying dormant all these months.

"They will never know the truth unless you choose to enlighten them," said Sara, putting her arm about the girl's shoulders and drawing her close.

"You never cease to be wonderful, Sara—so very wonderful!" cried the girl, with a look of worship in her eyes.

Sara regarded her in silence for a moment, reflecting. Then, with a swift rush of tears to her eyes, she cried fiercely:

"You must never, never tell me all that happened, Hetty! You must never speak it with your own lips!"

Hetty's eyes grew dark with pain and wonder.

"That is the thing I can't understand in you, Sara," she said slowly.

"We must not speak of it!"

Hetty's bosom heaved.

"Speak of it!" she cried, absolute agony in her voice. "Have I not kept it locked in my heart since that awful day—"

"Hush!"

"I shall go mad if I cannot talk with you about—"

"No, no! It is the forbidden subject! I know all that I should know—all that I

care to know. We have not said so much as this in months—in ages, it seems. Let sleeping dogs lie. We are better off, my dear. I could not touch your lips again.”

“I—I can’t bear the thought of that!”

“Kiss me now, Hetty.”

“I could die for you, Sara!” cried Hetty, as she impulsively obeyed the command.

“I mean that you shall live for me,” said Sara, smiling through her tears. “How silly of me to cry! It must be the room we are in. These are the same rooms, dear, that you came to on the night when we met. Ah, how old I feel!”

“Old? You say that to me? I am ages and ages older than you,” cried Hetty, the color coming back to her soft cheeks.

“You are twenty-three.”

“And you are twenty-eight.”

Sara had a far-away look in her eyes.

“About your size and figure,” said she, but Hetty did not comprehend.

XII.

SARA WRANDALL’S house in the country stood on a wooded knoll overlooking the Sound. It was rather remotely located, so far as neighbors were concerned.

Her father, Sebastian Gooch, shrewdly foresaw the day when land in this particular section of the suburban world would return dollars for pennies, and wisely bought thousands of acres—woodland, meadow-land, beach-land and hills, between the environs of New York and the rich towns up the coast. Years afterward he built a commodious summer home on the choicest point that his property afforded, named it Southlook, and transformed that particular part of his wilderness into a millionaire’s paradise, where he could dawdle and putter to his heart’s content, where he could spend his time and his money. Such prodigality had come to him so late in life that he made waste of both in his haste to live down a rather parsimonious past.

Two miles and a half away, in the heart of a scattered colony of purse-proud New Yorkers, was the country home of the Wrاندalls—an imposing place, and older by far than Southlook. It had descended from well-worn and time-stained ancestors to Redmond Wrاندall. With others of its kind, it looked with no little scorn upon the mushroom structures that sprouted from the seeds of trade. There was no friendship between the old and the new.

It was in the wooded byways of Southlook that Challis Wrاندall and Sara, the earthly daughter of Midas, met and loved, and defied all things supernal, for matches are made in heaven. Their marriage did not open the gates of Nineveh. Sebastian Gooch’s paradise was even more completely ostracized than it had been before the disaster—for the Wrاندalls spoke of the marriage as a disaster.

On his side, the old merchant was not overpleased with his daughter’s choice—a conclusion permanently established by the alteration that he made in his will a year or two after the marriage. True, he left the vast estate to his beloved daughter Sara, but he fastened a stout string to it, and with this string her hands were tied.

It must have occurred to him that Challis was a profligate in more ways than one, for he deliberately stipulated in his will that Sara was not to sell a foot of the ground until a period of twenty years had elapsed—a very polite way, it would seem, of making his investment safe in the face of considerable odds.

He lived long enough after the alteration of his will to find that he had made no mistake. As he preceded his son-in-law into the Great Beyond by a scant three years, however, it may readily be seen that he wrought too well by far. Seventeen unnecessary years of proscription remained, and he had not intended them for Sara as a widow. He was not afraid of Sara, but for her.

When the will was read and the condition revealed, Challis Wrاندall took it in perfect good humor. He had the grace to proclaim, in the bosom of his father’s family, that the old gentleman was a father-in-law to be proud of.

“A canny old boy,” he had announced, with his most engaging smile, quite free from rancor or resentment.

And so the acres were strapped together snugly and firmly, without so much as a town-lot protruding.

So impressed was Challis by the far-sightedness of his father-in-law that he forthwith sat down and made a will of his own. He would not have it said that Sara’s father did a whit better by her than he would do. He left everything he possessed to his wife, but put no string to it, blandly implying that all danger would be past when she came into possession. There was

a sort of grim humor in the way in which he managed to present himself to view as the real and ready source of peril.

Among certain of the Wrandall clan there was serious talk of contesting Challis's will. It was a distinct shock to all of them. Some one made bold to assert that the testator was not in his right mind when it was executed. For that matter, a couple of uncles on his mother's side were of the broad opinion that he never had been mentally adequate.

During a family conference, four days after the funeral, Leslie launched forth at some length and with considerable heat, expressing an opinion which met with small favor at the outset, but which had its results later on.

"Why," he declaimed, standing before the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, "if Sara dreamed that we even so much as contemplate making a fuss about Chal's will, she'd up and chuck the whole blooming legacy in our faces, and be glad to do it! She's got plenty of her own. She doesn't need the little that Challis left her. Then what should we look like, tell me that? What would the world say? Why, it would say that she didn't think our money was clean enough to mix with old man Gooch's. She'd throw it in our faces, and the whole town would snicker."

"Figuratively speaking, young man, figuratively speaking," said one of the uncles, a stockholder and director.

"What do you mean by that?"

"That she—ahem! That she couldn't actually *throw* it."

"I'm not so literal as you, Uncle George."

"Then why use the word '*throw*'?"

"Of course, Uncle George, I don't mean to say she'd have it reduced to gold coin and stand off and take shots at us. You understand that, don't you?"

"Leslie," put in his father, "you have a most distressing way of—er—putting it. Your uncle George is not so dense as all that."

"I didn't use the word '*throw*,' in the first place," said Leslie, with a shrug. "I said '*chuck*.'"

"I distinctly heard you use the word '*throw*,'" said Uncle George, very red in the face.

"It was on the second occasion, George," said Mrs. Wrandall, loyal to Leslie.

"In either case," said her son, "we'd

be made ridiculous. That's the long and short of it. Even if she handed it to us on a silver plate—figuratively speaking, Uncle George—we'd be made to look like thirty cents."

"Well, I'll be—" began Uncle George, almost forgetting where he was, but remembering in time.

It was decided that the will should stand. Later on, the alarming prospect of Sara's perfect right to marry again came up to mar the peace of mind of all the Wrandalls. It grew to be horribly real without a single move on her part to warrant the fears they were encouraging.

Sara and Hetty did not stay long in town. The newspapers announced the return of Challis Wrandall's widow, and reporters sought her out for interviews. The old interest was revived, and columns were printed about the murder at Burton's Inn, with sharp editorial comments on the failure of the police to clear up the mystery.

The woods were green and the earth was redolent of rich spring odors. Wild flowers peeped shyly from the leaf-strewn soil in the shadow of the trees. Some, more bold than others, came down to the roadway, and from the banks and hedges smiled saucily upon all who passed. The hillsides were like spotless carpets, the meadows a riot of clover hues.

The world was bright with the life of the new-born year, for who shall say that the year does not begin with the birth of spring? May! May, when the earth begins to bear—not January, when it sets out in sorrow to bury its dead. New Year's Day it is when the first tiny flower of spring comes to life and smiles on the face of Mother Earth, and the sun is warm with the love of a gentle father.

"I shall ask Leslie down for the weekend," said Sara, the third day after their arrival in the country.

The house was huge and lonely, and time hung rather heavily, despite the glorious uplift of spring.

Hetty glanced up quickly from her book. A look of dismay flickered in her eyes for an instant, and then gave way to the calmness that had lately come to dwell in their depths. Her lips parted in the sudden impulse to cry out against the plan, but she checked the words. Her dark, questioning eyes studied the face of her benefactress; then, as if nothing had been revealed to her,

she allowed her gaze to drift pensively out toward the sunset sea.

They were sitting on the broad veranda overlooking the Sound. The dusk of evening was beginning to steal over the earth. She laid her book aside.

"Will you telephone in to him after dinner, Hetty?" went on Sara, after a long period of silence.

Again Hetty started. This time a look of actual pain flashed in her eyes.

"Would not a note by post be more certain to find him in the—" she began hurriedly.

"I dislike writing notes," said Sara calmly. "Of course, dear, if you feel that you'd rather not telephone to him, I can—"

"I dare say I am finicky, Sara," apologized Hetty, in quick contrition. "Of course, he is your brother. I should remember—"

"My brother-in-law, dear," said Sara, a trifle too literally.

"He will come often to your house," went on Hetty rapidly. "I must make the best of it."

"He is your friend, Hetty. He admires you."

"I cannot see him through your eyes, Sara."

"But he is charming and agreeable, you'll admit," persisted the other.

"He is very kind, and he is devoted to you. I should like him for that."

"You have no cause for disliking him."

"I do not dislike him. I—I am—oh, you always have been so thoughtful, so considerate, Sara, I can't understand your failing to see how hard it is for me to—to—well, to endure his friendship!"

Sara was silent for a moment.

"You draw a pretty fine line, Hetty," she said gently.

Hetty flushed.

"You mean that there is little to choose between wife and brother? That isn't quite fair. You know everything; he knows nothing. I wear a mask for him; you have seen into the very heart of me. It isn't the same."

Sara came over and stood beside the girl's chair. After a moment of indecision, she laid her hand on Hetty's shoulder. The girl looked up, the ever-recurring question in her eyes.

"We haven't spoken of—of these things in many months, Hetty."

"Not since Mrs. Wrاندall and Vivian came to Nice. I was upset—dreadfully upset then, Sara. I don't know how I managed to get through with it."

"But you managed it," pronounced Sara. Her fingers seemed to tighten suddenly on the girl's shoulder. "I think we were quite wonderful, both of us. It wasn't easy for me."

"Why did we come back to New York, Sara?" burst out Hetty, clasping her friend's hand as if suddenly spurred by terror. "We were happy over there—and free!"

"Listen, my dear," said Sara, a hard note growing in her voice. "This is my home. I do not love it, but I can see no reason for abandoning it. That is why we came back to New York."

Hetty pressed her friend's hand to her lips.

"Forgive me!" she cried impulsively. "I shouldn't have complained. It was detestable."

"Besides," went on Sara evenly, "you were quite free to remain on the other side. I left it to you."

"You gave me a week to decide," said Hetty, in a hurried manner of speaking. "I—I took but twenty-four hours—less than that. Overnight, you remember. I love you, Sara. I could not leave you. All that night I could feel you pulling at my heart-strings, pulling me closer and closer, and holding me. You were in your room, I in mine, and yet all the time you seemed to be bending over me in the darkness, urging me to stay with you, and love you, and be loved by you. It couldn't have been a dream."

"It was not a dream," said Sara, with a queer smile.

"You *do* love me?"

"I *do* love you," was the firm answer.

Sara was staring out across the water, her eyes big and as black as night itself. She seemed to be looking far beyond the misty lights that bobbed with near-by schooners, far beyond the yellow mass on the opposite shore where a town lay cradled in the shadows, far into the fast-darkening sky that came up like a wall out of the east.

Hetty's fingers tightened in a warmer clasp. Unconsciously, perhaps, Sara's grip on the girl's shoulder tightened also—unconsciously, for her thoughts were far away. The younger woman's pensive gaze rested

on the peaceful waters below, taking in the slow approach of the fog that was soon to envelop the land. Neither spoke for many minutes.

"I wonder—" began Hetty, her eyes narrowing with the intensity of thought. She did not complete the sentence.

Sara answered the unspoken question.

"It will never be different from what it is now, unless you make it so."

Hetty started.

"How could you have known what I was thinking?" she cried in wonder.

"It is what you are always thinking, my dear. You are always asking yourself when I will turn against you."

"Sara!"

"Your own intelligence should supply the answer. It is too late for me to turn against you."

She abruptly removed her hand from Hetty's shoulder, and walked to the edge of the veranda. For the first time, the English girl was conscious of pain. She drew her arm up and cringed. She pulled the light scarf about her bare shoulders.

The butler appeared in the doorway.

"The telephone, if you please, Miss Castleton. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall is calling."

The girl stared.

"For me, Watson?"

"Yes, miss. I forgot to say that he called up this afternoon, while you were out," Watson answered apologetically, with a furtive glance at Mrs. Wrاندall, who had turned.

"Loss of memory, Watson, is a fatal affliction," she said, with a smile.

"Yes, Mrs. Wrاندall. I don't see 'ow it 'appened."

"It is not likely to happen again."

"No, madam."

Hetty had risen, visibly agitated.

"What shall I say to him, Sara?" she cried.

"Apparently it is he who has something to say to you," said the other, still smiling. "Wait and see what it is. Please don't neglect to say that we should like to have him here over Sunday."

"A box of flowers has just come up from the station for you, miss," said Watson.

Hetty was very white as she passed into the house. Mrs. Wrاندall resumed her contemplation of the fog-screened Sound.

"Shall I fetch you a wrap, ma'am?" asked Watson, hesitating.

"I am coming in, Watson. Open the box of flowers for Miss Castleton. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wrاندall."

"Mr. Leslie will be out on Saturday. Tell Mrs. Conkling."

"The evening train, ma'am?"

"No. The eleven thirty. He will be here for luncheon."

XIII.

WHEN Hetty hurried into the library, a few minutes later, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes reflected evident distress of mind.

Mrs. Wrاندall was standing before the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the black evening gown which she affected in these days. Her perfectly modeled neck and shoulders gleamed like pink marble in the reflected glow of the burning logs. She wore no jewelry, but there was a single white rose in her dark hair, where it had been placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour earlier, as they left the dinner-table.

"He is coming out on the eleven thirty, Sara," said the girl nervously, "unless you will send the motor in for him. The body of his car is being changed, and it's in the shop. He must have been jesting when he said he would pay for the petrol—I should have said gasoline."

Sara laughed.

"You will know him better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is very light-hearted."

"He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty hurriedly; "a Mr. Booth, the portrait-painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming. You will like *him*, too, Hetty." The emphasis did not escape notice.

"It seems that he is spending a fortnight in the village, this Mr. Booth, painting spring lambs for rest and recreation, Mr. Leslie says."

"Then he is at our very gates," said Sara, looking up suddenly.

"I wonder if he can be the man I saw yesterday at the bridge," mused Hetty. "Is he tall?"

"I really can't say. It was six or seven years ago that I knew him."

"Mr. Wrاندall is to come out on the eleven thirty," repeated Hetty. "I thought you wouldn't like sending either of the motors in."

"And Mr. Booth?"

"We are to send for him after Mr. Wrandall arrives. He is stopping at the inn, wherever that may be."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Sara, with a grimace. "He will like us immensely if he has been stopping at the inn!"

Hetty stood staring down at the blazing logs for a full minute before giving expression to the thought that troubled her.

"Sara," she said, meeting her friend's eyes with a steady light in her own, "why did Mr. Wrandall ask for me instead of you? It is you he is coming to visit, not me. It is your house. Why should—"

"My dear," said Sara glibly, "I am merely his sister-in-law. It wouldn't be necessary to ask me if he should come. He knows he is welcome."

"Then why should he feel called upon to—"

"Some men like to telephone, I suppose," said the other coolly.

"I wonder if you will ever understand how I feel about—about certain things, Sara!"

"What, for instance?"

"Well, his very evident interest in me," cried the girl hotly. "He sends me flowers—this is the second box this week—and he is so kind, so very friendly, Sara, that I can't bear it—I really can't!"

Mrs. Wrandall stared at her.

"You can't very well send him about his business," she said, "unless he becomes more than friendly—now can you?"

"But it seems so—so horrible!" groaned the girl.

Sara faced her squarely.

"See here, Hetty," she said levelly, "we have made our bed, you and I. We must lie in it—together. If Leslie Wrandall chooses to fall in love with you, that is his affair, not ours. We must face every condition. In plain words, we must play the game."

"What could be more appalling than to have him fall in love with me?"

"The other way round would be more dramatic, I should say."

"Good Heaven, Sara!" cried the girl in horror. "How can you even speak of such a thing?"

"After all, why shouldn't—" began Sara, but stopped in the middle of her suggestion, with the result that it had its full effect without being uttered in so many cold-blooded words.

The girl shuddered.

"I wish, Sara, you would let me unburden myself completely to you," she pleaded, seizing her friend's hands. "You have forbidden me—"

Sara jerked her hands away. Her eyes flashed.

"I do not want to hear it," she cried fiercely. "Never, never! Do you understand? It is your secret. I will not share it with you. I should hate you if I knew everything. As it is, I love you because you are a woman who suffered at the hands of one who made me suffer. There is nothing more to say. Don't bring up the subject again. I want to be your friend forever, not your confidante. There is a distinction. You may be able to see how very marked it is in our case, Hetty. What one does not know seldom hurts."

"But I want to justify myself—"

"It isn't necessary," cut in the other, so peremptorily that the girl's eyes spread into a look of anger. At that, Sara Wrandall threw her arm about Hetty, and drew her down beside her on a couch. "I didn't mean to be harsh!" she cried. "We must not speak of the past, that's all. The future is not likely to hurt us, dear. Let us avoid the past!"

"The future!" sighed the girl, staring blankly before her.

"To appreciate what it is to be," said the other, "you have but to think of what it might have been."

"I know," said Hetty, in a low voice. "And yet I sometimes wonder if—"

Sara interrupted.

"You are paying me, dear, instead of the law," she said gently. "I am not a harsh creditor, am I?"

"My life belongs to you. I give it cheerfully, even gladly."

"So you have said before. Well, if it belongs to me, you might at least permit me to develop it as I would any other possession. I take it as an investment. It will probably fluctuate."

"Now you are jesting!"

"Perhaps," said Sara laconically.

The next morning Hetty set forth for her accustomed tramp over the roads that wound through the estate. Sara, the American, dawdled at home, resenting the chill spring drizzle which did not in the least discourage the Englishwoman. The mistress of the house and of the girl's destiny stood in the

broad French window, watching Hetty as she strode springily, healthily down the maple-lined avenue in the direction of the gates. The gardeners doffed their caps to her as she passed, and looked after her with surreptitious glances.

There was a queer smile on Sara's lips that remained long after the girl was lost to view beyond the lodge. It was still on her lips, but had gone from her eyes, as she paused beside the old English table to bury her nose in one of the gorgeous roses that Leslie had sent out to Hetty the day before. They were all about the room, dozens of them. The girl had insisted on having them down-stairs instead of in her own little sitting-room, for which they were plainly intended.

A nasty sea turn had brought lowering gray skies and a dreary, enveloping mist, which never quite assumed the dignity of a drizzle, and yet blew wet and cold to the very marrow of the bones. Hetty was used to such weather. Her English blood warmed to it. As she strode briskly across the meadow-land road in the direction of the woods that lay ahead, a soft, ruddy glow crept up to her cheeks, and a sparkle of joy into her eyes.

She walked strongly, rapidly. Her straight, lithe young figure was a joyous thing to behold. High boots, short skirt, a loose jacket, and a broad felt hat made up her costume. She was graceful, adorable; a young, healthy, beautiful creature in whom the blood surged quickly, strongly; the type of woman that men are wont to classify as "ineffably feminine." Leaving out the matter of morals, whatever they are, and taking her as an example of her sex, we are bound to say that she was perfect.

The best thing we can say of Challis Wrاندall is that he took the same view of her that we should, and fell in love with her. He would have married her if he could, there isn't must doubt as to that, no matter what she had been before he knew her, or what she was at the time of his discovery. No more is it to be considered unique that his brother should have experienced a similar interest in her, knowing even less.

Take her now, as she swings along the highway, fresh, trim, and graceful, her chin uptilted, her cheeks warm, her eyes clear and as blue as sapphires, and one experiences the most intense, unreasoning de-

sire to be near her, at her side, where one's hands could touch her, and the very spell of her could creep out over one to make a man of him.

She had the blood of a fellow creature on her hands—the blood of one of us—and yet we men will overlook one commandment for another. It is a matter of choice.

Hetty was a slave bound to an extraordinary condition. There had been no coercion on the part of Challis Wrاندall's wife; no actual restraint had been set upon the girl. She owed her life to Sara, she would have paid with her life's blood the debt she owed. It had become perfectly natural for her to consider herself a willing, grateful prisoner—a prisoner on parole. She would not, could not abuse the parole. She loved her jailer with a love that knew no bounds; she loved the walls Sara had thrown up about her; she was content to live and die in the luxurious cell, attended by love and kindness and mercy.

She lived as one charmed by some powerful influence, and was content. Not once had the fear entered her soul that Sara would turn against her. Her trust in Wrاندall's wife was infinite. In her simple, devoted heart she could feel no prick of dread so far as the present was concerned. The past was dreadful, but it was the past, and its loathsomeness was moderated by subtle contrast with the present. As for the future, it belonged to Sara Wrاندall. It was safe.

If Sara were to decide that she must be given up to the law, all well and good. She could meet her fate with a smile for Sara, and with love in her heart. She could pay in full, if the demand was made by the wife of the man she had left in the grim little up-stairs room at Burton's Inn on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

On this gray spring day she gazed undaunted at the world, with the shadows all about her, and hummed a sprightly tune through warm red lips that were kissed by the morning mist.

She came to the bridge by the mill, long since deserted, and now a thing of ruin and decay. A man in knickerbockers stood leaning against the rail, idly gazing down at the trickling stream below. The brier pipe that formed the circuit between hand and lips sent up soft blue coils to float away on the drizzle.

She passed behind him, with a single furtive, curious glance at his handsome, un-

disturbed profile. In that glance she recognized him as the man she had seen the day before.

When she was a dozen rods away, the tall man turned his face from the stream, and sent after her the long-restrained look. There was something akin to cautiousness in that look of his, as if he were afraid that she might turn her head suddenly and catch him at it. Something began stirring in his heart—the nameless something that awakens when least expected. He felt the subtle, sweet femininity of her as she passed. It lingered with him as he looked.

She turned the bend in the road a hundred yards away. For many minutes he studied the stream below without really seeing it. Then he straightened up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and set off slowly in her wake, although he had been walking in quite the opposite direction when he came to the bridge—and on a mission of some consequence, too.

There was the chance that he might meet her coming back.

XIV

LESLIE WRANDALL came out on the eleven thirty. Hetty was at the station with the motor, a sullen resentment in her heart, but a welcoming smile on her lips. The sun shone brightly. The Sound glared with the white of reflected skies.

"I thought of catching the eight o'clock," he cried enthusiastically, as he dropped his bag beside the motor in order to reach over and shake hands with her. "That would have got me here hours earlier. The difficulty was that I didn't think of the eight o'clock until I awoke at nine!"

"And then you had the additional task of thinking about breakfast," said Hetty, without a trace of sarcasm in her manner.

"I never think of breakfast," said he amiably. "I merely eat it. Of course, it's a task to eat it, sometimes, but—well, how are you? How do you like it out here?"

He was beside her on the broad seat, his face beaming, his gay little mustache pointing upward at the ends like oblique brown exclamation-points, so expansive was his smile.

"I adore it," she replied, her own smile growing in response to his.

It was impossible to resist the good nature of him. She could not dislike him, even though she dreaded him deep down in her

heart. Her blood was hot and cold by turns when she was with him, as her mind opened and shut to thoughts pleasant and unpleasant with something of the regularity of a fish's gills in breathing.

"I knew you would. It's great. You won't care much for our place, Miss Castle-ton. Sara's got the pick of the coast in that place of hers. Trust old Sebastian Gooch to get the best of everything! If my dad or my grandfather had possessed a tenth of the brains that that old chap had, we'd have our own tabernacle up there on the point, instead of sulking at his back gate. That's really where we're located, you know. His back gate opens smack in the face of our front one. I think he did it with malice aforethought, too. His back gate is two miles from the house. It wasn't really necessary to go so far for a back gate as all that, was it? To make it worse, he put a big sign over it for us to read: 'No trespassing—*this means you.*'" Sara took it down after the old boy died."

"I suppose by that time the desire to trespass was gone," she said. "One doesn't enjoy freedom of that sort."

"I've come to believe that the only free things we really covet are passes to the theater. We never get over that, I'm sure. I'd rather have a pass to the theater than a ten-dollar bill, any time. I say, it was nice of you to come down to meet me. It was more than I—er—expected." He almost said "hoped for."

"Sara was too busy about the house to come," she explained quickly, "and I had a few errands to do in the village."

"Don't spoil it!"

"I am a horribly literal person."

"Better that than literally horrible," he retorted, rather proud of himself for it. "It's wonderful, the friendship between you two girls—Sara's not much more than a girl, you see. You're so utterly unlike in every way."

"It isn't strange to me," said she simply, but without looking at him.

"Of course I can understand it," he went on. "I've always liked Sara. She's bully—much too good for my brother, Heaven rest his soul! He never—"

"Oh, don't say a thing like that, even in jest," she cried, shocked by his glib remark.

He flushed.

"You didn't know Challis," he said, almost surlily.

She held her breath.

After a moment, the points of his mustache went up again in the habitual smile. It was rather a priggish, supercilious smile, she thought, glancing at his face.

"I say I can understand it, but mother and Vivian will never be able to get it through those tough skulls of theirs. They really don't like Sara. Snobs, both of 'em—of the worst kind, too! Why mother has always looked upon Sara as a—er—a sort of brigandess, the kind that steals children and holds them for ransom. Of course, old man Gooch was as common as rags—utterly impossible, you know—but that shouldn't stand against Sara. By the way, her father called her Sallie. Her mother was a very charming woman, they say. We never knew her. For that matter, we never knew the old man until he became prominent as a father-in-law."

The girl was silent. He went on.

"Mother likes you. She doesn't say it in so many words, but I can see that she wonders how you can have anything in common with Sara. She prides herself on being able to distinguish blue blood at a glance. Silly notion she's got, but—"

"Please don't go on, Mr. Wrandall," cried Hetty in distress.

"I'm not saying she isn't friendly to Sara nowadays," he explained. "She's changed a good deal in the last few months. I think she's broadening out. Since that visit to Nice she's been different. As a matter of fact, she expects to see a good bit of Sara and you this summer."

"When does she come to the country?" asked Hetty, bent on breaking his train of confidence.

"In three or four weeks. But, as I was saying, the *mater* has taken a great fancy to you. She—"

"It's very nice of her."

"She helps herself, as I said before, but she always makes sure by asking questions."

"Questions?"

"Yes. Although she could see through you as if you were plate glass, she made it a point to ask Sara all the questions she could think of. Over in Nice, you know. Of course Sara told her everything, and now she's quite sure she can't be mistaken in people. Really, Miss Castleton, she's very amusing sometimes—mother is."

Hetty was looking straight ahead, her face set.

"What did Sara tell her about me?"

"Oh, all that was necessary to prove to mother that she was right. As if it really made any difference, you know!"

"Please explain."

"What is there to explain? She merely gave your pedigree, as we'd say at the dog-show, begging your pardon, ma'am. Pedigrees are a sort of hobby with the *mater*. She collects 'em wherever she goes."

"Then my references are satisfactory, so to speak?" said she, with a wry little smile.

"Perfectly," said he, with conviction; "if we are to put any dependence in the intelligence-office."

"Doesn't it stagger Mrs. Wrandall somewhat to reconcile my pedigree to the position I occupy in Sara's household—that of companion, so to say?" asked Hetty, a slight curl to her lip.

He looked rather blank.

"I don't believe she looks at you in just that light," said he uncomfortably.

"I fancy you'd better enlighten her."

"Let well enough alone," he replied.

"But I *am* a companion," insisted Hetty, a little spot of red in each cheek.

"In a sense, I suppose," said he affably. "Of course, Sara puts you down as a friend."

"I think you'd better understand my real position, Mr. Wrandall," said she firmly.

"I do," said he. "You are Sara's friend. That's enough for me. The fact that your father was or is a distinguished English army officer, and some sort of a cousin to a lord, and that you have the entrée to fashionable London drawing-rooms, is quite enough for mother. That qualifies you to be companion to anybody, she'd say. And there's the end to it."

She was looking at him in amazement. Her lips were slightly parted, her eyes wide. For a moment she was puzzled; then a swift smile illumined her face. She understood.

"Of course, in London, it really isn't anything to boast about, getting into drawing-rooms," she said, vastly amused.

"Well, it is over here," said he promptly.

"And it isn't always open sesame to be related to a peer."

"I suppose not."

"Nevertheless, I am glad that your mother and Miss Vivian take me for what I am. Do you, by any chance, go in for pedigrees, Mr. Wrandall?"

The shaft of irony sped over his head.

"Only in dogs and horses," he replied promptly. "It means a lot when it comes to buying a dog or a horse."

"How do you feel when you've been sold?"

"I take my medicine."

"As a good sportsman should!"

"I dare say you think I'm a deuce of a prig for saying the things—"

"On the contrary, I appreciate your candor."

"Don't hesitate to say it. I'm used to being called a prig. My brother Challis always considered me one. I think he meant 'snob'; but that was because our ideals weren't the same. By the way, you ought to like Vivian."

"That depends."

"On Vivian, I suppose?"

"Not precisely. I should say it depends on your sister's attitude toward Sara."

"Oh, she likes Sara well enough. Viv's not particularly narrow, Miss Castleton."

Hetty bestowed a smile upon him.

"That's comforting, Mr. Wrاندall," she said, and he was silent for a moment, reflecting.

"Do you know," said he, as if a light had suddenly burst in upon him, "you've got more poise than any girl I've ever seen?"

"It's my bringing up, sir," she said, mockingly.

"Ancestral habit," he explained, with a polite bow.

"Pedigreeable manners, perhaps."

"I wish the *mater* could have heard you say that!"

"Don't you adore the country at this time of the year?"

"When I get to Heaven, I mean to have a place in the country the year round," he said conclusively.

"And if you don't get to Heaven?"

"I suppose I'll take a furnished flat somewhere."

Sara was waiting for them at the bottom of the terrace as they drove up. He leaped out and kissed her hand.

"Much obliged," he murmured, with a twist of his head in the direction of Hetty, who was giving orders to the chauffeur.

"You're quite welcome," said Sara, with a smile of understanding. "She's lovely, isn't she?"

"Enchanting!" said he, almost too loudly.

Hetty walked up the long ascent ahead of them. She did not have to look back to know that they were watching her with unfaltering interest. She could feel their gaze.

"Absolutely adorable!" he added, enlarging his estimate, without really being aware that he voiced it.

Sara shot a look at his rapt face, and turned her own away to hide the queer little smile that flickered briefly and died away.

Hetty, pleading a sudden headache, declined to accompany them later on in the day, when they set forth in the car to pick up Brandon Booth at the inn. They were to bring him over, bag and baggage, to stay till Tuesday.

"He will be wild to paint her," declared Leslie, when they were out of sight around the bend in the road.

He had waved his hat to Hetty just before the trees shut off their view of her. She was standing at the top of the steps, beside one of the tall Italian vases.

Sara did not respond.

"By the way, Sara, is she the niece or the granddaughter of old Lord Murgatroyd? I'm a bit mixed."

"Her father is Colonel Castleton, of the Indian Army, and he is the eldest son of a second son, if you don't find that too difficult to solve. The second son afore-said, so to speak, was the brother of Lord Murgatroyd. That would make Colonel Castleton his lordship's nephew, but utterly without prospects of coming into the title, as there are several healthy British obstacles in the way. I suppose one would call Hetty a grandniece."

"Mother wasn't quite certain whether you said niece or granddaughter," explained Leslie. "Her mother's dead, I take it. Who was she?"

"Why are you so curious?"

"Isn't it quite natural?"

"Her mother was a Glynn. You have heard of the Glynn, of course?"

She trusted to his vanity, and was rewarded. The question was a reproach.

"Certainly," he replied without hesitation. The mere fact that she spoke of them as "*the Glynn*" was sufficient. It was proof enough that they were people one ought to know, by name at least, if one were to profess intelligence regarding the British aristocracy. As a matter of fact,

he had never heard of the Glynns, but that didn't matter. "The Irish Glynns, you mean?" he ventured, taking a chance at hitting the mark. He had a faint recollection of hearing her say that Hetty was part Irish.

"You have only to look into her eyes to know she's Irish," she said diplomatically.

"I've never seen such eyes!" he exclaimed.

"She's a darling," said Sara, and changed the subject, knowing full well that he would come back to it before long. "Is it true that Vivian and Mr. Booth are interested in each other?"

"Yes and no," Leslie replied, with a profound sigh. "That is to say, she's interested in him, and he isn't interested in her—in the way I take you to mean it. I suspect it's an easy matter for a girl to fall in love with Brandy. He's a corking fine chap."

"It would be very nice for Vivian, eh?"

"Oh, quite so—quite so. His forebears came over with Noah, according to mother. You know mother, Sara!"

"Indeed I do," said she, with conviction. He laughed without restraint.

"Mother can rattle off the best families in the Bible without missing a name, beginning with the Hon. Adam. Of course, she knows the Glynns and the Castletons and the Murgatroyds, although I dare say they haven't had much to do with the Bible. Come to think of it, she did go to the trouble of looking up the Castleton family in Debrett."

"She did?" exclaimed Sara, with a slight narrowing of the eyes.

"Yes. She established the connection, all right enough. She's keen for Miss Castleton."

"Oh!" said Sara, relieved. After a moment, "And you?"

"I'm mad about her," he said simply; and then, for some unaccountable reason, ceased to be loquacious and lapsed into a state of almost lugubrious quiet.

Sara glanced at his face, furtively at first, as if uncertain of his mood, then with a prolonged stare that was frankly curious and amused.

"Don't lost your head, Leslie," she said softly, almost purring.

He started.

"Oh, I say, Sara, I'm not likely to—"

"Stranger things have happened," she interrupted, with a shake of her head. "I

can't afford to have you making love to her and getting tired of the game—as you always do, dear boy—just as soon as you find she's in love with you. She is too dear to be hurt that way. You mustn't—"

"Good Heaven, Sara!" he cried. "What a bounder you must take me for! Why, if I thought she'd—but nonsense! Let's talk about something else—yourself, for instance."

She leaned back with a smile on her lips, but not in her eyes, and drew a long, deep breath. He was hard hit. That was what she wanted to know.

XV

THEY found Booth at the inn. He was sitting on the old-fashioned porch, surrounded by bags and boys. As he climbed into the car after the bags, the boys grinned, jingled the coins in their pockets, and ventured, almost in unison, the intelligence that they would all be there if he ever came back again. Big and little, they had transported his easel and canvases from place to place for three weeks or more, and his departure was a financial calamity.

"I could go to ten circuses this summer if that many of 'em was to come to town," said one small citizen, as Cræsus rode away in a cloud of village dust.

"Gee, I wish to goodness he'd come back!" was the soulful cry of another.

"I don't like them pictures he paints, though, do you?" observed another, more critical than avaricious.

"Naw!" was the scornful reply, also in unison.

From which it may be gathered that Mr. Brandon Booth was not cherished for art's sake alone, but for its relation to Mammon.

The object of their comments was making himself hostess for the next few days. Leslie, perhaps in the desire to be alone with his reflections, sat forward with the chauffeur, and paid little or no heed to that unhappy person's comments on the vile condition of all village thoroughfares, New York included.

"By the way, Sara," he said, suddenly breaking in on the conversation that went on behind him, and thereby betraying a secret wish that was taking shape in his mind, "what have you done with the little red runabout you had a year or two ago?"

She started.

"You mean—"

As she hesitated, he went on:

"It would come in very handy for two—some tours."

"I disposed of it some time ago, Leslie," said she. "I thought you'd remember."

"Oh—er—by Jove!" he stammered in confusion.

He remembered that she had *given* it away a day or two after that awful night in March, and he recalled her reason for doing so. He twisted the tiny end of his mustache with unnecessary vigor. It was a most unhappy *faux pas*.

"Softening of the brain!" he muttered, in dismal apology to himself.

"And you painted those wretched little boys instead of the beautiful things that nature provides for us out here, Mr. Booth?" Sara was saying to the artist beside her.

"Of course, I managed to get in a bit of nature, even at that," said he, with a smile. "Boys are pretty close to earth, you know. To be perfectly honest, I did it in order to get away from the eminently beautiful but unnatural things I'm required to paint at home."

"Your subjects wouldn't care for that," she warned him, in some amusement.

"Oh, as to that, the comments of the boys on the things I did up here weren't altogether flattering to me. They were more than frank about them. We live to learn."

"Where are the canvases?"

"I immortalized them, one and all, by destroying them with fire and sword—only the sword happened to be a pen-knife. They made a most excellent bonfire!"

"And so, you've nothing to show for your fortnight?"

"Oh, yes—a most desirable invitation to forget my failures at your expense."

"Poof!"

"I don't blame you. It *was* inane. Still, I can't help saying, Mrs. Wrandall, that it is a desirable invitation. You won't say 'poof' to that, because I won't listen to it."

"On the other hand, it's very good of you to come."

"It seems to me I'm always in debt to Leslie, with small prospect of ever squaring accounts," said he whimsically. "But for him I couldn't have come."

"I suppose we shall see you at the Wrandall place this summer?"

"I'm coming out to paint Leslie's sister in June, I believe. And that reminds me,

I came upon an uncommonly pretty girl not far from your place the other day—and yesterday, as well—some one I've met before, unless I'm vastly mistaken. I wonder if you know your neighbors well enough—by sight, at least—to venture a good guess as to who I mean?"

"Oh, there are dozens of pretty girls in the neighborhood. Can't you remember where you met—"

She stopped suddenly, a swift look of apprehension in her eyes; but Brandon failed to note the look or the broken sentence. He was searching in his coat-pocket for something. Selecting a letter from the middle of a small pocket, he held it out to her.

"I sketched this from memory. She posed all too briefly for me," he said.

On the back of the envelope was a remarkably good likeness of Hetty Castleton, done broadly, sketchily, with a crayon-point, evidently drawn with haste while the impression was fresh, but after she had passed out of range of his vision.

"I know her," said Sara quietly. "It's very clever, Mr. Booth."

"There is something hauntingly familiar about it," he went on, looking at the sketch with a frown of perplexity. "I've seen her somewhere, but for the life of me I can't place her. Perhaps it was in a crowded street, or the theater, or a railway-train—just a fleeting glimpse, you know. But in any event, I got a lasting impression. Queer things like that happen, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Wrandall leaned forward and spoke to Leslie. As he turned, she handed him the envelope, without comment.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Booth is a mind-reader," she explained. "He has been reading your thoughts, dear boy."

Booth understood, and grinned.

"You don't mean to say—" began the dumfounded Leslie, still staring at the sketch. "Upon my word, it's a wonderful likeness, old chap! I didn't know you'd ever met her."

"Met her?" cried Booth, an amiable conspirator. "I've never met her."

"See here, don't try anything like that on me. How could you do this if you've never seen—"

"He is a mind-reader," repeated Sara.

"Haven't you been thinking of her steadily for—well, we'll say ten minutes?" demanded Booth.

Leslie reddened.

"Nonsense!" he replied.

"That's a mental telepathy sketch," said the artist complacently.

"When did you do it?"

"This instant, you might say. See! Here is the crayon-point. I always carry one around with me for just such—"

"All right," said Leslie blandly, at the same time putting the envelope in his own pocket. "We'll let it go at that. If you're so clever at mind-pictures, you can go to work and make another for yourself. I mean to keep this one."

"I say—" began Booth, dismayed.

"One's thoughts are his own," said the happy possessor of the sketch.

He turned his back on them. Sara was contrite.

"He will never give it up," she lamented.

"Is he really hard hit?" asked Booth in surprise.

"I wonder!" mused Sara.

"Of course, he's welcome to the sketch, confound him!"

"Would you like to paint her?"

"Is this a commission?"

"Hardly. I know her, that's all. She is a very dear friend."

"My heart is set on painting some one else, Mrs. Wrandall."

"Oh!"

"When I know you better, I'll tell you who she is."

"Could you make a sketch of this other one from memory?" she asked lightly.

"I think so. I'll show you one this evening. I have my trusty crayon about me always, as I said before."

Later in the afternoon, Booth came face to face with Hetty. He was descending the stairs, and met her coming up. The sun streamed in through the tall windows at the turn in the stairs, shining full in her uplifted face as she approached him from below. He could not repress his start of amazement. She was carrying a box of roses in her arms—large red roses, whose stems protruded far beyond the end of the pasteboard box and reeked of a fragrant dampness.

She gave him a shy, startled smile as she passed. He had stopped to make room for her on the turn. Somewhat dazed, he continued on his way down the steps, to remember suddenly, with a twinge of dismay,

that he had not returned her polite smile, but had stared at her with most unblinking fervor.

In no little shame and embarrassment, he sent a swift glance over his shoulder. She was walking close to the banister-rail on the floor above. As he glanced up, their eyes met, for she, too, had turned to peer.

Leslie Wrandall was standing near the foot of the stairs. There was an eager, exalted look in his face that slowly gave way to well-assumed unconcern as his friend came upon him and grasped his arm.

"I say, Leslie, is—she staying here?" cried Booth, lowering his voice to an excited half whisper.

"Who?" demanded Wrandall vacantly.

"Why, that's the girl I saw on the road—wake up! The one on the envelope, you ass! Is she the one you were telling me about in the club—the Miss What's-Her-Name who—"

"Oh, you mean Miss Castleton. She's just gone up-stairs. You must have met her on the steps."

"You know I did. So *that* is Miss Castleton!"

"Simply ripping, isn't she? Didn't I tell you so?"

"She's beautiful. She is a type, just as you said, old man—a really wonderful type. I saw her yesterday, and the day before."

"I've been wondering how you managed to get a likeness of her on the back of an envelope," said Leslie sarcastically. "Must have had a good long look at her, my boy! It wasn't a snap-shot, you know."

Booth flushed.

"It was an impression, that's all," he told Leslie. "I drew it from memory, 'pon my soul."

"She'll be immensely gratified, I'm sure."

"For Heaven's sake, Les, don't be such a fool as to show her the thing!" cried Booth in consternation. "She'd never understand."

"Oh, you needn't worry. She has a fine sense of humor."

Booth did not know whether to laugh or scowl. He compromised with himself by slipping his arm through that of his friend and saying heartily:

"I wish you the best of luck, old boy!"

"Thanks," said Leslie dryly.

(To be continued)

STORIETTES

Nor Good Red Herring

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

TO the revenue officer are the instinct of the chase and the official rewards of service; to the blockader, the road of least resistance toward a livelihood; but to the posseman, who is "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring," there is nothing but a meager three dollars. Yet, if one's sweetheart desires a pink parasol, and all one's savings are going to the purchase of a cottage, even that sum may lure potently.

Young Bumpass felt flattered when the stranger who had hired his horse and buggy told him frankly that he was a revenue officer, and asked him to join, as posseman, a raid which was planned for that night. Shreave had experienced the danger of local aid, when it had happened that the chance posseman managed to give warning secretly. Since then, he had made it a rule never to confide his destination to any one, and to reach it by a circuitous route.

Pursuing this plan, he had cautioned the deputy marshal to drive in a semicircular route through the woods, and to tie the horse at the fork of the roads. Not until Shreave chose neither road, but turned off into a side trail, did a knowledge of his goal suddenly dawn upon Bumpass.

"You're not goin' *there*?" he gasped. "I can't go! I'm courtin' one of the gals!"

Shreave's observation of men had taught him to recognize the primitive type before him. No subtleties of argument would avail; the only way to reach him was by an appeal to his inherent manhood.

"They are pretty ugly customers at Dix's house when they've whisky in them, I'm told. If you go back on us, it leaves us two to their three—the father and the two grown sons. I chose you because I thought you'd act white and straight, and weren't a man to drop us when you neared the guns."

Shreave could have predicted the next movement the bewildered boy would make. He scratched his head! Brought face to

face with a difficult moral decision, he thrust his big, helpless hand into his thatch of black hair, and stood irresolute.

"Good-by!" said Shreave sharply.

The word stung Bumpass into action.

"I'm goin' along. It ain't been said of me that I'm a quitter or that I go back on my word. I *am* straight. But Sally Dix won't ever think it again!"

"Perhaps you won't see her, or her father, either," said Shreave soothingly. "I'm not trying to stir up that hornets' nest. If I get the proofs, I can issue warrants later. There may not be anybody at the still at this hour. It's past midnight, you know, and I'm not overanxious to wake them."

As they followed the half-hidden trail, the officers spoke every now and then to Bumpass, trying to cheer him up, but he kept doggedly silent.

Shreave must have had very accurate information, to have located the still so unerringly. It was in an excavation in a hillside, covered with boards, over which dirt had been laid and moss planted. As "love, smoke, and a yawn cannot be hidden," the moonshiners had not attempted to hide the smoke, but to give it a natural outlet which would turn aside suspicion. It was led upward through an underground passage until it emerged in a hollow stump, which served as a sort of natural chimney. On this was placed an iron wash-pot, partly filled with water, in which a couple of ragged shirts were soaking. To the casual passer-by it looked like the customary country wash-boiler. Whenever the still was in operation, a small fire was kindled at the base of the stump, to add to the illusion.

They found the still in active operation, with corn whisky flowing from the worm.

"That means that old man Dix will be along in about a couple of minutes," prophesied Bumpass gloomily, as he helped to pour out the still beer.

The work was scarcely begun when they heard the sound of approaching footsteps and lowered voices. Shreave held his pistol in readiness. The entrance to the place was so narrow that it could admit only one at a time. Dix stumbled in carelessly, to face, by the red light of the furnace, the muzzle of a pistol in the hands of a hated "revenoo."

"Run!" he yelled to the men behind him.

There was the sound of scurrying footsteps beating off in the night; but those must have been his customers, for his son did not desert him. In an instant young Dix was at the narrow opening, the Winchester in his hand pointed directly at Shreave.

Then he caught sight of Bumpass, and the rage that overswept him saved Shreave's life. It is not easy to change in a moment from a cool, accurate aim at an unknown enemy to an equally certain aim at a traitorous friend. The very fury which shook him swerved his hand, and the ball grazed Bumpass's left arm, inflicting a trivial flesh-wound, from which the blood flowed freely.

"Hold up your hands, Bud Dix!" shouted Bumpass in turn. "Quick, or I swear I'll shoot! And I didn't want to shoot," he added, after Bud's hands went up.

While the other men covered Dix and his son with their pistols, the marshal quickly handcuffed them. For the first time, the significance of Bumpass's presence dawned upon the old moonshiner.

"You low-down cuss! You white-livered sneak!" he began in a dangerous, low voice. "You yaller houn' pup! You crawl-in' rattlesnake!"

As the revenue officer went on with his work, destroying fermenters and nicking the still full of holes as methodically as a clerk in a dry-goods store measures out calico, Dix's rage passed all bounds. For ten minutes he cursed Bumpass with all the vigor and versatility he could command. One had to know the old man to realize how "various and sundry" a process he could make it.

Finding no kegs or jugs at the still, Shreave decided that he must search the dwelling. The handcuffed men walked in front, and leaden-hearted, leaden-footed Bumpass followed them through the very back porch where he and Sally had pulled candy a few nights before.

"Come down-stairs, Sally," bellowed her

father. "Come and take a squint at this fine beau of your'n! Comes 'round hyar pretendin' he's sparkin' while he's after spyin' on me and tryin' to jail me and the boys. Hurry up!"

Late hours evidently prevailed in that household, for when Sally hastened down-stairs she had made no further progress toward undressing than to braid her thick locks into two plaits. Behind her came her two sisters and her cowering little mother. Mrs. Dix's hair was thin and white, her mild blue eyes pink-rimmed, her mouth quivering, and her voice quivering. She had the appearance of a terrified white rabbit.

Belle, the eldest sister, let fall upon poor Bumpass a torrent of abuse rivaling her father's outburst, save that it lacked his liberal peppering of oaths. To Sally's dumb, stricken horror, the younger girl's childish interest in the scene presented an odd contrast. She seemed to regard it as a novel opportunity for coquetry, as she cast side glances at the deputy marshal. By far the prettiest of the three, the fact was accentuated by the becomingness of the beflowered kimono she had slipped on over her nightgown.

"So you told on dad!" vociferated Belle. "And, Sally, he fooled you good, for you told Bud and Charlie he was the only one of the boys who hung around here that didn't know about the still. You said he just came for you, and not for drinks. So you see he's fooled you!"

"Yes, I see," said Sally distinctly and heavily. "Yes, I see!"

"No, you don't," cried poor Bumpass, his wretchedness becoming unbearable at the girl's glazed look. "Sally, when I allowed to come on this raid, thinkin' to make a bit extry to buy you a parasol, I swear I ain't had no more idea we'd end up at your pa's than at my own grandmother's grave in Old Zion burying-groun'. I swear it, Sally honey!"

"Then who told?" shrieked Belle.

Sally only shook her head, and echoed:

"Who?"

If a white rabbit, with the hounds in full cry on her trail, and secure in her refuge in a hollow log, had deliberately emerged into the open to face the pack, it would have taken no less courage, and would have seemed no more contrary to nature, than what followed. Mrs. Dix rose from the step where she had crouched. As

if to gain strength, the tiny, timid woman put out a hand blindly and touched her youngest girl.

"I tole!" she said.

Her husband stared at her, not comprehending the woman to whom he had been married for more than half a lifetime.

"You! Ma, you're gone crazy!"

He used the kindly, half-contemptuous tone he had always used to her.

"Yes, I did. I write the letter, and tole 'em about the still and jus' how to find it. They never could have done it if I hadn't." A certain contradictory pride in her husband's device asserted itself in the words. "I've stood that still as long as I'm goin' to. It's ruinin' Bud and Charlie, and teachin' 'em to drink—and it sha'n't ruin no mo' of the chilluns. And there's always a crowd of loafers here. It ain't hurt Belle, 'cause she's got her pa's temper, and they're scared of her; and it ain't hurt Sally, 'cause she always was sech a good chile; but it will hurt Posie. I caught that Jim Green kissin' her the other day—he's half drunk mos' of the time—and Posie didn't mind it like she had orter, for she's so used to seein' careless, triflin' men-folks always hangin' roun'. And that day I writ the revenoos, for I warn't goin' to let Posie be hurt!"

In all her life, this quiet little white rabbit had never made so long a speech. The wonder of her courage struck them all—loud-mouthed Belle, pretty, silly Posie, and pale-faced, shaken Sally.

"Well—I—will—be—derned!"

At the solemn amazement in old man

Dix's voice, Belle burst into hysterical laughter.

"Mrs. Dix," said Shreave, "I appreciate your assistance to the government. When the case comes up for trial, I shall personally ask the judge to remember your services and to give the prisoners the minimum sentence. He will probably allow them to pay a small fine and costs, with remittance of imprisonment. I respect you, madam. Miss Sally, you must permit me to say that Mr. Bumpass made his agreement to go with us without any knowledge of your father's connection in the matter, just as I had no knowledge of his interest in you. He has kept his promise under great difficulties, and he is a man you can trust."

Sally plucked silently at her skirt.

"I won't do so any more, mammy, if it makes you take on so," sobbed Posie. "I don't care so much about it as all that."

Then Bumpass took his fate into his own hands.

"Don't cry, Posie. Mrs. Dix, don't you worry. Sally and I are goin' to be married next month, and we'll take Posie to live with us for a spell. We'll look after her all right—won't we, Sally honey?"

The girl lifted her brimming eyes. Then her strong, young arm slipped around her mother's trembling shoulders.

"Mammy, will you please tell me where the balsam bottle is? I want to fix his arm where it got hurt. And don't you worry about Posie, mammy. He'll look after her. He's passed his word to you, and he'll keep it!"

Jenkins

BY M. WOODRUFF NEWELL

HE was short and fat, and he sold stone-crushers. There is nothing romantic about stone-crushers; and one cannot expect to find much sentiment beneath a bright green plaid vest. So Jenkins laughed when the letter came, because he had never learned how to cry.

He was rooming on the fourth floor of a shabby boarding-house. He had been trying to live cheaply these last two years, because Cynthia wanted a little place in the country after they were married.

This sorry scrawl of a foolish little yel-

low-haired girl's half-frightened announcement of her wedding struck him dumb. How had he lost her? He could not understand. Perhaps he had been too fat, too ugly, too prosaic. Girls liked romance, and he did not know how to be romantic. He only knew how to sell stone-crushers, and how to scrimp himself that she might some day have all the comforts for which she longed.

After a while he tied up the pretty new table in the corner with newspapers, and hid it behind the bed. He did likewise with

a couple of pictures and a few other trifles that he had been gathering together for the happy time ahead. Then he got out his itinerary and prepared his week's trip.

It was a busy week. He made it so purposely. He ate and slept, and sold stone-crushers.

Two dull gray months later he got off his train one night, and ran into a shrewd little red-haired cashier who had been close friends with Cynthia. He tried, awkwardly, to avoid her, but she refused to be avoided. She smiled, and buttonholed him.

"How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?" she asked comfortingly.

"Oh, fine!" he said, without enthusiasm.

"I'm glad. She was a wretch—"

Jenkins squared his big shoulders.

"Cynthia knew her own mind before it was too late. I'm not blaming her."

"Oh, excuse me! Well, anyway, she's got her punishment, I suppose you know."

Jenkins stared at the red-haired girl stupidly.

"No—what?" he managed to say.

"Oh, you didn't know?" she replied.

"Sam left her a month after they were married—skinned off with some girl who was in the stock company at Keeton's last summer."

Jenkins said something under his breath. He felt a little sick and dizzy. In his bitterest moments he had never wished Cynthia unhappiness or regret. He had blamed himself only, because he was fat, and homely, and dull. He had failed her somewhere, that was why she had left him.

"What is she doing now?" he asked at last.

"At Lacey & Co.'s embroidery counter. It has just made her sick. Serves her right, I say!"

"They don't pay very much at Lacey's?"

"About five and a half per. Makes pretty hard sledding."

"Yes."

They stood in silence for a moment; and there was a little contempt in the red-haired girl's voice when she spoke again. Jenkins hadn't the spirit of a two-day-old kitten. Why hadn't he smashed Sam Fletcher, then told Cynthia a thing or two, and afterward showed his independence by marrying some other nice girl? There were plenty of them. The red-haired girl looked down at her own tidy waist-line. What was the matter with Jenkins, that he could not see an inch from his nose?

"Well, good day. I'll tell Cynthia you sent your sympathy."

Jenkins's face flushed dully.

"I guess not. She'll feel badly enough without making things harder for her. Is—is she boarding at the same place?"

"Sure. Going to call?"

"No. I guess not."

He lifted his hat and she went on her way.

Perhaps it was accident, perhaps it was just heart-sickness, that led him past Lacey & Co.'s store many times in the next few weeks. He never went inside; but one rainy night Cynthia brushed by him as the six o'clock crowd came pouring out, and he followed her into a car. As she saw him, her pretty face grew white, then crimson.

He spoke gravely, and she answered, the fright going slowly from her eyes.

"Are you happy?" he asked gently.

"Oh, yes," she answered bravely. "Sam—my husband—is away, just now, so I am working again. It was lonesome staying alone all day." She tried to laugh a little.

"He is sending me five dollars every week." Jenkins looked at her shining yellow hair. Her cheap straw hat was bright with tiny blue flowers. How had he lost her?

"Where is Mr.—Mr. Fletcher now?" he asked, with a sick curiosity.

She looked away from him nervously.

"He—he is traveling. He isn't much of a writer—just dictates letters from wherever he happens to be. They are even type-written," she laughed, rosy red. "Regular business letters. They come from all over the State."

"Oh, I see!"

As she went past him, their eyes met for half a second, and for an instant her silly little hand rested on his coat-sleeve.

"Jimmy, I'm sorry. Forgive me!"

But before he could answer, she was gone.

After that, somehow, the weeks went a little better. Often, from a distant vantage-point, he watched her coming and going, but he did not speak to her. He got all his information from the red-haired cashier, whom he met occasionally at night as he got off his train.

"Sure, he's sending her money every week now. I was so surprised I could have dropped. He don't say a word about the girl he took, nor when he's coming back—just sends the money and hopes she's comfortable. Ain't he the dope?"

"Does she—is she missing him much, do you think?"

The red-haired girl was honest, but it hurt.

"Wrapped up in him again. Of course, she was pretty sore at first, but now he's sending her the money regularly she thinks that he's all right, and that he'll come back by and by."

Jenkins grew a little white. The red-haired girl watched him go up the street. He was fat and slow-moving, but—

The summer went slowly, and hotly, as summers do. Jenkins grew thin—a little. The red-haired girl noticed it, and the thought of it choked her sometimes as she ate her lonely dinners; but she did not speak of it. Cynthia, in her occasional distant glimpses of him, did not even notice it. Her weekly money was still coming faithfully, and her foolish heart lived on hope.

It was a windy evening in September when the crisis came. Jenkins, unusually tired, had eaten his dinner, and was sitting in the easiest chair in his room, the unread evening paper in his lap. If he had been of the sentimental temperament, he might have wept a little; but never having learned how, he smoked silently.

It was nearly midnight—and he had not moved—when some one knocked suddenly on the door. A little startled, he opened it; and the red-haired girl smiled up at him.

"I'm just here for chaperon," she announced briskly. "I'm going to sit out here on the top stair while you have a good talk with what I brought with me."

Then she pushed Cynthia within, and shut herself bravely outside.

Cynthia's yellow hair was blown about her face by the wind. Her blue eyes were swollen with crying, but in her young face was something very new and very bewildering to Jenkins.

"Won't you—sit down?" he asked gently, a little terrified by a certain secret knowledge of his own.

"No," she said. "I'm not good enough. I'm ashamed even to face you, after the way I treated you. Jim, have you been sending me money?"

"Money? No. What made you think that?"

"Then who has?"

"Why—I—I thought—you said—your—Mr. Fletcher was sending you money."

"I did say so, but he never sent me a cent."

"How—how do you know?"

"Because he died out in Los Angeles in June—and the money has kept on coming as steady as clockwork just the same."

"He is dead?"

"Yes. I just got word to-day."

Jenkins sat down weakly.

"He is dead! Well, then—well, then—"

He floundered helplessly, and stopped, confused, caught in his big-hearted deception. Cynthia suddenly knelt before him, and put her head on his big, clumsy knees.

"Jim, how could you ever be so good to me? How could you, Jim?"

He looked down at her, and his face worked.

"Why, Cynthia," he said, "it wasn't anything. I had to see to you. I had to, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," she whispered.

After a minute she got up and wiped her swollen face.

"I might never have known that he was dead if this friend of his had not written to me, and sent me the newspaper clippings. He says, too, that the girl was with him. Oh, Jim, what a fool I've been!" She struggled with her tears. "Why was I ever so blind, Jim? I'm going to pay you back every cent, just as fast as I can."

"Cynthia, not one cent—ever! I had to look after you—"

"Why?"

"Because I loved you, don't you see?"

"Not after all I did to you?"

"Sure, that didn't make any difference. You belonged to me really, though somehow things got mixed up—"

He gently touched her hair; and then, because she was crying and could not see, he buttoned her jacket. She bent her head and kissed his big, clumsy hand.

"Cynthia," he said, white and trembling, "will you ever care, really and truly, do you think?"

The strange, new look in her face, which he had not understood, was plain now to see and read.

"Jim, I care enough, now. When I am good enough—"

The red-haired girl rapped sharply on the door.

"Aren't you 'most through explaining in there?" she asked, and her voice sounded old and tired. "It's after twelve o'clock, and I go to work at seven."

Jim opened the door, and smiled out at her in the dim hallway.

"What do you think?" he asked.

The red-haired girl looked at Cynthia, then she shook hands with him.

"She isn't good enough for you, but I'll

train her, if you will give us a month or two."

And she smiled, but there was a grayness in her face.

The Dominant Sex

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

THE girl shook her pretty head with marked vigor.

"Then it's 'no' again, is it?" observed the young man. "All right! I don't care!"

"Well, of all the silly ways to take it!" she jeered, raising contemptuous eyebrows.

"How would you take it yourself?" he retorted indignantly. "How would you take it yourself if a most illogical person, for the seventh time, had refused to marry you? You'd jump off this pier among the jellyfish, I suppose, or do some other inspired thing."

"Anyhow, I wouldn't say that I didn't care!"

"My reason for saying that is childishly simple," he explained. "You see, I'm so positive that I'll be firing the same question at you to-morrow, or next week, or next year—whenever I get the chance—that past refusals don't bother me. I'm looking forward, not backward. That's the sort of progressive your Uncle Dudley is!"

She peeled a large sliver from the string-piece of the Cape Cod wharf on which they were sitting, and dropped it toward the sunlit water. It fell, however, on the toe of her dainty suede shoe. He watched with deep interest her vain efforts to dislodge it, and finally poked it off with his cane.

"You, progressive!" mocked the girl.

"Why not, by George?" said he. "Didn't I subscribe to that Swedish woman's what's-its-name league last winter, when you asked me? Didn't I go with you to her mop-haired lecture at Cooper Union? Fine business, if I don't get credit for that!"

"But you never really *do* anything!" she emphasized. "Oh, you needn't tell me about your tiresome law-office! You may know a lot of law, but you don't know the real things, or do them."

"I don't know how to propose, for instance."

"Decidedly not," she asserted.

"I thought I did, this time," he said in a humble voice. "I rehearsed this proposal all last night in the sleeping-car. A drummer in the next bunk was quite peevish about it. But I'm wise to what the trouble is. You're drawing magazine illustrations for another novel by that Chicago chap!"

"No, I'm painting a picture. It's called 'Sunset from the Mill.' *Voilà!*"

With her crimson parasol she pointed at the gray tower of an ancient and solitary windmill across the broad harbor.

"For another novel by the Chicago chap," he reiterated firmly. "You're daffy about the masterful type of man, with the salient jaw that sticks out over the building-line, and hands that need a shave—the primeval crook who gets a wife any old way, so that he gets her. Lugs her to church in spite of herself, like a cop!"

The young lady smiled, with the faintest suspicion of an alluring blush.

"But a man's got to be stronger than a girl," she said; "stronger and more clever, if she—if they—if he is going to be happy. A man's got to be able to dominate and outwit her, by fair means—"

"Or foul?" he interrupted.

"Perhaps she wouldn't mind!"

"And if she outwits him?"

"Then she proves she belongs to the dominant sex. What nonsense we're talking!"

A motor-launch rounded the wharf, and she waved her parasol. The signal was answered by a flanneled youth at the wheel, and the boat floated toward the landing-steps. The girl on the wharf jumped up.

"Jack Rogers will ferry me over to the cottage," said she. "No, I can't ask you to luncheon, for I have to work all the afternoon. Besides, Mrs. Rogers has invited you to dine with us to-night, hasn't she? Good-by! I hope you will like the hotel."

He did not take refuge immediately in the hotel. He stood still and glared mournfully at the gay awning of the departing

launch. Then his despondent eyes shifted themselves to the green water beneath him.

"I'm a jellyfish!" he sighed.

His despondency was not enlivened by the midday dinner at the seaside inn. A haughty waitress, painfully compressed to the requirements of a cut-paper-pattern waist, offered him sugar for his salad. She wore an aerial pompadour; he found a portion of it in his coffee, and thought of other curls, and lamented inaudibly.

In a comfortless rocking-chair on the hotel piazza, he smoked a distasteful pipe with grim and reflective industry, and when he observed certain symptoms of change in the western sky he descended the steps and accosted a hack-driver.

"I wish to walk to the old windmill; how should I go?"

"Walk," replied the driver promptly.

The young man walked around the head of the harbor. It was three miles to the mill, and no habitation relieved the desert of sand on either side of the shell road. But the solitude did not seem to depress him. He slapped his cane against his leg as he turned into the fenced enclosure.

The old mill was a high tower, without a window, excepting one at the top. Behind this aperture he saw a dash of color. Was it a ray of the setting sun, or a crimson parasol?

A placard on the door informed him that the mill was owned by the local historical society, and that the custodian was Jason Nickerson, corner of Sperm and Mackerel Streets, where the key was kept. But the keyless door at present was ajar. It was a stout, modern door, equipped with a modern spring-lock.

The young man examined the lock attentively. On the inner side there was no latch or lever to open it. He crossed the threshold and shut the door noiselessly and securely behind him. The lock held; he was imprisoned. Then he tiptoed up the winding and shadowy stairs.

"Hello!" he said, poking his head genially through the scuttle in the top floor.

"Hello!" said the girl. "For goodness' sake! I wish, now, that I hadn't found the door open, an hour ago, and climbed up here to read."

"But this is your paint-shop, isn't it?"

"Not up here, stupid! Down on the ground, under that pine-tree. You'd have seen my easel there if you had looked for it. Come on out and inspect the picture."

She laid aside her book and the young man grinned.

"Come on!" she urged impatiently. "The picture, you know, will give us something worth while to talk about."

"Oh, don't worry!" said he. "We'll have plenty to talk about right here. Will you marry me?"

"Please don't begin that so soon after this morning. You usually let me have more of an intermission."

"But what do you say?"

"I say no!"

"Then," he announced, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for quite a bit."

"My shoes?" said she blankly. "If you ever touch my shoes, I'll—"

"Listen to me," he intruded. "Are you aware that Mrs. Rogers, your gabby hostess, runs the biggest gossip-delivery company on the Riverside Drive?"

"Of course I am. Well?"

"Well, we happen to be locked up together in this windmill," he rejoined.

She stared at him with panic-stricken eyes.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean," he said, "that I can't budge the lock of the door, that there's no key in it, and that we can't get out until somebody finds us—Mrs. Rogers, or somebody."

"I don't believe you!" cried the girl, and she fluttered down the stairs like a hobbled canary.

The young man picked up the crimson parasol, leaned on the window-sill, and looked down. The sheer drop to the ground was one of forty feet or more. The roof of the nearest house was about a mile away. He tried to smile, and failed.

"But at least I'm no longer a jellyfish," he muttered.

Bending over the scuttle, he heard a faint sound, as of little hands beating desperately on woodwork.

"Oh, the dickens!" said he. "Hanged if I guessed it would be as bad as all this!"

The sound of beating hands ceased; it was replaced by that of tiny sobs. He bit his lip wrathfully and screwed the ferrule of the parasol into the floor.

"Are—are you going to leave me down—down here alone?" wailed the girl's broken voice from below.

"What do you think I am?" called the young man.

She was crouched on the last step of the stairs, a forlorn figure in the gray dusk.

"Try the lock again," she said tearfully.

"No use, I'm afraid," he replied, assaulting the immovable door with much activity. "No use; it's locked fast. I don't know what we can do, unless—"

"I know," she interrupted. "I remember a French novel I read at boarding-school. It was 'The Romance of a Poor'—something or other, and the hero jumped from a ruined tower to save the heroine's feelings."

"I'd be crushed like a bug," he objected. "What good would that be?"

"It was a lovely story, in a yellow cover," mused the girl.

The young man punched his shoulder against the heavy panel.

"Deuce take the thing!"

"Well, you needn't swear so," she advised. "There's no reason for profanity, just because I've got to marry you."

"Marry me?"

"Certainly! We shall have to tell Mrs. Rogers, when she finds us here, that we're engaged. That's the only way to stop her terrible tongue, isn't it?"

For answer the young man renewed his attack upon the door.

"The breeze closed it too tight," said the girl. "Besides, it's not complimentary to turn your back when a lady accepts you."

"The breeze had nothing to do with it," he blurted between his teeth. "I closed it myself, like a blooming idiot! I made this asinine and blackguardly play to outwit you—to dominate and win you, if not fairly, then in the other style. Marry me? I won't have you marrying a blackguard whom you can't forgive!"

"How do you know I can't?" she murmured, and wavered toward him in the darkness.

There was an ecstatic interval of a minute or two, during which no understandable word was spoken.

"I did succeed in dominating you, anyhow!" he exulted tenderly.

"I suppose," she whispered, "that it is a sample of the way you'll do it after we are married. Come, now, we must really start for home."

"Start for home? How?"

"Why, out of that door, you precious silly!" said the girl. "I've got the key in my pocket."

The Bond of Sympathy

BY IDA SPEED

THE girl rode with her chin on her shoulder, for she had lost her way, and behind her was a rapidly sinking ball of red fire. Already the sky to north and south, shot with green and lilac, blended to a pale combination of pink and azure in the east, proclaiming an early October sunset. If only she could gain hard ground before darkness fell, she was confident that the rangy, dun pony, astride of which she was loping across the sand-hills, would know the way home.

"Oh, Snip! Dear little Snippy!" she begged. "Climb this one fast, and I do believe we shall see something familiar on the other side!"

Her voice ended almost in a sob. Snip doubled his speed at the sound. In a few weeks' time he had learned to like this little mistress, who had sent to town for the alfalfa hay he coveted, and sometimes gave it to him with her own hands after one of their long jaunts.

Just as the sun disappeared below the horizon, she turned and saw ahead of her—blessed sight!—a flat country, and, in the distance, the white buildings of the Somerhill ranch.

The pony, elated at the prospect of rest and supper, broke into a smooth run. Perhaps he had known where he was all the time. The rapid motion was so exhilarating that the girl held a loose rein for fear of checking him. She did not see where the earth in front of her was a moist brown, and loosely packed. The first intimation she had of the gopher-hole was when she felt the sudden dip of Snip's left forefoot, and was flung over his head.

Lying there on the ground in a crumpled heap, she saw the pony scramble up and gallop on. She called, but he did not even turn his head. Snip, the faithful—Snip, the steady old-timer who had been represented as knowing better! Home and alfalfa seemed to be calling.

The short twilight of the plains suddenly ended. She had three or four miles to go—miles of night, and she had always feared the dark. Often she had closed her eyes and courted sleep in order to shut out the howls and snapping barks of the coyotes. Rattlesnakes might beset her path, too!

It was possible to discern a cow-trail between the mesquit-bushes, and into this she stepped, knowing that it would lead to the wells near the ranch. But her recent panic over being lost had so unnerved her that when she heard the crackling of brush and the sound of a step she gave an involuntary little shriek of fright.

"All right!" called a gruff voice, and in the dim starlight she could make out the figure of a man on a horse. As he drew near her, he dismounted. "Who is it?" he demanded.

"Nell Newsome," she answered, as he stopped in the trail before her; "the new teacher at Somerhill's."

"I saw your horse," said the voice that belonged to a shadowy form of six feet and more.

"Why didn't you catch him?" she asked.

"He was too far away. Thought I'd better hunt the rider," he replied.

As he took her by the arm to help her to mount his horse, she gasped with sudden pain.

"My wrist!" she cried. "Oh, my wrist!"

Quickly he produced a match from the pocket of his leather leggings. When the light flashed, he was holding her hand in his big rough one.

"Sprained!" he said laconically.

The match flickered and went out. He untied the bandanna from about his neck, and knotted the ends together. Slipping this over her head, he raised the injured arm and gently placed it in the extemporized sling.

He struck another match to see that all was adjusted properly. This time the girl looked at her deliverer, and not at the wrist. She noticed the long, dark lashes sweeping the sunburnt cheeks, the square chin, the tousled dark curls on a high forehead, the big sombrero pushed back jauntily.

Then, as she came back to the lashes again, he glanced up. For an instant the dark eyes held the blue ones—an instant fraught with dire embarrassment for both. Each felt much as the person does who, glancing over his shoulder in curiosity at a

retreating figure he has just passed, beholds the other looking back at him.

When she was in the saddle, he placed the lines in her right hand.

"Why don't you ride, too?" she asked.

"My horse won't carry double," the man said shortly.

She would have protested, but the pain in her wrist made her bite her lips, and she grasped the saddle-horn to steady herself.

They proceeded for a time in silence; but a woman must talk.

"You see, I don't know this country or the people," she confided. "It's a good thing you came along, for I don't know where I am even now."

He pointed to where a star twinkled brightly on the horizon.

"That is the light at Somerhill's," he said.

She shivered slightly. Noticing it, he reached for the bridle and stopped the horse. She glanced around curiously. He was untying his coat from behind the saddle. Soon he had it about her shoulders. As he fastened the top button, he remembered her hurt arm.

"Does it hurt you fastened like that?" he asked solicitously.

"No, but you need it," she objected.

"I often ride all night without putting it on," he said.

He was walking slightly in the rear.

"You're so nice to me!" she said after a time. "Walking all this way, making my wrist as comfortable as you can, and giving me your coat!"

There was no response.

"I'm not used to very much thoughtfulness," she continued. "You see, I'm an orphan, and at my uncle's, where I'm supposed to live, it is awfully crowded. There really wasn't room for me, so last year I went out to teach. My first school was in a wild country. I had to ride three miles each way, and at last it became unsafe. An outlaw known as Kid McLean killed two men within two weeks just before I left. It was dangerous for a woman to go about alone. I suppose it's safe here?"

"It's safe enough—for women," he replied.

"Just the same, I don't like to be alone on the prairie at night," she sighed. "I'm a dreadful coward. It's a good thing you came along."

"Yes, it's a good thing I came along to-night," he said. "It kind of helps to

make up for the other time when I was too late."

"Was some one lost that other time?" she asked, following the only cue for conversation that he had thrown out.

"Not exactly," he replied. "My only sister and I lived together alone. I came in from a long ride, one night, just in time to save her from some cowardly ruffians. But she had been almost frightened to death, and she died two weeks later."

"Oh!" she said feelingly. "Oh, I'm sorry! Was it near here?" she asked, shuddering in spite of herself.

"Further north," he answered, and then she felt that his reticence had returned.

"Something like that might have happened to me, if I had stayed in that Kid McLean country," she said. "And I should not have had a brother to defend me."

He reached up and laid his hand over the little one on the horn of the saddle, in silent sympathy. She made no effort to withdraw hers.

"Look!" he said after another silence.

A great mellow light was in the east. Presently into the midst of it rose a resplendent moon, almost as red as the sinking sun which the girl had watched disappear with such trepidation.

She emitted a suppressed cry of delight, and the man beside her looked up at her. The wide blue eyes were radiant, the night wind stirred the stray strands of brown hair about her winsome face, her lips were parted in a smile of appreciation.

"I'll never forget how you look at this moment!" he said, and the gruffness of his voice seemed to melt into tenderness.

Something in the depths of her heart thrilled at the sound.

"It's a mighty good thing you happened along," was all she found to say.

The silence this time was eloquent. After a while he took the bridle again, and turned the horse's head abruptly to the north. There, only a few steps ahead of them, loomed up the posts of a wire gate. Standing before it was Snip, the runaway, nickering softly.

"Why," she exclaimed, "here we are at the south gate! It's only about half a mile to the house."

He caught Snip's bridle, and, with it thrown across his arm, lifted the girl out of the saddle. For the fraction of a second he held her close to him; then he allowed her feet to touch the earth.

When she was on Snip again, and he had opened the gate, she waited for him to mount and follow.

"The light is so plain you can't lose your way now," he said.

"Oh, but you must come to the ranch and stay all night," she said. "It's miles to the nearest place."

"I can't," he said with finality. "I must be on my way."

"But I may never see you again. I want to thank you for your kindness, and—and I don't want to lose you altogether!" she ended, with a nervous laugh.

"You won't, if it's in my power to see you again," he said earnestly.

"But I don't even know your name," she protested.

Snip, in his impatience to be off, was edging away. She had the desperate feeling of one who sees a beloved object about to be lost in a seething crowd.

He dropped the gate he had been holding, and came toward her. She noticed, for the first time, that he was limping cruelly.

"You're hurt!" she said. "You're hurt, and I've made you walk!"

"An old wound," he answered carelessly. "Perhaps I'd better take my coat. You don't have far to go."

He reached up to unfasten it. The girl's throat contracted.

"I'm so thoughtless," she said. "Forgive me for the trouble I've been. And please," she urged, "tell me your name!"

"Fred McLean," he answered simply. "More widely known as Kid McLean."

He waited for her verdict, cringing just a trifle.

"And they were the two men who—that's why you killed them?" she asked, with a little tremor.

He nodded grimly.

"And they shot you?"

Again he gave a curt nod, but he was looking steadfastly, hungrily, into her eyes.

She dropped the bridle, holding out her free arm. He came a step nearer. When he was close beside her again, she brushed aside the tousled hair, and on his forehead, for an instant, he felt the light, sweet pressure of her lips.

"It's a mighty good thing you happened along!" she murmured.

Then, turning Snip's head toward the twinkling light in the ranch-house, she galloped off into the stillness of the creamy autumn moonlight.

THE STAGE

TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

THE present issue signalizes the twentieth anniversary of the stage section in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, the department having been inaugurated with the April number, 1892. At that time there was no precedent for such a thing. Comment on current theatrical matters had been prac-

tically confined to the daily newspapers, but Mr. Munsey decided that there was no legitimate reason why magazine-readers, most of whom live away from the big centers where productions are made, should not be kept apprised of what was going on in the dramatic world of plays. He therefore asked me to make a chronicle each month of the worth-while happenings in stageland.



RUTH MAYCLIFFE, AS THE HEROINE, HELEN BURTON, IN THE SUCCESSFUL FARCE, "OFFICER 666"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



HAZEL DAWN, THE UTAH GIRL WHO HAS BEEN SINGING THE TITLE RÔLE IN "THE PINK LADY" FOR TWO SEASONS, AND WHO IS TO ENACT THE PART IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION THIS SPRING

From her latest photograph by White, New York



BILLIE BURKE, AS SHE APPEARS IN HER LATEST VEHICLE, "THE RUNAWAY,"
A COMEDY ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



LILLIAN ALBERTSON, LEADING WOMAN AS KATE LENOX IN "THE TALKER"

From her latest photograph by Savony, New York

At first there were no illustrations in the department itself. In the issue mentioned, six theatrical portraits were given with a separate article, entitled "Posing for the Camera," with sketches of the players written by another member of the staff. The six subjects chosen were Attalie Claire, who had been singing with Lillian Russell in "La Cigale" at the Garden Theater; Maud Branscomb, the original *Hebe* in the chil-

dren's "Pinafore" company; Mrs. Langtry, then in the height of her glory on both sides of the Atlantic; Adelaide Detchon and Adelaide Prince, both of Daly's; and Isabelle Urquhart, who had been a favorite at the Casino in "Erminie" and "The Brigands."

As to the matters treated in the chronicle of the stage, it is amazing to look back twenty years and find how closely similar

the conditions of 1892 were to those of 1912. Take the very opening paragraph, for instance:

It is the common opinion that the present theatrical season has not been a brilliant one, either here or abroad. This sluggishness is ascribed to the lack of novelties, so it would seem that the playwrights, and not the actors, are at fault. Certainly we have all seen evidences of the lack of good plays. There was "The Cabinet Minister" laid on the shelf at Daly's early in the season after a week's airing. Then there is Pitou's stock company, lauded by all the critics. Even it succumbed to the weight of "The Last Straw," from the Théâtre Français, where it was known as "L'Article 231."

Further on I find the line:

Everybody admits that now is the opportunity for the great American dramatist to come to the front.

Who were the American dramatists of the time, you ask? According to the record I am quoting, Bronson Howard and Augustus Thomas seemed "to be the only men we have who can give us acceptable original dramas of the high-class order. All of Mr. Gillette's work is in the line of adaptation, while the Hoyt and Harrigan farce comedies occupy a field of their own."

It must be remembered that Gillette had not yet written "Held by the Enemy" or "Secret Service," while nothing had come from Bronson Howard's pen since "Shenandoah," which laid the foundations of Charles Frohman's managerial career around 1889. Charles Hoyt's latest offering, I find, was "A Temperance Town," while to prove the assertion that "lightness and froth have won the day in the three principal theater towns of the Eastern seaboard—New York, Boston, and Philadelphia"—there follows this statement:

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" has held the boards of the Madison Square Theater throughout the entire season, and the end is not yet. "The County Fair" is to leave the Boston Park after a run of thirty weeks—the longest, we believe, in the stage annals of the Hub. In the Quaker City, "Jane" has been twice or thrice summoned back to exert her wiles over packed houses.

The foregoing indicates one respect in which 1892 differed from 1912—the long run was not then confined to New York. In the metropolis, too, it was more in evidence at that time than is the case to-day, with the present oversupply of playhouses. But the building bug already had the managers in its clutches, as witness the chron-

icler's remark anent an announcement of two new playhouses to be added to the thirty-four already in existence:

One would think that the metropolis already



CLEMENTINE DUNDAS, WHO IS INA CLAIRE IN THE CABARET SCENE WITH EDDIE FOY IN HIS MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS, "OVER THE RIVER"

From a photograph by White, New York



MARIE CAVAN, AN AMERICAN SOPRANO IN THE PHILADELPHIA-CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY,
WHO APPEARS IN "CARMEN," "THAIS," "LOUISE," AND OTHER OPERAS

From a photograph by Matsene, Chicago



ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER BROTHER JOHN AS THEY APPEAR IN, THE BARRIE TRAVESTY,
"A SLICE OF LIFE"

From a photograph by White, New York - copyright, 1912, by Charles Frohman



VIOLET HEMING, WHO IS IN "THE DEEP PURPLE," THE PLAY OF CRIMINAL LIFE, NOW IN ITS SECOND SEASON

From a photograph by White, New York

had a sufficient number of theaters, but there always seems to be room for one more—sometimes two.

One of these two was the American Theater, the other the Empire, a comment on this latter appellation running to the effect that "a long-suffering public should be gratified to have escaped another invitation to immortalize a manager's name."

New York was at that time the one producing center of the country. "Its dramatic preeminence is one thing which even Chicago does not dispute with New York," I said two decades ago. To-day there is a change in this respect, the Lake city setting the seal of its approval upon many plays which afterward make good on the banks of the Hudson—as, for example, with William Hodge in "The Man from Home," George Arliss in "Disraeli," Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," and Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper."

The play, and not the star, was the crux on which prosperity hinged in those times, as it is now. Herewith another exhibit from the annals of April, 1892:

It looks as if it might be many a long day before Mr. Richard Mansfield finds another such money-winner as "Beau Brummel." Emma V. Sheridan's "Ten Thousand a Year" has resisted all forcing and been laid off. For the remainder of his stay at the Garden Theater, Mr. Mansfield has fallen back upon his repertoire. He is undoubtedly a talented actor—and one who has been indisputably spoiled by his success. What he needs now is a more complete sinking of his own personality.

This, you must remember, was several years before Mansfield's triumph with "Cyano," which brought him indisputably into his own, and incidentally made Margaret Anglin's reputation. Clyde Fitch was yet to win fame, although I see mention of two offerings from his pen on the New York boards at the same time. These were "Frederic Lemaître," a curtain-raiser at Herrmann's—formerly the San Francisco Minstrels, later the Princess, and now out of existence as a theater—and "A Modern Match," played by the Augustus Pitou stock company at the Union Square.

Bronson Howard—no relation to George Bronson-Howard, author of "Snobs" for Frank McIntyre—had not yet written "Aristocracy," but Belasco and De Mille had already scored big hits at the old Lyceum on Fourth Avenue with "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball." At Palmer's

(Wallack's) this same month of April saw the first performance on any stage of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," written by F. Hopkinson Smith and Augustus Thomas, with E. M. Holland in the name part and Maurice Barrymore, father of Ethel, as his friend, *T. B. Fitzpatrick*.

According to my record, the event of the 1891-1892 season was the first performance on any stage of Lord Tennyson's romantic comedy, "The Foresters."

This took place on March 17, at Daly's, where the piece remained until the close of the season, on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23. The incidental music was written by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and a glance at my program shows the names of John Drew as *Robin Hood*, of Ada Rehan as *Maid Marian*, of Kitty Cheatham—now specializing as an entertainer in ballads and folk-songs—as her attendant *Kate*, of John Craig, now actor-manager of the Castle Square stock company in Boston, as *Prince John*, and of Herbert Gresham, at present general stage-director and producer for Klaw & Erlanger, as *Little John*. The critics declared that the piece lacked action, but that a certain idyllic charm lifted it away above the poet laureate's previous stage venture, "The Cup."

In grand opera, New York had then had the present Metropolitan Opera House for nine seasons. There had been a thirteen-week term of performances under the management of Abbey & Grau, during which "Faust" had been the biggest drawing-card, with "Lakme" as the nearest approach to a novelty in the repertoire. That opera was far from being on its present assured footing may be gleaned from my comment on the announcement of the Abbey & Grau tenancy for the ensuing year:

It will at least put off for that length of time the reiteration of the exceedingly unpleasant rumor that New York's temple of music is to be transformed into one of letters—to be converted, in short, into the main city post-office.

As to London, I find only two plays mentioned from that quarter of stageland. Henry Irving—not yet knighted—was then in the full glory of his managerial career at the Lyceum, where "Henry VIII" had scored enormously. "No such elaborate mounting has ever before been given to a play of this description," ran my chronicle. "The management of the mob is said to be the perfection of realism."

The other English play discussed was "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde, who had not yet fallen into the depths out of which were to arise his "Ballad of Reading Jail" and his "De Profundis." George Alexander (the titular prefix only came to him last summer) presented the comedy at the St. James's, where it "achieved only a mediocre success."

This was due, according to some of the critics, not to the fact that it embodied too many of the author's esthetic fads, but not enough of them. These were what the audiences evidently expected to find in the piece. They might have made fun of them among themselves, but in that case they would have talked about the play, and their friends would have gone to see at first hand what it was like.

Before closing these reminiscences, I may mention that among my programs for the first semester of 1892 I find one telling me that Adelina Patti was "farewelling" in May at the Madison Square Garden. She was down for two songs, one of them the perennial jewel air from "Faust."

A February exhibit shows that Charles Frohman's company was in its second stock season at Proctor's Theater—the Twenty-Third Street house—presenting a play from the German of Ludwig Fulda, called "The Lost Paradise," and adapted by Henry C. De Mille, whose son, William C., wrote "The Woman," a 1912 success in both New York and Chicago. In the cast I find the names of Cyril Scott, Orrin Johnson, and Emmett Corrigan. "A motherly worldling" was enacted by Annie Adams, whose daughter Maude appears third from the end of the list as *Nell*, one of the girls at the works.

A Daly house-bill for the same month tells us that this was the thirteenth regular season and Augustin Daly's twenty-third of New York management. The city at that time had three stock companies of the first class—Daly's, A. M. Palmer's, and that of Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum. In this last were Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon; William J. Le Moyne and Charles Walcott, since dead; Fritz Williams, and Bessie Tyree, now retired as the wife of James S. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic. To-day, two decades later, the metropolis has not a single permanent company of the first order. Last year witnessed the failure of a laudable effort to supply the deficiency by establishing the ill-fated New Theater.

What shall be said of the public taste in theatricals, comparing the one period with the other? I have already hinted that there is very little difference to be found in the conditions that prevailed. We have grown, however, in the matter of native playwrights, for most of the hits of 1912 are by American authors. A gratifying sign, too, is the appreciation accorded to plays affording opportunity for such high-class character work as is evidenced in the *Disraeli* of George Arliss and the *Peter Grimm* of David Warfield.

With regard to Shakespeare, managers seem to be no less reluctant to bring him to the fore. On the other hand, when presented by the Sothorn-Marlowe company, the theaters to-day are invariably crowded to the doors—which is assuredly a happy sign of the times, arguing that when the best is offered to the public in the best manner it will contribute the best support at the ticket-window.

One notable feature of present-day drama is the decline in popularity of the triangle theme, which thus bids fair to lose its identifying adjective "eternal." Cast your eyes over the failures of the past few seasons, and you will find that plays dealing chiefly with ill-mated couples and unhappy love-intrigues bulk large in the storehouses. The public has sickened of the unsavory mess.

By the same token, we are growing tired of plots which call for so-called "strong emotional" work on the part of the heroine. This is distinctly a material and non-sentimental age. Glance over recent successes, and you cannot fail to note the presence in each one of them of something more substantial than love. In "The Gamblers" it was "high finance"; in "As a Man Thinks," the conflict between Jew and Christian; in "Disraeli" and "The Woman," politics; in "The Return of Peter Grimm," the spirit world.

A LAZY PLAYWRIGHT

The failure of "Lydia Gilmore"—the new play by Henry Arthur Jones, which Margaret Anglin presented early in February—had a sequel which presented the distinguished author of the piece in a decidedly curious light.

The first two acts of Mr. Jones's drama aroused deep interest, and the court-room scene in the third was awaited with bated breath, as it were. But when the curtain

fell just as the episode bordered on its tensest moments, and was followed by a last act so puerile as to seem the work of the veriest tyro, those of us who had seen this same author's "Mrs. Dane's Defense" could only gasp out our amazement.

But more astounding revelations were to follow. A little later the newspapers made public the correspondence between Miss Anglin and Mr. Jones, to account for "Lydia Gilmore's" withdrawal and the substitution of "Green Stockings." Under date of February 6, the actress wrote:

I hear so many opinions that the third act does not sustain the interest of the first two acts, would it be possible for you to alter it to its original form as you outlined it to me in London?

From Mr. Jones's reply I will quote the first two paragraphs, prefacing his suggestion that the piece should be withdrawn and that he have all summer to make the changes required:

I watched the play carefully last night, and quite agree with you that the third act does not hold the interest of the audience. And I think this is due to the fact that I departed from my original scheme. I would like it to be known that after having promised you the play for December, I found I had not given myself time to put my best work and thought into the later acts. But as the theater was taken, and engagements made, I had either to postpone the production, break the contract, and dislocate your plans, or to do the best I could in the time at my disposal.

Now I submit that all this was a terrible injustice to Miss Anglin. The conversation she mentions as having occurred in London must have taken place last September, at the latest, for she was playing in New York in October. As Mr. Jones already had the whole play satisfactorily outlined, it seems that only pure indolence could have prevented his getting it into good shape by December. Or was he so busy lecturing other people on how to write good plays that he had no time to perfect one of his own?

One of his utterances about this period ran to the following effect:

The time one wastes in getting a play accepted, and the risks one runs, however great one's advantages, of being sometimes strangely misrepresented on the stage, make literature a surer means of high and lasting reward. If you write a book, you are judged by your own work. In a play, you are judged largely by the work that others have done for you—manager, actors, scene-painters, scene-shifters, electricians.

This from the man who was on the eve of ruining an entire production through nobody's fault, by his own admission, but his own!

LOYALTY IN STAGELAND

If the reunion of Weber and Fields accomplished nothing else, it would have been quite worth while as proving that American audiences are not, as has often been charged, cold-blooded, ungrateful propositions, always eager to swear allegiance to new stars, and equally ready to drop established favorites. At the Broadway, old faces, old songs, old jokes have been greeted night after night with salvos of applause from packed houses.

It was over the grave of Lew Fields's father, about Christmastime, that the two famous partners clasped hands again. To be sure, at one or two of the Friars' festivals they had given some of their old sidewalk dialogues, but this jubilee reunion of the whole organization after a seven years' separation originated in the cemetery. Hard times in stageland helped in getting together so many of the old favorites. In fact, the opportunity came as a veritable life-saver to Willie Collier, whose "Take My Advice" few were eager to follow. In default of a good vehicle, Lillian Russell had once again fallen back on vaudeville, while the failure of George Beban's "Sign of the Rose" left him free to become again the excitable Frenchman of osculatory tendencies.

It was a happy thought of somebody not to seek for an absolutely new play. Edgar Smith merely strung together on a fresh thread what he has called a "potpourri of Weber-Fields reminiscences," to which he has given another of the old meaningless titles—"Hokey Pokey." Some of the songs are new, notably "If It Wasn't for the Irish and the Jews," sung by John T. Kelly, one of the old standbys. Bessie Clayton has a new dance, but Fay Templeton sings "Rose" once more.

There was only one mistake in the bill—that of including a burlesque on "Buntz Pulls the Strings," itself a farce. The acting here was admirable in the way of showing what the players could do, but one doesn't need to paint the lily; so after a short time the travesty was condensed to a ten-minute skit and included in one of the two scenes of "Hokey Pokey." I must not omit mention of Ada Lewis as *Aunt Susie* in "Buntz," and of the capital work of a

newcomer — Willie Collier's sister, Helena Collier Garrick.

FROLICSOME BARRIE

Speaking of travesties, Charles Frohman captured New York with a *jeu d'esprit* written some two years ago by J. M. Barrie, and first played in London at a benefit. It runs no longer than the average vaudeville sketch, is called "A Slice of Life," and Barrie classifies it as "an advanced drama." In it he lampoons the modern playwright's desperate anxiety to be up with the times, and burlesques his heroic attempts to "get there" without the aid of either soliloquies or asides.

Ethel Barrymore uses the playlet as an afterpiece to her revival of "Cousin Kate," the very clever Hubert Henry Davies comedy with which she opened the Hudson Theater some seven years ago. Her brother John—acting with her for the first time—and Hattie Williams make up the cast of "A Slice of Life," which, incidentally, emphasizes the value to the manager of the double bill, as rare in New York as it is common in London.

Twice Miss Barrymore's engagement was extended, and little wonder. "A Slice of Life" is a distinct novelty, admirably acted by all concerned, while "Cousin Kate" seems as fresh to-day as when it was first written—which, as I happen to know, was a good many years before it was first produced. Allan Pollock, hastily impressed into the part of the hero—created here by Bruce McRea—after Leslie Faber's secession to Mrs. Fiske, brought to the character of the Irish artist a finesse and delicacy of touch that lifted it away from the footlights and made of it almost as great a delight as Miss Barrymore's *Kate*.

ASSORTED MUSICAL PLAYS

"Over the River," as a musical farce, serves Eddie Foy as well as it served Willie Collier, years ago, without music. John L. Golden's score has added variety to the entertainment without sacrificing any of the ludicrous situations arising out of prison life on Blackwell's Island. Charles Dillingham has given his star capable support, and with F. Ziegfeld, Jr., associated with him in management, makes much of the cabaret scene in the first act. Taken all in all, "Over the River" is just the sort of show that visitors to New York hope to find on Broadway—handsomely

mounted, well spiced with clever vaudeville turns, punctuated with catchy tunes, and with a star whose name every one "back home" will know.

"Over the River" looks like a fixture at the Globe Theater until the weather becomes warm enough to slide the roof back. The mere fact that the Globe auditorium can be opened up in this way may keep the piece in town all summer.

Just as the cabaret scene is the last word in café life, so is the meeting of couples in private rooms at restaurants almost as old as the first row of footlights. Once again we find the device in a new variant of "Pink Dominoes," known as "The Opera Ball," adapted from the German, and with some very attractive music by Richard Heuberger. Marie Cahill, who has been using the piece all season, reached New York early in February, and met with a fairly favorable reception. Immense credit must be given her for a stellar *tour de force*, as it were, in that she is willing to allow others in the cast a chance to make individual hits. Alice Gentle, formerly of the Hammerstein operatic forces, and Olive Ulrich sing their parts delightfully. Miss Cahill wisely attempts no fancy flights in song, but confines herself to her dry humor, in the exploitation of which she has an individual art that is a delight to her wide circle of admirers and at the same time a joy to vaudeville imitators.

Apropos of musical shows, and of a new picture of Hazel Dawn, printed on page 118, I reiterate my prediction of last autumn anent the probable success of "The Pink Lady" in London, where it is to be staged, with the American cast, at the Globe Theater around Eastertime. I see no reason to alter my prognostication of a very decided hit.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON "THE TRUTH WAGON"

To paraphrase Solomon, of the making of many plays there is no end. It is not to be wondered at, then, that now and again two authors will hit on the same theme, quite by chance, and with no question of plagiarism on either side.

Early last autumn, George Cohan read a serial in a weekly magazine which struck him as good material for a comedy. The story detailed the dire experiences of a young man who set out to tell the absolute truth in a newspaper. Its anonymous author was unearthed, brought to New

York, and set to work upon the play that was to be made out of "The Fortunes of the Sun," and Douglas Fairbanks was talked of for the star.

Before the dramatization was finished, out of the West comes another young man, one Hayden Talbot, with a play called "The Truth Wagon," so similar to the story in which Cohan & Harris had become interested that an investigation was promptly made. The result was indubitable proof that Mr. Talbot's play antedated its rival, and the right of way was therefore accorded to "The Truth Wagon."

It is certainly a wobbly vehicle, starting out bravely on the highroad of comedy, only to fall into the rut of melodrama for a time, and then to hump along for a few minutes as a farce. In the middle of its second act, at the most vital point, it comes almost to a dead stop. As a matter of fact, for a play that so insistently indicates motion in its title, "The Truth Wagon" remains for the most part almost as stationary as Liberty on her pedestal.

Once in a blue moon a drama dealing with politics scores a hit, but from the persistency with which playwrights—particularly young playwrights—infuse political issues into their product one would suppose that running for office was as sure-fire a topic for the stage as the blazoning of Maude Adams's name on the bill-boards is certain of attracting an audience. Such clever actors as Max Figman, Frank Sheridan—the first sea-captain in "Paid in Full"—Edwin Arden, and Muriel Starr do all they can to sweeten the dose of politics in "The Truth Wagon," but I doubt if it holds the boards for long.

This being the case, Douglas Fairbanks may congratulate himself, after all, upon the side-tracking of "The Fortunes of the Sun." He has been taking a whirl at vaudeville, having unearthed as sprightly a one-act sketch as I ever saw. Written by a newcomer in the field, John Stokes, "A Regular Business Man" sets forth a really new idea in the way of plot, and gives young Fairbanks just those things to do that he does best. Owing to a previous arrangement to head the Chicago company in "Officer 666," he could spare only two weeks for the two-a-day, but if he can get "A Regular Business Man" expanded into an equally good three-act farce, he need have no further anxiety about finding a play precisely suited to his abilities.

Fairbanks's old associate in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," Thomas A. Wise, having essayed two regular vehicles this season, has also fallen back upon vaudeville, having appeared at the Fifth Avenue in the same bill with Fairbanks. His sketch, "A Chip of the Old Block," reeks with sentiment, whereas "A Regular Business Man" bristles with action. However, Wise is mighty good as the old comedian in the actors' home, mourning because his robust figure hindered him from ever becoming a tragedian, and finding it a fresh tragedy when his son, also an actor, turns up equally burdened with adipose.

FINE ACTING IN DICKENS PLAY

The New Amsterdam presentation of "Oliver Twist" caused the critics to exhaust their list of adjectives in extolling Nat Goodwin's *Fagin*, Constance Collier's *Nancy*, Lyn Harding's *Bill Sikes*, and Marie Doro's *Oliver*.

The Lieblers had worked tirelessly to make this Dickens centenary production notable in many respects. Besides the foregoing, they gave us Suzanne Sheldon as *Mrs. Maylie*, Howard Gould as *Monks*, Olive Wyndham as *Rose*, Charles Harbury as *Brownlow*, and a very fine "comedy relief" in the *Grimwig* of Fuller Mellish.

Nor does the mounting of "Oliver Twist" fall behind the peopling of it. The ten-minute view of London Bridge shows a piece of stage architecture that is truly marvelous in its effect of bigness and solidity, to my mind putting into the shade any of the vaunted displays of this same firm's "Garden of Allah."

No Dickens lover should fail to see this finest of Dickens stage representations in recent years. The version used is the one that J. Comyns Carr made for Sir Herbert Tree, for His Majesty's Theater in London, where Miss Collier enacted *Nancy* for the first time. Hers is a noteworthy characterization, from the fact that she does not overemphasize any phase of it for the mere sake of scoring. Save for her *Imogen Parrott* in "Trelawny," I have never liked her so well, and the *Oliver* of Marie Doro causes that young woman to appeal to me for the first time in her career.

Mr. Goodwin, returning to the theater which he opened in 1903 as *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," discloses a fine study of *Fagin*, an impersonation lighted with humor as well as realistically

vindictive. Lyn Harding, in a line of work as far removed as possible from that of his début here in a light society piece with Grace George, renewed the good impression of sterling worth that he then made.

ROSTAND VERSE AND PINERO FARCE

The same week that witnessed the revival of "Oliver Twist" brought forward in New York the first production in English of an early poetical drama by Edmond Rostand, "The Lady of Dreams." But the *Countess of Tripoli*—played in Paris by Sarah Bernhardt—is not suited to Mme. Simone, nor is the English adaptation, by Louis N. Parker, a particularly happy one. The recurrence of such cheap slang phrases as "chestnut" and "forget it" are scarcely likely to put an American audience in a poetical mood.

The Liebler Company gave this romance of the twelfth century a sumptuous mounting. In Mme. Simone's support, Margaret Wycherley pleased the audience, and Julian L'Estrange distinguished himself as *Bertram*, the troubadour. This may be chronicled as an additional honor for the L'Estrange family, as Constance Collier, upon whose *Nancy* I have but just dilated, is Julian's wife. A. E. Anson, another English player, as the dying prince, had but little chance to shine.

British actors dominate the cast of Pinero's farcical comedy—the classification is mine—"Preserving Mr. Panmure," for which Charles Frohman borrowed Gertrude Elliott from the Lieblers as the governess who causes all the trouble. Miss Elliott is capital, as also are Teresa Maxwell Conover as the saintly *Mrs. Panmure* and Isabel Irving as her volatile sister. In fact, the distaff side of the company, practically all Americans, run the British males a close race for first place. Lumsden Hare and Alexander Scott-Gatty are among the transatlantic lights who shine at the top of the bill.

Mr. Pinero has changed the ending since the play was done at the Comedy in London, a year ago, with Marie Löhr and Dion Boucicault. There the member of Parliament marries the governess; here she falls to his private secretary. There is much humor in the piece, but it is spread rather thin. If any other than England's leading living dramatist had written the play, there would no doubt have been some ruthless cutting in certain of the scenes. As it is,

Pinero will permit no other hand than his own to make the slightest alteration. I imagine it was a great concession for him to change the last act for New York.

A LANDSMAN'S LINER

Encouraged by the successful work of their crooks in "The Deep Purple," Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner have organized a fresh band—to work on the Mauretania, this time. But "The Greyhound" is by no means so good a play as its predecessor, and whatever success it may achieve will be due to the incidental laughs it supplies, rather than to the accuracy of its characterizations or the tenseness of its story.

Wagenhals & Kemper have provided a good cast, in which particularly effective work is done by Henry Kolker as the arch-villain, by Jay Wilson as the comedy crook, by Douglas Wood as the gentlemanly scoundrel, and by Elita Proctor Otis, who is altogether delightful, whether she is exchanging slang with her "pals" as *Deep Sea Kitty*, or ensnaring the millionaire's son with the broken English of *Baroness von Hilde*.

But is it possible that nobody connected with the management knows the difference between the port and the starboard side of a vessel? And could no one inform the property man that calls to dinner are made with a bugle, and not with a gong that reminds one more of a mountain resort in the sixties than of an up-to-date Cunarder?

THE KNEEL OF THE BEST-SELLER

I have never read "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and, after seeing the play, I do not wish to read it. With three failures of dramatized novels in a single month, it is about time for the managers to realize that Broadway, at any rate, is not anxious to see "best-sellers" on the stage.

The scheme of the story is as out-of-date for the theater as Mrs. Burnett's "Esmeralda," which it closely resembles in plot, if memory serves me. The Burnett piece was given at the old Madison Square in the early eighties, and served to introduce Viola Allen to the footlights. Eugene Walter founded the present play upon John Fox, Jr.'s, book, and the charming personality and intelligent art of Charlotte Walker, the playwright's wife, was sacrificed to make a Cumberland Mountain holiday.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE HEIR AT LAW

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

AUTHOR OF "THEY SELDOM RETURN," "CARSON AND THE SOLARIPLEX," ETC.

SAMUEL HOPPER, attorney-at-law, pressed a button upon the edge of his desk and shifted a pale, emaciated cheroot from one corner of his grim mouth to the other. Mr. Hopper's hands being busy with legal documents and newspaper clippings, the transfer was effected by means of a series of facial contortions which added nothing to his small store of personal beauty.

A door opened and closed. A tall, colorless young man, prematurely bald, appeared in the room. He wore a faded alpaca office-coat, spotted here and there with ink.

The bald young man's vague blue eyes rested upon his employer's face, but he did not speak. That was one good thing about Jocelyn; he never spoke until a question was addressed to him.

"Is Mullins out there?" grunted Mr. Hopper, without lifting his eyes.

"No, sir," answered the clerk.

"You told him last Saturday that I wanted him here this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"He said he would come?"

For the first time Mr. Hopper looked at Jocelyn. There was an impatient tone in his voice.

"He did; yes, sir," answered Jocelyn.

"Humph!" snorted the attorney. "How did he act? What was his manner when you gave him the message?"

"Unpleasant, sir," said Jocelyn.

"Had he been drinking again?" demanded Hopper.

"In the absence of any evidence, I couldn't say, sir," answered the clerk.

"Oh, you couldn't!" returned the lawyer, with heavy sarcasm.

"No, sir."

"That's all!" snapped Hopper. "When Mullins comes, show him in at once."

Jocelyn moved noiselessly toward the

door, which suddenly opened in his face with a great deal of unnecessary violence. A young man slouched into the room.

"Hello, Baldy!" he said to Jocelyn, digging the clerk familiarly in the ribs.

Jocelyn dodged and slipped away without answering, closing the door behind him. The unconventional visitor looked after him with an ugly grin.

"That pop-eyed guy gives me the willies," he announced pleasantly. "I like to kid him because it makes him so sore. Well, judge, what's on your chest? What do you want me to do now? More dirty work, I suppose, eh?"

"Sit down, Mullins," said the attorney quietly.

"Oh!" said the visitor, with an air of astonishment. "Sit down! Very well, Mr. Mullins will sit down!" He plumped himself into a chair, cocked one well-worn shoe high in the air, hung his aged derby hat upon his knee, and grinned at Hopper. "Judge," he said wheedlingly, "it wouldn't hurt you to come across with a cigar."

Mr. Hopper leaned down, pulled out a drawer of his desk, and produced the mate to his cheroot. Mullins accepted it with a grunt, eyed the cheroot suspiciously, smelled it, bit off one end, and, striking a match upon the side of the attorney's desk, puffed in silence for a few seconds.

"Pretty fair—for cabbage," he remarked critically; "but for tobacco it ain't such a much. Now, if I just had one little drink, judge—"

Mr. Hopper opened another drawer and brought out a bottle with a gaudy label and a dirty glass. Mullins helped himself unsparingly.

"Well, judge," he said, elevating the glass and peering at the amber-colored liquid, "here's all the hair off the top of your head! Waugh! Cooking whisky! Dollar and fifty cents a gallon, and a dollar

ten of that is revenue tax." He set the glass down, coughing slightly. "Now, then, judge," he said briskly, "shoot her across! What is it this time?"

Mr. Hopper carefully replaced the bottle and glass and shut the desk drawer.

"Mullins," said he suddenly, "how old are you?"

"Old enough to know better," said Mullins genially. "Why?"

"You'll never see thirty again," said Mr. Hopper thoughtfully; "and the worst of it is, you look it."

"I'm twenty-seven," said Mullins resentfully, "and I'm young for my age. It's these whiskers that make me look old. I ain't had a shave for a week, and I feel like a shepherd-dog in the face, but—"

"Twenty-seven!" repeated Mr. Hopper. "Then the age part of it is all right."

"Say!" said Mullins. "What's all this about? What's my age got to do with it?"

Hopper leaned slightly forward. A nasty glint showed in his narrow eyes, and he fixed the young man with a glance that penetrated like a gimlet.

"Your age has a great deal to do with it," he said slowly. "That is, Mullins; if you're game." Then, with a cunning mixture of speculation and sneering contempt which gave the words a menacing ring as they fell: "I wonder," said he, "just how game you really are?"

Mullins returned the stare for an instant, and then his eyes shifted. He broke into a noisy laugh.

"I'm too game for my own good!" he said, with as much cheap bravado as he could muster. "I'm so game that I'm afraid of myself. Say, judge, what are you fishing for, anyway? Come through with it, and I'll say yes or I'll say no. Don't be four-flushin' around all day. Talk business!"

"Business it is!" said Hopper briskly. "Mullins, here's a chance for a game young fellow to pick up some real money."

"For somebody else," said Mullins promptly. "I'm on already."

"Some for himself," said Hopper suavely, "and some for the man who can show him how."

"Go on!" said Mullins irritably. "Spring it, judge, spring it!"

Hopper picked up a newspaper-clipping and glanced at it.

"The executor of an estate over in Connecticut is advertising for an heir," said

he. "He wants a young man twenty-seven years of age."

Mullins uncrossed his legs and sat up in his chair. Then he patted himself upon the breast with an open palm.

"Me, judge?" he questioned. "Me—the heir?"

Hopper nodded.

Mullins rose at once and put on his hat.

"Judge," he said, "you're a bad guesser. I'm as game as anybody, but I ain't a fool—yet. Why, they could send me up for the rest of my natural life! No, sir! I pass!"

"Sit down, Mullins," said Hopper. "Do you think I could afford to be mixed up in a thing of this sort if there was a chance for a come-back? You don't understand—"

Mullins laughed.

"Oh, yes, I do!" he said. "I understand, all right! Me—I'm the heir. All right! They get me on the witness-stand, and they ask me about seven thousand questions. I make one miscue, and then I'm snatched for perjury. I get a trip up the river. You sit back in your chair and say that it's a shame, the way I've imposed on you. Oh, yes! I understand how easy it is!"

Mr. Hopper opened the drawer and produced the bottle and glass.

"It wouldn't hurt you any to hear about it, would it?" he said.

Mullins looked toward the door, and then he looked at the bottle. Then he sat down with a foolish grin.

"I'll take another," he said weakly. "You know, judge, a bird can't fly with only one wing. Regards! Don't put that bottle away, judge. This might be a long story."

"Now, in the first place," said Hopper, "you needn't be afraid of going into court. There isn't any other heir to make a contest. Here's a case where an old man leaves all his property to a nephew whom he has not seen since the boy was ten or eleven years of age. There isn't a soul in the town who could look at you and say that you weren't the man you claim to be. The only thing you have to do is to get by the executor—to satisfy him that you are the rightful heir; and that could be done by giving him a lot of childish recollections of your uncle and his household. It's as safe as—"

"As robbing a bank," interrupted Mullins grimly. "The way you say it, it sounds all right, judge, but you've talked

many a man into jail who's there yet. Childish recollections! Where am I going to dig up any bunk of that kind?"

Mr. Hopper picked up some typewritten sheets, and waved them back and forth under Mullins's nose.

"Here they are," he said with a chuckle. "Here are your childish recollections, made to order, together with a list of questions that the executor is likely to ask you, and the right answers. Name of your father—name of your mother—where you were born—description of your uncle—description of your aunt—names of the neighbors that used to live next door. You could learn the whole thing by heart in an hour; and if the executor should ask other questions, you could say that you don't remember. You see, you were only ten years of age at the time, and you wouldn't be expected to remember everything."

"Is that so?" said Mullins with an insolent leer. "You've got it all fixed up fine, haven't you?"

"It's a bet that can't lose," said Hopper. "I've dug up the whole history of that family, and got it right here. All I need now is some young fellow with the pluck of a guinea-pig—"

"Cut that out!" said Mullins gruffly. "I won't stand for that kind of a song and dance. I had pluck enough to tackle a lot of dirty work for you, didn't I? And I had pluck enough to put it over, too; but I never let you mix me up so they could put those shiny cuffs on me and take me away, and I never will! No, judge! You get another goat!"

"Two hundred dollars," said Hopper softly. "Two—hundred—dollars, and a new suit of clothes. Yes, and an overcoat. I'll make it two fifty, and you could have all that just for saying that your name is"—the lawyer referred to the typewritten sheets—"your name is William Henry Strong, nephew of Ebenezer Hastings, and that you had an Aunt Polly. Be pretty easy to say that, wouldn't it? No court, no witness-stand, only an old man who won't suspect anything. Why, a fellow with the gameness of a sheep could get away with it! And you're going to let somebody else get that two fifty and the suit of clothes? And the overcoat? Mullins, I thought you had more nerve!"

At the beginning of Hopper's speech, Mullins had been sitting on the edge of his chair, with his back as stiff as a ramrod.

Wrath and defiance were in his eyes. When the speech ended, he was huddled down on the end of his spine, and his dirty fingers were fumbling at his unshaven chin. Once he passed his tongue over dry lips. The angry light had faded from his eyes; they were vacant and far away, but in their shallow depths flickered the shifting fires of cupidity and cunning.

"I've got him!" thought Hopper. "I should have talked money before." Then, aloud: "You can buy a lot of things with two hundred and fifty dollars."

Mullins straightened up with a jerk and reached for the bottle. His hand shook as he poured out a stiff drink, and it quivered treacherously as he raised the glass.

"Here's to me!" he said huskily. "Me! William Henry! And dear old Aunt Polly!"

"Don't forget your Uncle Ebenezer," said Hopper with a smile.

"Uncle Ebenezer was a grand old guy!" said Mullins with a shaky laugh. "Say, judge, did he leave much?"

II

Two men sat in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car and watched the Connecticut landscape slide by the window. The elder was very stiff and dignified in a black frock coat which had seen long if not honorable service, a silk hat, and an old-fashioned black string tie. The younger man seemed conscious of a cheap new suit, new shoes, new hat, and a bright new tie. He was constantly shifting his position and twitching at the legs of his trousers, pulling them higher to relieve the strain at the knee.

There were also sure evidences of a recent hair-cut and shave. Barring a certain puffiness about the eyes and a hardness of the facial angle, he was not at all a bad-looking young man, and it would have been hard to recognize, in this brand-new person, the unregenerate Mullins of a week before.

"Only half an hour now," said Hopper, glancing at his watch. "Think we'd better go over those questions again, Mullins?"

"Say!" ejaculated the young man with a snarl. "Forget that Mullins thing! Call me William Henry!"

Hopper laughed.

"Pardon me, Mr. Strong," he said. "Shall we have another little rehearsal?"

"Oh, all right!" said Mullins wearily. "Shoot!"

For twenty minutes Hopper asked questions and Mullins droned the answers in a monotonous singsong. It was very evident that the farce would not suffer from unfamiliarity with the lines.

"Great!" said Hopper, at last. "You're letter perfect, Mullins; but don't reel off those answers like a parrot! Stall a little, hesitate a little, don't recall things too easily. You were only ten, you know, when your drunken father came and took you away. You can't be expected to remember everything right off the bat."

"Rats!" said Mullins. "This is only a dress rehearsal, anyway. I'll be there with the fancy trimmings—leave it to me! I'll bet your letter knocked this old bird a twister. What did he say?"

"Wired for me to bring the proofs of identity," said Hopper. "My letter to him was a very legal communication. I stated that a young man had called upon me for advice, having seen an advertisement recently published in a New York newspaper. The young man, I said, represented himself as being the person named in the advertisement, and told a very straight story as to his antecedents—"

"His aunty which?" interrupted Mullins.

"Don't be funny!" snapped Hopper. "I said to him that, in the absence of any information as to the truth or falsity of the claim, the burden of proof must rest upon the young man. I also stated that I was confident that the heir to the Hastings estate had been found."

"That's so!" said Mullins. "Say, judge, you never told me how you managed to dig up all this musty old evidence."

"And I'm not going to," said Hopper. "It took time and money. Now, whatever you do, don't forget that your Uncle Ebenezer walked with a cane, your Aunt Polly had curls, and the Richardson family lived next door."

"Sure!" said Mullins. "Knew all the Richardsons well."

"There's one point that troubles me," said Hopper. "This Joel Parker—the executor—he must have seen this kid, because he was a close friend of the Hastings family for thirty years. That's one point that we've got to look out for. If you make a break there, you're gone, because I haven't been able to find out how much Parker really knows. Understand?"

Mullins nodded.

"Don't worry about the old sport," said he confidently. "I can stall with him and find out."

Hopper sneered.

"You've got your nerve back all of a sudden," he said. "A little piece of money makes a lot of difference, eh?"

"Sometimes," said Mullins.

"Well, don't go making any wild guesses," said Hopper; "and don't get too fresh. Remember that you've just heard of your uncle's death, and you're all broken up over it."

"Anything else?" demanded Mullins.

"One thing more," said Hopper. "I can't take any part in this examination, because I'm not supposed to know any of the facts. If you hear me blow my nose, that's a signal that you're getting in over your depth. Back pedal!"

"I'll listen for the bugle-call," said Mullins.

"Watch the old fellow close when I introduce you," cautioned Hopper. "He might tip it off right there whether he'd ever known this William Henry kid or not."

The station-agent at Camberwell Center was vastly impressed with Hopper's silk hat and his jury voice, but he recovered sufficiently to give the conspirators the address which they sought. Soon they were waiting before a door which bore the modest sign:

JOEL PARKER, Attorney.

The door was opened by a little old man with white hair and huge horn-rimmed spectacles, which gave him a faint resemblance to a snow owl.

"Mr. Parker, I believe?" said Hopper, speaking the words deep down in his throat.

"My name!" chirped the little man. "Yes, sir! And this is Mr. Hopper? And the young man? Come in, gentlemen, come in! I have been expecting you!"

"Mr. Parker," said Hopper, "allow me to present my friend and client, Mr. Strong."

"Glad to see you," mumbled Mullins. "Any friend of my uncle is a friend of mine."

The aged executor peered sharply at the youth, but did not offer to shake hands. Then he said something which sent a chill down Hopper's spine.

"So you are William Henry, are you? Well, well! Time brings many changes, Mr. Hopper!"

"Now, what does he mean by that?" thought Hopper. "Wise old duck!"

After sharp scrutiny, the old man turned to Hopper.

"You understand, sir," said he, "in a case of this sort, where property is involved—"

"I thoroughly appreciate your position," said Hopper, "and your responsibility in the matter. You are the one who must be satisfied with the validity of this young man's claim. Perhaps, if he should repeat to you the story which he told me, you, with your knowledge of the facts in the case, would be able to check his statements and form an opinion."

"Doubtless," said the old man dryly. "I prefer to ask him a few questions."

"Excellent idea!" boomed Hopper. "Excellent!"

He took a chair by a window, where he could see the old man's face, and drew a handkerchief from his pocket. Joel Parker seated himself at his desk, and motioned Mullins to a chair directly opposite.

"It seems almost incredible," said the executor, as if speaking to himself, "that this young man should not have communicated with his uncle in all these years."

Mullins shifted uneasily in his chair and cleared his throat.

"I can explain that," he blurted out. "At first my father wouldn't let me write. He hated all my mother's folks. Then, when I got older, I sort of put it off. Of course, that ain't any excuse."

"I am glad that you realize that," said Mr. Parker. "Mr. Hastings was very much attached to his nephew, and to the last year of his life hoped to hear from him. He advertised extensively before his death, and it was his wish that the attempt to locate the heir should be continued for a period of two years. In case the heir is not found within that time, the estate is to be divided up among certain charities mentioned in the will."

"Fair enough," muttered Mullins.

Then the questions began. Mullins, armed with the correct answers, met each attack. Joel Parker, showing no more emotion than a machine, made careful notes of the claimant's replies. Hopper, watching the old man, drew small comfort from his manner.

"Something up his sleeve!" thought Hopper. "I'd give something to know how much that old man has inside his head!"

Then Mullins began to tell of Uncle Ebenezer, and the limp which was a reminder of Gettysburg. Joel Parker listened with half-closed lids. Mullins spoke of Aunt Polly and her curls and white cap. He closed with the story of his father's appearance in the village; described how he had been carried away, and traced the seventeen years which had elapsed.

Old Parker shuffled some papers on his desk, and looked toward Hopper.

"The facts appear to be correct," he said.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Hopper. "If you are quite satisfied—"

"I didn't say so!" interrupted the executor. He rose from his chair and leaned over the desk toward Mullins. "Young man," he said, "did you ever see me before?"

There was an instant's tense silence. Hopper's handkerchief moved toward his nose, but the warning came too late.

"Sure I have!" said Mullins boldly.

"Here it comes!" groaned Hopper. "And I warned him, too!"

In vain he trumpeted a retreat. Mullins, the bit in his teeth, bolted still deeper into ambush.

"Of course I remember!" said Mullins sturdily. "You used to come to the house—on Sundays."

Samuel Hopper, veiling his anguish behind the poised handkerchief, caught the expression on the old man's face. For the first time the executor was smiling; encouragement twinkled in his eyes. Hopper drew a long breath.

"Yes," said Parker. "I used to come to the house on Sundays. William, do you remember your tenth birthday?"

Hopper began to honk again. He was experiencing all the surging emotions of the baseball fan who sees the score tied by a lucky drive in the eighth and the game thrown away on errors in the ninth.

Mullins stared at his legal adviser.

"I told you not to leave that car window open," he said. "Now you've got a cold in the head." He turned back to the inquisitor. "A birthday?" he repeated. "I don't know's I could pick out any separate one. I had quite a bunch of 'em when I lived here. Which one was this?"

"William," said the old man, "it was the one when I brought you a present."

Mullins twisted his face into a knot, intended to express great mental effort. Hopper trumpeted gently into his handkerchief.

"Oh, yes," said Mullins at last. "Seems to me I do remember something about a present."

"It was something you wanted very much," said the old man gently. "And you found it under your plate."

Mullins brought his fist down on the desk with a crash.

"I've got it!" he cried triumphantly.

For the fifth part of a second there was silence—quivering, dramatic silence. Joel Parker waited breathlessly for the next word. Samuel Hopper, bidding farewell to the Hastings estate, but clinging desperately to a forlorn hope, blew frantic blasts of warning. Mullins leaped to his feet.

"It was a knife!" he cried.

Samuel Hopper collapsed into a limp heap; his chin dropped upon his black string tie, and his eyes closed. It was all over! Mullins had been fool enough to throw away all his chances on a blind guess! Why couldn't he have said that he didn't remember? Why?

Then Hopper opened his eyes, and there was Joel Parker pumping Mullins's hands up and down and beaming upon him with the greatest good-will!

"You'll excuse me, my boy!" he cried. "I thought I recognized you at first, but I had to be sure. A swindler might have picked up all the other information, but he couldn't have remembered the knife! No, he couldn't have remembered the knife! If your uncle could only have lived to see this day!"

And Samuel Hopper, shyder and crook, snatched in a breath from the depths of despair to the heights of hope, could only mumble under his breath:

"One chance in a million, and he called the turn! He called the turn!"

III

MR. HOPPER sat at his desk and made figures upon the back of an envelope with the stub of a pencil. As he figured, he smiled to himself and twisted a pale cheroot about in his mouth.

"If the sale of the property works out all right," he thought, "it ought to total about twenty-two thousand. Not so bad! Not so bad!"

The door opened, and the bald Jocelyn entered. Agitation showed in his eyes, not unmingled with wonder.

"Mullins is outside, sir!" he said.

"Humph!" snorted Hopper. "I won-

der where he's been for a week! Spending that money, I guess!"

"By his appearance, sir," said Jocelyn, "he must have been spending money."

"Tell him to wait a while," said Hopper. "It'll teach him to attend to business until this thing is over."

"Yes, sir," said Jocelyn, and vanished.

Immediately there arose a terrific clamor in the outer room.

"What, me?" bawled a voice. "Wait for him? I guess not!"

The door crashed open, and a young man entered like a typhoon, still bellowing.

"That's pretty good!" he sneered.

"Wait a while, eh? Well, wouldn't that kill you?"

At the sight of the visitor, Samuel Hopper half rose from his chair, and then dropped back again, mouth open and eyes staring. Mr. Mullins shot a glance at the lawyer out of the corner of his eye, and leisurely proceeded to wriggle out of a fur overcoat. This done, he stood forth in a neat gray business suit, patent-leather shoes, high collar, and dark blue scarf, from which there gleamed a diamond. A heavy gold watch-fob dangled from his waistcoat pocket; and when he stripped off his new tan gloves three rings came to view.

"Hello, judge!" he said with a grin. "How's the shyder business? Located any more heirs lately?"

Hopper pointed a finger at his visitor and made motions with his mouth. At last he found language.

"Where—where did you get those clothes?" he demanded.

"Judge," said the young man, with an air of reproof, "I'm surprised at you! In the best circles such a crack as that would set you clear outside!"

"Have you been back to Camberwell Center?" roared Hopper, springing to his feet.

"Well, maybe I had business there," said Mullins coolly.

"Didn't I tell you to keep out of that thing until I got the property lined up?" roared Hopper. "Didn't I?"

"And let you hog the whole works?" said Mullins pleasantly. "No, judge. I just dropped in this morning to tell you that I've decided to switch lawyers. I've got an honest one now."

Hopper jumped at him, foaming with imprecations. Mullins seized his discarded legal adviser by the shoulders, and jammed

him back into his chair with a bump that made his teeth rattle.

"Now, then, you cheap crook!" panted Mullins. "Listen to me! I've been your dog around this town for five years. I've done your dirty work, and I've taken two and three dollars for a job, because you knew I had to have it and couldn't kick. All the time I've been laying for you—understand, laying for you! Now I've got you right where I want you—and I'm going to hand you the jolt of your life!"

"Wait a minute!" pleaded Hopper. "What's the use of getting excited over this thing? We can fix it up between us, can't we? When I offered you two hundred and fifty, I didn't know how much there was in this estate. I didn't, that's honest!"

Mullins laughed uproariously.

"Well, I found out how much there was in it!" he said. "Old man Parker put me wise to the whole thing, and I signed some papers and put the case into his hands."

"You're going to try and steal it, are you?" snarled Hopper. "Well, I'll stop *your* clock, my friend! I'll tip it off to Parker that your name ain't Strong at all, but Mullins! Think I'm going to put a beggar on a horse and then have him kick me in the face? No, sir! I'll see you in jail first!"

Mullins sat down on the edge of the desk. With his left hand he took a firm grip on the lapel of Hopper's coat, while with his clenched right he made magnetic passes under the shyster's nose.

"Listen, you crook!" said Mullins. "I

promised you a real jolt, and you can set yourself for it, because it's coming over now. I was always mighty careful to keep away from any job that might send me up the river, wasn't I? I never got where the law could grab me, did I? And I haven't this time. I told you when you first mentioned this thing to me that I wouldn't have any part of it. Didn't I? Answer me!"

He shook Hopper as a terrier shakes a rat; and like a rat, Hopper squeaked.

"You did until I talked money!" he sniffled.

"No!" shouted Mullins. "You talked something beside money—you talked *names*! You thought I fell for your measly little two fifty bones and your hand-me-down clothes, and I let you keep on thinking so, just for the fun of handing you this little surprise party. Even when I sprung that knife on the old boy, you never tumbled. You thought that was a lucky guess, eh? It wasn't a guess; *it was a cinch!*"

Hopper jerked the hand away from his lapel, and his chair crashed to the floor as he leaped to his feet.

"What are you getting at?" he demanded.

"Something you don't meet very often—the truth!" said Mullins simply. "You saw an 'ad' in the paper, and started out looking for an heir. There's five million people in this town; only one of 'em had a right to that property, and I've got to hand it to you, judge, because you found him! Yes, you petty larcenist, *I'm the real William Henry!*"

THE TWO GIFTS

WHEN love is red roses and clear ruby wine,
And the heart's like a bird on the wing—
When days are all rapture and nights are divine,
And the world is a playground ring—
When radiant life o'erflows at our feet,
And hopes are blissfully long—
When living is sweet and time's passing fleet,
Thank God for the blessing of song!

When love is but weeds and the wine but a stain,
And broken the heart's wings of joy—
When days are of anguish and nights are of pain,
And the world is a tarnished toy—
When life is drained empty of all but its wo,
And hopes have dwindled to fears—
When life is a foe, and time's dragging slow,
Thank God for the soothing of tears!

Faith Baldwin

LIGHT VERSE

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

THE FROG

UPON the log deep in the bog
Behold the green amphibious Frog!
He loves to Think there on the brink,
Then, blinking, sink to take a drink.

This greenback Fellow, of belly yellow,
Has a most unmelodious Bellow,
Which sounds as though from long ago
There came a thought of deepest Wo.

He sometimes slips and slowly dips
Until submerged up to his lips;
But if you stop and near him drop
A Pebble, he goes in, Ker-flop!

I often wonder what he does under,
But on his secret I can't blunder.
The thought of boys perhaps annoys;
He finds in mud pure, boy-free joys.

Of Fowls we eat most parts but feet
And head—I mean, of course, the meat;
Though Frogs as food are sometimes wooed;
The Legs are all that we think good.

It takes so many to seem Any,
That Frogs' Legs cost a Pretty Penny;
And for my part I've not much heart
For Frogs, though cooked with greatest Art.

The Frog, to me, seems meant to be
A model of Placidity;
All care forgetting and all fretting,
He never minds the suddenest wetting.

Some Boys show wrath to take a bath,
And Dogs hate flies to cross their path;
But Frogs fat flies will ne'er despise,
And bathing's their chief Exercise!

George J. Smith

THE ENCHANTRESS

SWAYED by thy beauty, many mighty men
Have fallen, yielding to thy subtle charm;
And maids and stately matrons now and then
Are lured by thee to swift and sudden harm.

Thou hast not known ambition's vaulting power,
And so will never from the dust arise;
Content, with rarest coloring as thy dower,
To be the center of admiring eyes.

Heartless thou art, yet dost with subtle force
Move some, who know thy contact, e'en to tears;
Both weak and strong forsake their beaten course,
Forgetting all, swept on despite their fears.

Bewildered victims, rising in their wrath,
Have heaped upon thee epithets galore,
Regretting that they ever crossed thy path,
Thou Persian rug, upon a polished floor!

Grace E. Mott

A SUPERHUMAN TASK

"You can't unscramble an egg"—*Saying attributed to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.*

IT'S wonderful what man has done!
He's chained the lightning, tamed the wind,
And, lacking scales, he's weighed the sun,
And bared the mysteries of the mind.
There is no task from which he'll turn,
No question that he weakly begs;
But still one thing is left to learn—
He can't unscramble scrambled eggs!

I doff my hat in deep respect
To those great men, the pioneers,
Who've often suffered long neglect
Throughout the weary, thankless years.
When they are mentioned I grow dumb
And drain their toast unto the dregs;
But will the genius ever come
Who can unscramble scrambled eggs?

Grantham Green

THE FLAT-DWELLERS

WE live in a tiny apartment—
Quite twenty feet square, I should say—
Three rooms without view, and a kitchenette, too,
And a corridor part of the way.
The bed it is made out of walnut,
The size of a walnut, beside;
The paper is thin so that we can get in,
And one has no need of a guide.

The table—you just ought to see it!
The dishes—no doll's are so small!
We breakfast on flakes, and we dare not eat
steaks,
For then we might swell through the wall.
We had lots of trouble in finding
A servant who'd anyway fit;
We needed a midget who'd not squirm or fidget,
Or shake when she laughed at my wit.

The baby, at birth, was quite normal,
But soon grew to fit to a hair;

We hope soon to get him so small we can let him
Go out for a breath of fresh air.
We never speak loud, lest the echo
Should cause the partitions to dent;
Of all of this little apartment so brittle
The only large part is the rent!

William Wallace Whitelock

THE SPORTSMAN

GOIN' fishin'? Bet your hat!
Fishin' 's what I'll soon be at.
Know a dandy little pool
Up behind the deestrick school,
Where the trout and minners play
Hide-an'-seek the livelong day.

Whar's my hook? Ain't got no hook;
Never use 'em in my brook.
Wouldn't hurt them fish, by gum,
Not for—not for any sum!
Like to watch 'em, don't you see,
Playin' peek-a-boo with me.

Ever hunt? You bet I do!
Hunted all this country through.
Fox and deer, and pa'tridge plump,
Big jack-rabbits on the jump;
Now an' then a chipmunk cuts
'Crost my path in search of nuts.

Ever shoot 'em? I guess not!
Nary one by me is shot.
Why should I go shootin' things
That ain't hurtin' me, by jings?
Guess it's plenty sport for me
Watchin' them behind a tree.

What's the fun? Waal, I dunno;
Sort o' sets my heart aglow
Seein' birds and fish and deer
Flirtin' round without no fear;
Livin' quiet in the wood,
Askin' nothin' but their food.

Like to lead that kind o' life,
Sort o' free from care and strife,
Breathin' fresh air all day long,
Never thinkin' right or wrong,
Eatin', sleepin', havin' fun
'Thout no harm to any one!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE THINGS GIRLS EAT

THE things girls eat may well astound
And move to wonder most profound
The student of their curious ways;
They gulp such messes, in school-days,
That grown-ups frown, have always frowned,
At what girls eat!

Marshmallows by the gas-jet browned,
Of chocolates each day a pound,

Cakes that would fill two good-sized trays,
Jam, sweet desserts that soon would craze
A hungry man of body sound—
Such things girls eat!

You've seen, in candy-shops renowned,
Pink frostings, pink ice-creams around,
And often you've expressed amaze
To know who for those pink things pays?
Well, girls love pink, down to the ground—
Pink's what girls eat!

And after solid sweets are downed,
With drinks the weird repast is crowned—
Pink lemonade, wherein each lays
A cherry of a ruby glaze—
In liquids such as these are drowned
The sweets girls eat!

No wonder when girls grow long-gowned
They have a keen scent like a hound
For things they deem their natural preys;
For them it is that hearts we raise,
Sweet hearts—they love them, I'll be bound—
The things girls eat!

Francis Whitehill

OLD LOVE AND NEW

I LOVED my Daphne with a will;
I must confess I love her still.
I love her better now, to-day,
When she and I are getting gray,
Than e'er I did in days of old
When first the story sweet was told.

And yet—well, let me here confess
I'm mightily in love with Bess!
Whene'er I hear her voice in song,
It makes my heart beat fast and strong;
And when I gaze into her eyes,
It fills my soul with glad surprise.

Whene'er I hold her dainty hand,
A golden glow comes o'er the land,
And every prospect in my sight
Grows doubly fair, and doubly bright;
And when she laughs, I have a thrill
That drives away all thought of ill.

Her eyes are quite like Daphne's—soft
And twinkling like the stars aloft.
The music of her voice doth bring
Back songs that Daphne used to sing;
And when her smile confronteth me,
Dear Daphne's smiling lips I see.

You call me fickle at my age?
You think me foolish thus to rage
About a maid of seventeen,
With Daphne still upon the scene?
Not so! All's well! 'Tis joy divine—
She's Daphne's daughter—likewise mine!

Blakeney Gray

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

"INTENT TO DEFRAUD"

IT is gratifying to read in the annual report of the chief post-office inspector, recently published, that during the year 1911 the department secured indictments against five hundred and twenty-two individuals for fraudulent use of the mails, and that out of one hundred and ninety-six persons arraigned for trial, in connection with various swindling schemes, one hundred and eighty-four were convicted. But what a commentary it is upon the get-rich-quick industry, and upon the laws dealing with such matters in this country, that these men were not apprehended and put out of business until they had succeeded in plundering the community to the extent of seventy-seven million dollars—no single cent of which, so far as I can determine, is subject to recovery by the victims.

It would be sufficiently disgraceful, one would think, if seventy-seven million dollars measured the total stealings of the dishonest promoters last year, but it is frankly admitted by the post-office inspectors that this large sum is only a portion of the losses actually sustained. Compared with the number of persons regularly engaged in the fraudulent promotion business, the arrests were comparatively few. The inspector's report deals only with such criminals as were charged with misusing the mails. Hundreds of others are still operating their schemes through that most convenient medium, while no reckoning whatever is taken of countless swindlers who are selling worthless securities through professional stock-salesmen.

The chief inspector explains, in his report, that many swindling schemes continue unchecked at the present time because, "while the actual fraud is indisputable," it is exceedingly difficult for the inspectors

"to prove the intent to defraud, as provided by law."

I don't know how this appeals to others, but to me one or two hundred millions a year seems a mighty big price to pay for a narrow differentiation, for there cannot be much more than a split hair's difference between a condition where "actual fraud is indisputable" and one where proof of "intent to defraud" becomes available. To a lay mind it would appear as though the one implied the other, and that if actual fraud is indisputable, intent to defraud is manifest.

But there is a difference, of course, or the matter would not be mentioned in a government report. If officials could prevent swindling by wholesale, I feel certain that the postal authorities would not permit the country's most successful criminals to go on plundering almost openly, as they have done for years, deferring any interference until the schemes finally "blow up" at a cost of some hundred million dollars annually. Yet it seems a travesty on criminal procedure that the authorities must wait until the rogues have reached the end of their tethers, and have secured all the loot possible from their "indisputably" fraudulent schemes, before the officials can prove "intent to defraud."

To permit a man to steal a million dollars in order to prove that he really intended to steal affords, no doubt, a most convincing demonstration of his purpose. As proof of his thieving intent, it may be highly satisfactory to every one except the unfortunate victim. The proper place for such a performance, however, would seem to be in some screaming farce, or upon the operabouffe stage.

Could not our lawmakers, by giving due attention to the subject, devise some statute or provision that would cover the case in

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of February.

point? To the average intelligence, a swindling promoter's "intent" to defraud becomes sufficiently apparent the moment he drops into a mail-chute, or deposits in a letter-box, a lying prospectus addressed to some prospective victim and inviting him to purchase shares in a company whose affairs are grossly misrepresented.

The Federal authorities cannot, of course, control the States in their laws relative to incorporation and corporation management, but they can and do exercise control over the material that enters the mails. It would not be too much to require of fiscal agents and company-promoters, offering securities for sale through the mails, sworn statements of the truth of their assertions, or to compel them to exhibit and file some evidences that their projects are legitimate.

Failing this, their literature should be excluded in the same way that vile books and offensive material are prohibited.

SOME FRENCH FINANCIAL IDEAS

THE way in which France is dealing with the fraudulent-company-promotion evil is different from ours, and seems calculated to give better results. Instead of waiting until the thieves have secured a big pot of money, and then arresting them, the French are engaged in a campaign to instruct their citizens in elementary finance, so that they will not be victimized by the get-rich-quick swindlers. They have formed a society for the purpose of delivering lectures all over France, particularly in the country districts, to counteract the insidious work of the financial sharks.

The French are a nation of investors. Economists everywhere attribute France's prestige in the money markets of the world to the vast accumulations which her citizens have put into foreign and domestic securities. It may therefore seem surprising that she should be in need of fundamental education in finance. One should not lose sight, however, of the fact that all the nations of the earth have recently been camping on the door-steps of the French bankers, in search of funds. It is not unnatural that the American get-rich-quick gentry should follow the example of their betters, and should invade France with the fake mining, oil, and land schemes of a sort with which we are so familiar.

In outlining the purpose of the new so-

ciety, a leading financial publication of Paris says:

It is considered that no greater service can be done the nation as a whole than to teach it that fortunes are not made as a matter of course by speculation, that only unsound enterprises offer phenomenal rates of interest, and that promoters' promises coming from such a distance are things to be avoided.

In this country, unfortunately, while people in general recognize and, for the most part, deplore the evil, astonishingly little is done to educate the community in the ways of sound finance. There are, of course, some notable exceptions, but bankers, economists, and financial writers, as a rule, do not seem to feel that they could perform "no greater service" to the nation than by warning against the swindling promoter, who is sapping the country's resources. Too often they appear disposed to treat the matter as a jest. Some of them have stated openly that persons who buy the worthless truck, on false promises, deserved to be swindled for their ignorance and folly.

Such might be the case if all reasonable efforts to educate the community to better things had been exhausted, or, indeed, if such work had ever been attempted on a national scale. Some individuals and publications have undertaken the task, and have done good work, but the difficulties in the way of reaching and instructing our hundred millions of people are vast.

The ignorance of the American public on the subject of finance is appalling. For the lack of a little elementary knowledge, thousands of persons are all the while putting their savings into worthless propositions, which promise huge returns, under the impression that they are making "investments." As a matter of fact, even if the companies were honestly intentioned, which is rarely the case, the "investors" are merely engaging in the wildest and most hazardous form of speculation.

Financial news writers of American publications, with comparatively few exceptions, take the speculative view-point. They are so busily engaged in guessing whether stocks will advance or decline—for such is the theme of most so-called "financial articles"—that they have little time at their disposal to discuss constructive investment, or to engage in elementary educational work. Illegitimate enterprises and get-rich-quick promotions are subjects which they consider beneath their dignity. Such matters are

usually left to the police-court men or the general reporters, and are not dealt with until after the promotions have gone "bump," or the swindlers have been arrested.

The French protective association was formed under the auspices of Alfred Neymarck, an economist of international repute. Turning to his famous monograph on "French Savings and Their Influences on the Bank of France and on French Banks," I note that M. Neymarck is editor of the *Rentier*, vice-president of the *Société d'Économie Politique*, and former president of the *Société Statistique*. In France, then, a man holding high honors, an economist whose views on investments and kindred subjects are respected the world over, does not consider himself above conducting an active campaign against the get-rich-quick game. He knows that organized swindling involves great waste to a nation and much misery to its citizens.

While France aims to conserve her power and prestige in the world's money markets, we are permitting a band of wealthy criminals, some of whom are strongly entrenched both politically and financially, to plunder our neglected and uneducated public to the tune of at least a hundred million dollars annually. As a nation, we do not seem to care very much about it, although, if the huge sum dissipated in worthless schemes were devoted to sound enterprises, it would be of enormous benefit to the country and to its constructive finance.

And this might be accomplished, wholly or in large part, despite our lax laws, if we should adopt the French plan of giving the public a rudimentary financial education by lectures and through published articles in that portion of the press which can be made to realize the enormity of the situation, and which has the courage to deal with it.

THE EVERGLADES INQUIRY

IT is to be hoped that the Congressional Committee which is investigating the Department of Agriculture and the attitude of various officials toward the exploitation of Everglade lands in Florida will go to the bottom of the matter. It is charged that land-schemers have been so powerful as to cause the suppression of documents adverse to drainage enterprises in the Everglades, and to substitute for

them reports of a favorable character. Incidentally, it is to be hoped that the investigation may determine the status of the land-companies operating in that region, and the character of the property they have sold or are offering for sale.

More than a year ago this department sounded a warning note against Florida land-sharks. We advised our readers not to put their money into real estate in Florida, or elsewhere, until they had seen the land, or had acquainted themselves with its character and location from independent and trustworthy sources. It is interesting to note that a circular sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture to persons inquiring about Everglade lands is practically identical in character with our warning. It reads, in part:

The department has never investigated advertising land-companies, and is unable to furnish information as to the reliability of any of them.

No one should invest money in land, anywhere, without seeing it first and studying all the surrounding conditions.

Florida land-boomers are said to have protested against this official warning. Our cautionary remarks were also annoying to certain enterprising gentlemen. Evidently we disturbed somebody's plans, for we were loudly denounced as croakers and libelers. There was an effort to make it appear that we had belittled legitimate agricultural development in Florida, whereas the warning was clearly directed against fraudulent schemes and misrepresented propositions.

It is interesting to note that the present investigation was set in motion by a citizen of Florida—Congressman Frank Clark, who must be acquainted with local conditions in his State. Nothing that we printed in our brief article on the Florida land-companies compares in seriousness with the charges of the Florida Congressman. He is quoted as saying, among other things, that much of the Everglade property should have been sold by the quart or hogshead, instead of by the acre. Millions of dollars have gone into land which was described and pictured as blossoming like the rose, whereas it is actually submerged from one to five feet under water.

Furthermore, it has been stated, in regard to certain lands in Florida, that even when drained they are too soft to be plowed, for a mule would sink into them almost out of sight.

We cannot anticipate the outcome of the Congressional investigation, which is not completed at this writing, but we hope and believe that it will result in great benefit to legitimate agricultural enterprises in Florida. Such, assuredly, will be the result if the land-sharks are exposed and a horde of fraudulent companies, which have injured the State through their outrageous swindles, are driven out.

We have every sympathy with all legitimate projects for reclaiming waste and swamp lands, and we should be delighted to record the complete success of the great project of draining the Everglades. We have no regard at all, however, for tracts of worthless sand or bottomless morass bought at perhaps fifty cents per acre, and then palmed off on thousands of confiding investors as fertile and well-located farming land at twenty-five to one hundred dollars an acre.

Entirely aside from Everglade projects, which are the special subject of the Congressional investigation, one cannot use too great care in buying any property in Florida from advertising or circularizing land-companies, or from sales-agents; for if you get something better than sand or swamp, you may find the title to the property defective. I am informed by a high authority that the State has no general survey, and that many deeds lap over on the same land. Aside from this, some of the land-companies do not own the property they are selling, but control it under options, which may be exercised if the company is successful in making sales, or which may be abandoned, leaving duped purchasers with nothing but a lawsuit on their hands.

Two correspondents, for example, have called my attention to the Florida Homeland Company, of Sandford, Florida. After buying land from this company at thirty-five dollars an acre, and paying thirty dollars a month on the contract for many months, these two purchasers were notified by a so-called "colonists' association" that the property had never been owned in fee by the Homeland Company. It was under a mortgage, which the original owners had foreclosed, in consequence of a non-fulfilment of terms of sale by the Homeland Company. It was not until these unfortunate investors had paid in sufficient money to demand a deed to their property that they received the pleasing announcement that if non-resident purchasers from the Florida

Homeland Company did not appear at De Land, Florida, judgment would be entered by default, with a total loss of all their rights.

Here were men residing in San Francisco writing to me, in New York, for advice concerning foreclosure proceedings in Florida, connected with land which they had bought, or thought they had bought, but which they had never seen. Outrageous cases like this are turning up all the time.

It is some satisfaction to note, in connection with the Florida Homeland Company affair, that the promoters of the scheme—Austin S. Mann, T. S. Hand, and S. W. Bolles—have been arrested at Jacksonville, charged with using the mails for purposes of fraud.

CRITICS WHO DO NOT AGREE

THE world would be a dreary place indeed if every one thought alike. We do not regard it as a reproach, therefore, but rather as in the natural order of things that some people disagree with our views on the subject of investment, and with our way of conducting a financial department. We cannot satisfy everybody. Indeed, we have no inclination to make the attempt, for we well recall the fable of "The Man and the Ass." We have no desire to emulate the example of the painstaking individual who tried to please every one and succeeded in pleasing no one.

It would be strange if this department did not come in for criticism. It is proverbially true that one cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. We have at least assisted in smashing a number of financial eggs, and in the process have incurred no little animosity. It does not surprise us in the slightest that our views do not meet the approval of the fiscal-agency men and the company-promoter. It is precisely in line with their propensity for lying and misrepresentation that such people, whenever and wherever possible, in circulars, in letters, and in articles published in their "house organs" or in subservient papers, should attack MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

The burden of their allegation is that our Financial Department is conducted in the interest of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange—simply because, in seeking to turn inexperienced persons away from worthless and swindling things, we have often pointed out that very much better securities are dealt

in on the Stock Exchange. At the same time, while get-rich-quick men charge that the department is run in the interest of Wall Street, some honest persons feel that we are not paying enough attention to features which concern Wall Street.

Here, for example, is a letter which we recently received from a correspondent in Camden, South Carolina, and which bears upon this feature:

I read with much interest the Financial Department of MUNSEY'S. While your views on that subject are fine and able, still it appears to me that you waste a good deal of valuable space on worthless cats and dogs.

It seems to me that your readers would be more instructed and benefited if your financial editor would give his views on the trend of affairs in the business world, what investments are inviting, and what may have merit in the future.

I don't mean to suggest that you publish a tipster's letter on Wall Street securities for the speculators; but would it not be a good idea to give your readers advice on investments that are stable, or have favorable possibilities, in preference to dwelling so extensively on departed ducks?

Although in some respects we differ with the writer, we do not object to his criticism, nor to any criticism that is fair and honestly intentioned. Our correspondent views the proposition from a personal point of view—that of a man who is no doubt well grounded in a knowledge of finance and capable of appreciating "the trend of affairs in the business world." The worthless "cats and dogs" that we have mentioned do not appeal to him, and he has no patience with persons who buy such truck.

We are judging the matter from a different angle entirely. We cannot help considering the thousands upon thousands of unfortunate men and women who have been tricked and deceived and plundered for years, simply because they are poor and ignorant. They are now poorer by many millions, and scarcely less ignorant, because for a long time no one thought it worth while to give them a little elementary instruction, which would enable them to protect themselves.

We do not agree with our critic that we have wasted valuable space in referring to worthless stocks. The contrary, we hold, is proved by hundreds of letters from thankful correspondents whose money we have saved. It is also indicated by an increasing number of inquiries for securities of a better grade, from readers who have learned to regard

safety as a greater consideration than income yield.

That we have assisted in rendering the work of the sellers of dubious stocks more difficult is attested by the attacks made on us by fiscal agents and get-rich-quick promoters, who have raised the cry that this department is run in the interest of Wall Street. That is part of an effort to break the force of our warnings against unsafe and hazardous speculations.

Opinions, as we have said, may honestly differ on the subject of investment and upon the plan and scope of a financial department; and this may be illustrated by another letter. While our Camden correspondent thinks we have wasted too much valuable space on "cats and dogs" and "departed ducks," our work is differently regarded by another reader, who writes as follows from Columbus, Ohio:

May I compliment you on the Financial Department of MUNSEY'S? It is conservative yet sufficiently aggressive when necessary; it is fair, just, and, best of all, constructive.

No employer ever exploited the common people of this country as have shrewd stock-salesmen and promoters. Strangest of all is the fact that even the victims, in many cases, still believe in the good faith of their plunderers.

Such a campaign of education and publicity as you are waging is seemingly the only prevention, except where the promoter is foolish or indiscreet enough to misuse the mails and is guilty of being found out. You can't endow people with good sense or judgment by making laws. Education is the best protection.

Permit me to again express my warm approval of your work.

This department has not published as many lists of bonds or stocks as some other publications have printed; but it is to be considered that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is not a class publication. It is a popular magazine of world-wide circulation. We wish to make our Financial Department national in scope, not local to New York or Wall Street.

There are, we believe, no better bonds and stocks anywhere than those listed on the New York Stock Exchange, but there are countless other desirable securities and numberless ways of investing money safely and profitably without special reference to Wall Street. There are first-rate municipal and other bonds, issues of established properties; there are real-estate mortgages, and the like, in which the people's money may be securely placed.

In mentioning worthless stocks, and warning against them, we have never omitted to indicate safer investments. If our Camden critic has not noticed these references, he has been an inattentive reader. But our first

object has been to check the tremendous drain on the resources of the community through swindling schemes, and, by indicating what should be avoided, to turn public attention to safe and desirable securities.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THIS department will pay no attention to anonymous communications. The names of readers making inquiries will not be disclosed, but they should be sent to us, together with the writer's post-office address, as an evidence of good faith. Answers will be made either in the magazine or by letter, at the option of the editor, at as early a date as possible. In some instances delays are unavoidable, owing to the time consumed in making careful investigations.

Whenever possible, letters of inquiry should be accompanied by prospectuses and any correspondence which may have passed between readers and the promoters of propositions promising unusual returns to investors. Such material will be returned, if desired. Prospectuses give information, or alleged information, which is frequently essential in prosecuting investigations. Moreover, many doubtful projects are unknown in large cities, the vendors of the shares confining their offerings to residents of small places, counting upon the supposed ignorance or gullibility of such persons.

Write proper names clearly. Life is too short to permit a busy man to waste time over illegible handwriting.

AS TO "SUCKER LISTS"

The enclosed circular is one of a large number sent me by Sterling Debenture Corporation, to none of which I have replied. A cartload of material from Julian Hawthorne preceded this inundation from the Sterling, and it has set me wondering how many pounds of advertising the average "sucker" requires, and whether those who do not readily bite are influenced to do so by receiving repeated offers, in most of which it is represented that he is one of the favored few to whom a rare "opportunity" is offered.

R. C. G., Washington, D. C.

Some time ago I swallowed the alluring bait offered by the Henry N. Roach Company, American Tanning Company, Consolidated Mines Company, Buckeye Mining Company, etc., to the tune of about a thousand dollars; you know the result. Restitution was attempted. It failed, of course, but the Henry N. Roach Company was put out of business, and it is gratifying to know that I was of assistance. The money, however, was lost.

Oxford Linen Mills, Telegraphone, Telepost, Peerson's Magazine, and Hampton's also caught me for about five hundred dollars. A clean-up of these five concerns netted about a hundred dollars—a little salvage. It is needless to say that I have my lesson well committed.

I am in constant receipt of all sorts of "New York" prospects for investment, mostly of the get-rich-quick order. If agreeable I will send you alluring prospectuses that reach me, as I am in sympathy with the efforts to expose the exploiting of the public through dubious schemes.

A. H. G., Miami, Florida.

These letters go very well together, for they both deal with the same phase of the company-promoting and stock-selling business—the so-called "sucker lists" which fiscal-agency concerns use in inducing persons to become "investors" in prospectus company stock. Precisely how many pounds' weight of material in booklets, circulars, and other matter is required for this purpose it is difficult for me to say. I have never looked at the question from that point of view. I imagine that the quantity is variable, and depends largely upon the individual and his experience.

Some men, no doubt, are flattered by the assiduous attention which the company-promoter pays them, and think themselves highly favored in being singled out for the rich and rare offering which is going to make their fortune. Others, I dare say, take fright at the bombardment. They are shrewd enough to realize that it must cost the promoter a large sum to send out so much expensive material. It may occur to them that if the promoter is forced to make such persistent efforts, at such high cost, to sell his shares, there may be some question about the shares being desirable.

It is possible that our correspondent, R. C. G., of Washington, may deduce a satisfactory answer to his own question from A. H. G.'s letter. The latter, having got his name on a real "sucker list," is in constant receipt of promoters' literature. I imagine that it is "mighty hefty," but he is so little impressed with it that he offers it all to me, and I have accepted the offer. I imagine that even a ton's weight would not now induce A. H. G. to purchase shares of the character included in the circular which my Washington correspondent has sent me.

By way of explanation I may say that this circular is an assortment of offerings, made up of various stocks, promoted and sold by the Sterling Debenture Corporation. Shares of trifling little concerns—the preferred stock dividend requirements of which are, in one instance \$2,000 a year, and in another instance \$4,000—are included as sweeteners, with shares of companies of large capital, like Telepost and Oxford Linen Mills, which pay nothing. These combination prize-packages are so arranged as to show dividends on the group, but why any one in his sane senses should buy non-dividend-paying shares at par, in combinations with others which have paid a dividend or two, passeth understanding. Of course, there is no market for the resale of any of these so-called securities.

At one time, no doubt, a pound or so of such literature would have sufficed for A. H. G., but after laying out \$1,500 in some ten or eleven companies, the salvage on which amounts to but \$100, it is easy to see a reason for his aloofness in this matter. Mere avoirdupois would not now induce him to buy any of the prizes offered to R. C. G., for every package contains some of the shares included in the list of the companies which cost him \$500, and from which he was able to save only \$100.

THE DECLINE IN HIGH-GRADE BONDS

Is it true that some of the best listed bonds—such as Union Pacific fours of 1947, Baltimore and Ohio fours of 1948, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul fours, Series A, of 1950, all first mortgages—have depreciated from five to nine points since 1905 or 1906? If so, what is the cause, and do you think they will continue to drop?

Would you consider any of the following as gilt-edged investments: Florida East Coast Railway first mortgage four-and-one-half-per-cent of 1959; Atlantic Coast Line Railway first mortgage fours of 1952, and Baltimore and Ohio first mortgage fours of 1948?

E. E. B., Carthage, N. Y.

Yes, it is quite true that the highest-grade securities in the world have suffered a severe depreciation in price since 1905. Of the issues mentioned by this correspondent, Union Pacific touched 108½ in 1905. It has sold, recently, at 100½—a decline of eight points. Baltimore, and Ohio has fallen from 106¾ to 99¾, or seven points, and St. Paul, Series A, from 113¾ to 98½, or more than fifteen points. All the above issues have sold at even lower prices than prevail at this writing.

Lest this inquirer, and others, should infer that such losses have arisen out of some weakness in the companies mentioned, or that declines have been confined solely to railway bonds, I direct attention to the fact that during the same interval United States government fours of 1925 have declined from 134½ to 113¾, or twenty and three-quarter points, while New York City three-and-one-half-per-cents of 1954 have sold off from 102 to 86¾, or more than fifteen points.

That such losses are not confined to America and American securities may be inferred from the course of British consols, often termed "the premier security of the world." In 1905, consols sold at 90¾. At this writing they are selling at 78¾, a decline of twelve points, and they have been lower. Countless other examples might be cited both in this country and in Europe, and with all classes of high-grade bonds, for the phenomena of lower prices for strict investments is of almost universal application.

Why this should be the case is a long story. It is difficult to get experts to agree on the true cause, because it would seem as if many factors have played a part. Naturally, the subject has received the attention of the world's brightest financial minds. Upon one point there is substantial agreement—that capital employed in a fixed form of investment is worth more every-

where than it was eight or ten years ago. This is disclosed in many ways, but only one need be considered here—the almost world-wide depreciation of investment issues.

Governments, municipalities, and corporations, in securing additional capital, borrow on long-time paper—that is, through bonds running for a fixed term of years at a specified rate of interest. Let us assume that the corporation issues which have sustained such severe losses were brought out at a time when investment capital was worth, say, four per cent. What, naturally, should happen when capital commands, or is worth, four and one-half per cent? As the life of a bond cannot be abridged, or the rate per cent of interest modified, the only possible method of adjustment is through a decline in prices until these reach a point where the income yield from the old securities becomes substantially the same as the current rate for new investment capital.

This is precisely what has been taking place in investments during the last half-dozen years. It does not, however, tell us what has raised the worth of investment capital.

Upon that subject authorities differ. The theory which finds the largest number of adherents is that the enormous output or "overproduction" of gold in recent years is primarily responsible. There are many other theories, however, such as that the change is due to the overdevelopment of corporations and enormous security issues, the waste of capital through war, the cost of standing armies and naval armament, public and private extravagance, the high cost of living and higher prices generally, social unrest and the aggressiveness of labor, the heavy losses resulting from panics, and, in this country, the timidity of investors in consequence of political disturbances and the like.

Many of the causes mentioned above are reflective or secondary influences, such as, according to political economists, always follow large accessions of gold, or inflation. I doubt if it would accomplish much good to discuss the various theories. Suffice it to say that the world has never, in all its history, experienced within an equal period of time such an output of gold as has followed the conclusion of the Boer War. The aggregate from all sources for the years 1902-1910 has been approximately \$3,519,400,000.

It is a rule of modern business and finance that credit expands more rapidly than does the basis of credit which supports it. Of course, this great addition to the world's money supply stimulated industrial development everywhere, but more particularly, perhaps, in this country than elsewhere. The consequent increase of wealth carried our enterprises ahead not too far, perhaps, but certainly at too rapid a pace.

Capital became locked up in fixed forms. Not all the huge volume of new securities could be absorbed immediately. They were used as a basis of credit, and there were other demands on capital and credit arising out of an increase in

farm and real-estate values, and out of speculative undertakings in endless variety. Loans expanded enormously. Labor was well employed, and at high wages. The consumptive capacity of the country was greatly increased, taxing productive capacity everywhere, and the prices of everything that man eats, drinks, and wears advanced.

The foregoing is only a very general outline of the processes through which a great and sudden influx of gold works out, always expanding credit more largely than the basis of credit, and finally locking up capital. Then, when governments, municipalities, or corporations require additional money, they find that it is not as readily available as before, and they are forced to raise their bids.

This happens because the investor insists upon a larger income to meet his increased expenses, and because the banker either has a diminished surplus or too many securities on hand, or finds that investment institutions and personal investors will not furnish capital at the old interest rate. Investors recently have made the government itself, practically every State, city, county, town, and village in the country, and every corporation, pay more for money than before. Old investment issues have equalized with the new basis of borrowing in the only way they could—through a fall in prices.

Our correspondent asks if the drop in prices on investment issues is over. It is a difficult question to answer. Corporations, of late, have been borrowing on short-term notes at high rates, rather than fund their outstanding obligations through bond issues at the prevailing rates of interest for investment capital.

This I do know, however—that the process of adjustment has spread over half a dozen years or more, and must consequently be so much nearer the end. Aside from that, with the best American corporation bonds selling from five to fifteen points lower than they did a few years ago, they are much more attractive at the present time, and at present prices, than they were in 1906.

As to the securities about which E. E. B. inquires, according to the very highest investment standards, Baltimore and Ohio first-mortgage bonds of 1948 would measure up to the quality of a "gilt-edged investment." The first-mortgage bonds of the Florida East Coast Railway and of the Atlantic Coast Line are highly desirable issues, such as a careful business man or a prudent investor can buy and hold. While gold-leaf has not yet been applied to their edges, they are pretty nearly prepared for that embellishment.

SENDING MONEY TO A BROKER

In buying stock of a broker, am I safe in sending him a check, buying the stock straight out, or had I better have him buy the stock and send it to my bank for collection?
W. M. P., Phoenix, Va.

The question that a prospective investor should determine first of all is the character and respon-

sibility of the house with whom he proposes to deal. The best way to get this information is through careful inquiry. His bank—which is no doubt a subscriber to the commercial agencies—could assist him in this matter.

A firm engaged in a strict brokerage business—that is, buying and selling stocks and bonds on commission—under ordinary circumstances will not purchase securities for a customer unless the money is in hand to pay for them. If the customer buys on a margin, to speculate, the broker obtains the margin-money in advance. If the customer is an investor who proposes to buy stock outright and take it away with him, the broker assures himself definitely that his client has the money to pay for it.

This correspondent lives out of town. If he has determined the responsibility of the broker to his entire satisfaction, and desires to buy stocks through him, he will find it advantageous to remit, not a check on his local bank, but a New York draft, payable to the broker's order, which he can purchase at his bank. Otherwise the broker will not execute the order—certainly not for a stranger—until his own bank has collected the out-of-town check.

A person residing in some small city or town, if he desires to purchase securities for investment, can easily arrange the transaction through his local bank. The institution will transmit the order to its bank correspondent in New York, Chicago, or elsewhere, as the case may be. The correspondent bank in the large city will turn the order over to a broker for execution, will arrange for the transfer of the stock into the name of the purchaser, if so desired, and will deliver the certificate to him at the local bank.

Bond-dealers are merchants in bonds. They carry bonds in stock, or in their bank, in the same way that a merchant carries merchandise in his store or in a warehouse. Having the goods on hand, it is not unusual for a bond-dealer, when he sells coupon or bearer bonds to an out-of-town client, to send them to the purchaser with a draft drawn upon him for the amount of the purchase-money. The bonds are deliverable to the purchaser through a bank in his home town, upon payment of the draft.

Stocks and registered bonds stand in the name of registered holders. Under some unusual circumstances, a broker might send a certificate to a purchaser with draft attached; but this would be against prevailing custom, and against good business methods. No broker, of course, would use his own money to purchase ordinary stock, would transfer it into the name of a stranger, and would send it to him, unless he was in some way guaranteed against loss. Even if he was assured of the financial responsibility of his customer, he could not positively assure himself that the draft will be paid.

If, for instance, a broker should transfer stock into the name of a customer without receiving his money for it, and the customer should die, pay-

ment might be held up for a long time, pending the settlement of the estate. As undorsed stock, the broker could not use the certificate.

Moreover, there are stringent provisions concerning the transfer and delivery of stock which might otherwise complicate matters. These are really too technical to be explained here.

It is to avoid such complications that a purchaser of stock bought on the instalment plan and deliverable, say, on a final payment, will find that his certificate, should it be sent to him with draft for the balance, is made out in the name of his broker, or that of some other broker, or with the indorsement on the reverse of the certificate guaranteed by a Stock Exchange firm. In such form it is negotiable, and the holder can have it transferred into his own name by sending it back to the broker.

If the customer had made his final or complete payment by New York draft, the stock could be transferred at once and all complications avoided. The purchaser would then receive a fresh certificate standing in his own name.

SOME "SEMI-INVESTMENT" BONDS

Will you kindly advise me if, in your opinion, Western Pacific fives of 1933, at about 91, and Denver and Rio Grande first and refunding fives of 1955, quoted around 89, are to be considered as safe investments which would provide a sure income?

H. K., Los Angeles, Cal.

At the prices quoted, Western Pacific fives return about five and one-half per cent and Denver and Rio Grande first and refunding fives about five and five-eighths per cent on the money laid out in their purchase. Strictly gilt-edged investments do not return so high a yield, and these bonds do not fall within that class. They belong to a grade of security which is rather indefinitely described as the "semi-investment" or "speculative investment" class, implying that the purchaser takes a moderate risk in buying the bonds.

INVESTING A WIDOW'S MONEY

I want a safe investment for a widow's money, the income to be as large as consistent with safety, and the investment to have an established cash value. I believe that some of the Eastern States limit trustees in the investment of trust funds to a certain class of bonds, perhaps underlying railroad bonds, of which I would like to know the names. Can you mention several securities that can be bought right, and that are a safe investment to net four per cent?

E. W., Evansville, Ind.

The statutes governing investments by trustees of private trusts differ widely in various States of the Union. Some are specific and rigid, others are general and allow great latitude. With States having no clearly defined laws on the subject, the matter of investment may be determined by the trustee individually, or by the trustee acting with some official, or tribunal, such as a surrogate or a judge of a probate or orphans' court.

Obviously the first duty of a trustee is to familiarize himself with the will or other instrument

under which he is acting, and with the laws or precedents governing trustee investments of the commonwealth in which the estate is domiciled. Executors, administrators, trustees, or guardians should take no chances on a matter of this kind, but should be governed by legal advice. Such a proceeding may save money for the estate, and it may save trouble to the trustee or executor.

Our highest general investment standard is conceded to be found in the laws controlling savings-bank investments in New York and the leading New England States. In the absence of specific statutes and of special directions in the will or trust instrument, these laws establish the safest rule for a trustee to follow. In most States, if not in all, where mutual savings-banks have reached a high state of efficiency, the statutes governing their investment privileges have also been made applicable to private trust funds.

These statutes are variable and voluminous. It would require a volume nearly as large as a single number of this magazine to publish those in force in the New England States, in New York, and in New Jersey. Even then, an inexperienced investor would find it difficult to select his securities, for, though specific properties are mentioned in some statutes, the laws for the most part deal with classes of securities, and with general principles or provisions governing their issue.

To be legal for investment, securities must conform with these provisions on all points. In consequence, one has to be familiar not only with the laws, but also with many details pertaining to the issuing corporations, and to the bonds themselves. Sometimes it requires a great deal of expert knowledge to determine the full legality of a bond for a trust investment.

In a general way, it may be said that savings-banks and trustees in the Eastern States may invest in first mortgages on real estate, in government, State, county, and city bonds, and in bonds of other municipal subdivisions, and in the mortgage bonds of leading railways; but in each instance there are qualifying provisions. If it be a real-estate mortgage, for instance, the law prescribes that the mortgage shall not exceed a certain ratio, say, fifty per cent, of the value of the property.

If it be a State or municipal bond, the statutes prescribe, in most cases, that it must be a direct obligation of the community issuing it; that the State or city shall not have defaulted upon any of its debts within perhaps ten or twenty years, and that its total bonded indebtedness shall not exceed a certain specified percentage of all its property. The laws of some States mention the communities in whose securities savings-banks and trustees may invest. Others mention specific States, and limit the investments to the bonds of communities which, fulfilling all other requirements, have a population of, say, not less than twenty thousand.

In certain States, railway bonds, to be legal for savings-bank and trust funds, must be the absolute first-mortgage issues of roads traversing a specified section of country. Other States enumer-

ate the actual corporations, and authorize investments in general mortgage or refunding mortgage bonds which will, in course of time, become first mortgages on the property.

All commonwealths having good savings-bank laws limit the amounts that an institution may invest in mortgages, municipal bonds, or railway bonds. In regard to railway issues, moreover, there are usually provisions that the mortgage debt must not exceed a certain percentage of capital actually invested in the property, or that the company shall have earned and paid dividends of a certain rate per cent for a period of five consecutive years on all its capital stock.

It is, of course, impossible to enumerate here all the municipal or railway bonds available for trust investments, according to Eastern standards. Trustees should study the lists of savings-bank investments contained in the annual reports of the Banking Departments of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. These should be available for inspection in any important public library.

Many of the savings-bank bonds are not available for purchase. Some issues are closely held, and seldom or never reappear after their original purchase by trustees or savings-banks. But there are always legal bonds to be had, and the best way to proceed, for a person desiring securities of this character, is to write to some of the leading bond and investment firms or corporations, asking them to submit lists of current offerings of municipal or railway bonds, as the case may be, that are legal for New York or New England savings-banks.

To give some slight idea of the character of railway bonds suitable for trust investments in New York, I select, at random, the following:

Union Pacific, first mortgage and land-grant fours, due 1947; price, about 100¾; net yield, 3.95 per cent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Illinois Division, first mortgage fours, due 1949; price, about 99¾; net yield, 4.00 per cent.

Norfolk and Western, first consolidated mortgage fours, due 1996; price, about 98½; net yield, 4.05 per cent.

Louisville and Nashville, unified mortgage fours, due 1940; price, about 99¼; net yield, 4.05 per cent.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, general mortgage fours, due 1988; price, about 95⅞; net yield, 4.20 per cent.

Southern Pacific Railroad, first refunding fours, due 1955; price, 95; net yield, 4.25 per cent.

It is not possible to give a satisfactory list of municipal bonds suitable for trust investments. The range is simply enormous, and includes the bonds of almost countless cities, counties, villages, and towns in the United States. The brokers' offerings are changing continually, for such bonds are in great demand, and they constitute an ideal investment for trust funds.

Important banking and investment houses, everywhere, have the complicated laws governing

legal investments at their fingers' ends. In sending out their bond lists and descriptive circulars, it is customary for such firms to indicate the issues which are legal investments according to the laws of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and other States, as the case may be. Such lists simplify the matter very much for persons who desire investments of the highest standard, but who could not determine for themselves, without expert knowledge or close study, whether a bond fulfils all the requirements of a trustee investment in the various States.

BORROWING A WELL-KNOWN NAME

I have eight shares of common and twenty shares of preferred stock of the Americana Company, which the officers want me to exchange for Scientific American Compiling Department stock. Do you consider the exchange advantageous to me?

O. P. M., St. Louis, Mo.

I cannot undertake to express any opinion on the desirability of the exchange of these stocks. The concerns are closely affiliated, and it is difficult to determine the reasons for the proposed transfer.

The Americana Company is the older of the two. It has an authorized capital of \$1,500,000 divided equally into common and preferred shares. The Scientific American Compiling Department has an authorized capital of \$2,000,000, similarly divided—half and half, common and preferred stock. The basis of exchange is par for par of the preferred stocks, and five shares of Compiling Department common for four shares of Americana Company common.

The Scientific American Compiling Department is engaged in an active stock-selling campaign in the British Provinces, whence many letters of inquiry have been received. It is offering preferred stock at \$12 a share, with fifty per cent of common stock thrown in as a bonus. Holders of Americana stock were informed that if they made the proposed exchange, they would receive a two-per-cent dividend, declared by a company in which they had no vested interest, namely, the Scientific American Compiling Department, which had declared such a dividend some time before. This is a most unusual proceeding.

Several persons who have inquired of this department concerning the Scientific American Compiling Department, and its proposal to the shareholders of the Americana Company, labor under the impression that these concerns are associated with a well-known publication, the *Scientific American*. There is no connection whatever. The erroneous impression has so annoyed the owners of the *Scientific American* that in a recent issue they published "A Warning" in which it was stated that neither the firm of Munn & Co. nor the *Scientific American* is in any way associated with the Scientific American Compiling Department or with the Americana Company, and that the use of the words "Scientific American" is without the authority of the publication bearing that name.

THE BANDBOX

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," ETC.

XXVI

COMMANDEERING Alison's taxicab with the promise of an extra tip, Staff jumped in and shut the door. As they swung across Fourth Avenue, making for Madison in obedience to his instructions, he caught a glimpse of Ismay's slight figure standing on the corner, his pose expressive of indecision and uncertainty. Staff smiled to himself, surmising that it was there that Ismay had left his motor-car to be found by Iff.

Three blocks north on Madison Avenue, three-fourths of a long block east on Thirty-Third Street—a short course quickly covered, but yet not swiftly enough to outpace Staff's impatience. He had the door open, his foot on the step, before the taxicab had begun to slow down preparatory to stopping beside the car that was waiting in the shadow of the big hotel.

Iff was in the tonneau, gesticulating impatiently; the chauffeur had already cranked up and was sliding into his seat. As the taxicab rolled alongside, Staff jumped, thrust into the driver's hand double the amount registered by the meter, and sprang into the body of Ismay's car. Iff snapped the door shut; and as if set in motion by that sharp sound, the machine began to move smoothly and smartly, gathering momentum with every revolution of its wheels.

They were crossing Madison again almost before Staff had settled into his seat. A moment later they were snoring up Fifth Avenue.

Staff looked at his watch.

"Ten o'clock," he told Iff. "Quick work!"

"We'll make time once we get clear of this island," said the little man anxiously. "We've got to!"

"Why?"

"To beat Ismay!"

Staff checked him with a hand on his arm and a warning glance at the back of the chauffeur's head.

"Oh, he's all right," Iff said placidly. "I thought we might as well understand each other first as last; so, while we were waiting for you, I slipped him fifty, gave him to understand that my affectionate cousin had about come to the end of his rope, and—won his heart and confidence. It's a way I have with people; they do seem to fall for me," he asserted, insufferably self-complacent.

He continued to impart his purchased information to Staff by snatches all the way from Thirty-Fourth Street to the Harlem River.

"He's a decent sort," he said, indicating the operator with a nod; "apparently, that is. Name, Spelvin. Employed by a garage up on the West Side, in the Seventies. Says Ismay rang 'em up about half past two last night, chartered this car and driver, to be waiting for him whenever he called for it. Coarse work that, for Cousin Arbuthnot—very, very crude! Still, he'd just got home, and hadn't had time to make very polished arrangements. Seems he told this chap he was to see nothing but the road, hear nothing but the motor, say nothing whatever to nobody. Gave him a fifty, too. That habit seems to run in the family. He called for the car around five o'clock, with Nelly.

"Spelvin says she seemed worn out, and hardly conscious of what was going on. They lit out for where we're going—place on the Connecticut shore called Pennymint Point. On the way Ismay told him to stop at a road-house, got out, and brought Nelly a drink. Spelvin says he wouldn't be surprised if it was doped. She slept all the

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rest of the way, and hardly woke up even when they helped her aboard the boat."

"Boat!"

"Motor-boat. I infer that Cousin Arbuthnot has established headquarters on a little two-by-four island in the Sound—Wreck Island. Used to be run as a one-horse summer resort—hotel and all that. Went under several years ago, if memory serveth me aright. Anyhow, they loaded Nelly aboard this motor-boat and took her across. Spelvin was told to wait. He did. In about an hour—boat back; native running it hands Spelvin a note, tells him to run up to Hartford and mail it, and be back at seven. Spelvin back at seven; Ismay comes across by boat, and is driven to town. That's all to date. Spelvin had begun to suspect there was something crooked going on, which made him easy meat for my insidious advances. Says he was wondering if he hadn't better tell his troubles to the first cop he met. All of which goes to show that Cousin Artie's going to seed fast. Very crude operating—man of his reputation, too! Makes me almost ashamed of the relationship."

"How are we going to get to this Wreck Island from this Pennymint Point?"

"Same boat," said Iff confidently. "Spelvin heard Ismay tell his engineer to wait for him—would be back between midnight and three."

"He can't beat us there, can he, by any chance?"

"He can if he humps himself. This is a pretty good car, and Spelvin says there isn't going to be any car on the road to-night that'll pass us; but I can't forget that dear old New York, New Haven and Hartford. They run some fast trains by night, and while of course none of them stops at Pennymint Center—station for the Point—still, a man with plenty of money to fling around can get a whole lot of courtesy out of a railroad."

"And the question is, is there a train which passes through Pennymint Center before we can reasonably expect to get there?"

"That's the intelligent query. I don't know. Do you?"

"No."

"Spelvin doesn't, either, and we haven't got any time to waste trying to find out. The only thing to do is to run for it and trust to luck. Spelvin says it took him an hour and thirty-five minutes to run in this evening, and he's going to better that, if

nothing happens. Did you remember to bring a gun?"

"Two."

Staff produced the pistol he had taken from Ismay, with the extra clips, and gave them to the little man, with the story of how he had become possessed of them—a narrative which Iff seemed to enjoy immensely.

"Oh, we can't lose," he chuckled; "not when Cousin Artie plays his hand as rotten as he has this deal. I've got a perfectly sound hunch that we'll win!"

Staff hardly shared his confidence; still, as far as he could judge, the odds were even. Ismay might beat them to Pennymint Center by train, and he might not. If he did, however, it could not be by more than a slight margin; to balance which fact Staff had to remind Iff that two minutes' margin was all that would be required to get the boat away from land, beyond their reach.

"Look here," he put it to Iff. "Suppose he does beat us to that boat?"

"Then we'll have to find another."

"There'll be another handy, all ready for us, I presume?"

"Spare me your sarcasm," pleaded Iff.

"It is, if you don't mind my mentioning the fact, not your forte. Silence, on the other hand, suits your style cunningly. So shut up and let me think."

He relapsed into profound meditations, while the car hummed onward through the moon-drenched spaces of the night.

Presently he roused, and, without warning, got up and clambered over the back of the seat into the place beside the chauffeur. For a time they conferred, heads together, their words indistinguishable in the sweep of air. Then, in the same spry fashion, the little man returned.

"Spelvin's a treasure," he announced, settling into his place.

"Why?"

"Knows the country—knows a man in Barmouth who runs a shipyard—owns and hires out motor-boats, and all that sort of thing."

"Where's Barmouth?"

"Four miles this side of Pennymint Point. Now we've got to decide whether to hold on and run our chances of picking up Ismay's boat, or turn off to Barmouth and run our chances of finding chauffeur's friend with boat disengaged. What do you think?"

"Barmouth," Staff decided, after some deliberation, and not without misgivings.

"That's what I told Spelvin," observed Iff. "It's a gamble either way."

The city was now well behind them, the car pounding steadily on along the high-road. For a long time neither spoke. The time for talk, indeed, was past—and in the future; for the present they must tune themselves up to action—such action as the furious onrush of the powerful car in some measure typified, easing the impatience of their hearts.

For a time the road held them near the railroad-tracks. A train hurtled past them, going in the same direction, a roaring streak of orange light crashing through the world of cool night blues and purple-blacks. The chauffeur swore audibly and let out another notch of speed.

XXVII

STAFF sat spellbound by the amazing romance of it all. Since that afternoon when the whim born of a love now lifeless had stirred him out of his solitary, workaday life in London, a bare eight days had lifted him out of the ordered security of the center of the world's civilization, and sent him whirling dizzily across three thousand miles and more to become a partner in this wild, weird ride to the rescue of a "damsel in distress and durance vil!" Incredible!

Eight days, and the sun of Alison, which he had once thought to be the light of all the world, had set; while in the evening sky the star of Eleanor blazed ever more brightly.

Now, when a man begins to think about himself and his heart in such poetical imagery, the need for human intercourse grows imperative. He must talk, or suffer severely.

Staff turned upon his defenseless companion.

"Iff," said he, "when a man's the sort of a man who can fall out of love and in again—with another woman, of course—inside of a week, what do you call him?"

"Human," announced Iff, after mature consideration of the problem.

This was unsatisfactory. Staff wanted to be told that he was fickle.

"Human? How's that?" he insisted.

"I mean that the human man hasn't got much to say about falling in or out of love. The women take care of all that for him. Look at your Miss Landis—as was. You don't mind my butting in?"

"Go on," said Staff grimly.

"Anybody with half an eye, always ex-

pecting you, could see she'd made up her mind to hook that Arkroyd pinhead on account of his millions. She was just waiting for a fair chance to give you the office—preferably, of course, after she'd nailed that play of yours."

"Well," said Staff, "she's lost that, too."

"Serves you both right!"

There was a pause, wherein Staff sought to fathom the meaning of this last utterance of Mr. Iff's. The latter ended it.

"I take it," said he, with a sidelong look—"pardon a father's feelings of delicacy—I take it you're meaning Nelly?"

"How did you guess that?" demanded Staff, startled.

"Right, eh?"

"Yes—no—I don't know—"

"Well, if you don't know the answer any better than that, take a word of advice from an old bird—you get her to tell you. She's known it ever since she laid eyes on you."

"You mean that she—I—" Staff stammered eagerly.

"I mean that nobody knows anything about a woman's heart but herself; but she knows it forward and backward and all the time."

"Then you don't think I've got any show?"

"Oh, Lord!" complained Iff. "Honest, you give me a pain! Go on and do your own thinking."

Staff subsided, imagining a vain thing—that the mantle of dignity in which he wrapped himself successfully cloaked his sense of injury. Iff smiled a meaningless smile up at the inscrutable skies; and the moonlit miles slipped beneath the wheels like a torrent of molten silver.

At length—it seemed as if many hours must have swung crashing into eternity since they had left New York—Staff was conscious of a perceptible diminution of speed. He was able to get his breath with less effort, had no longer to snatch it by main strength from the greedy clutches of the whirlwind. The reeling chiaroscuro of the countryside seemed suddenly to become calmed, settling into an intelligible and more or less orderly arrangement of shining hills and shadowed hollows, spreading pastures and somber woodlands.

The chauffeur flung some inarticulate words over his shoulder—readily interpreted as announcing the nearness of their destination; and of a sudden the car swung from the main highway into a narrower road that

ran off to the right. A little later they darted through a cut beneath the railroad-tracks, and a village sprang out of the night and rattled past them, serenely slumberous. From this center a thin trickle of dwellings straggled along their way. Across fields, to the left, Staff caught glimpses of a spreading sheet of water, still and silvery gray.

On a long slant the road drew nearer and more near to the shores of this arm of the Sound. Presently a group of small buildings round the head of a long dock came into sight. Before these the car drew up with a sigh. The chauffeur jumped down and ran across the road to a house in whose lower story a lighted window was visible. While he hammered on the door, Staff and Iff alighted.

A man in his shirt-sleeves came to the door of the cottage and stood there, pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, languidly interjecting dispassionate responses into the chauffeur's animated exposition of their case.

As Staff and Iff came up, Spelvin turned to them, excitedly waving his gauntlets.

"He's got a boat, all right, and a good one, he says, but he won't move a foot for less'n twenty dollars."

"Give you twenty-five if you get away from the dock within five minutes!" Iff told the boat-builder.

The man started as if stung.

"Jemima!" he breathed, incredulous. Then caution prompted him to extend a calloused and work-warped hand. "Cross my palm!" he said.

"You give it to him, Staff," said Iff magnificently. "I'm out of cash."

Obediently, Staff disbursed the required sum. The native thumbed it, pocketed it, lifted his coat from a nail behind the door, and started across the road, all in a single movement.

"You come 'long, Spelvin," he said in passing, "an' help with the boat. If you gents'll get down on the dock, I'll have her alongside in three minutes, or my name ain't Bascom!"

Pursued by the chauffeur, he disappeared into the huddle of boat-houses and beached and careened boats. A moment later, Iff and Staff, picking their way through the tangle toward the dock, heard the scrape of a flat-bottomed boat on the beach, and subsequently the splash of oars.

By the time they had reached the end of the dock, the boat-builder and his compan-

ion were scrambling aboard a twenty-five-foot boat at anchor in the midst of a small fleet of sail and gasoline craft. The rumble of the motor followed almost instantly, was silenced momentarily while the skiff was being made fast to the mooring, and broke out again as the larger boat selected a serpentine path through the circumjacent vessels and slipped up to the dock.

Before it had lost way, Iff and Staff were aboard. Instantly Bascom snapped the switch shut, and the motor started again on the spark.

"Straight out," he instructed Spelvin at the wheel, "till you round the white moorin'-dolphin. Then I'll take her!"

Not long afterward he gave up pottering round the engine and went forward, relieving Spelvin.

"You go back and keep your eye on that engyne," he ordered. "She's workin' like a sewin'-machine, but she wants watchin'. I'll tell you when to give her the spark. Meanwhile you might's well dig them lights out of the side locker and set 'em out."

"No," Iff put in. "We want no lights."

"Gov'ment regulations," said Bascom stubbornly. "Must carry lights!"

"Five dollars?" Iff argued persuasively.

"Agin the law," growled Bascom. "But—I dunno—they ain't anybody likely to be out on the water this time o' night. Cross my palm!"

And Staff again disbursed.

The white mooring-buoy swam past, and the little vessel heeled as Bascom swung her sharply to the southward.

"Now," he told Spelvin, "advance the spark all you're a mind to!"

There was a click from the engine-pit, and the steady rumble of the exhaust ran suddenly into a prolonged, whining drone. The boat jumped as if jerked forward by some gigantic, invisible hand. Beneath the bows the water parted with a crisp sound like tearing paper. Long ripples widened away from the sides like ribs of a huge fan. A glassy hillock of water sprang up mysteriously astern, pursuing like an avenging Nemesis, yet never quite catching up.

The sense of irresistible speed was tremendous, stimulating as electricity; this in spite of the fact that the boat, at best, was making about half the speed at which the motor-car had plunged along the country roads. The effect was due, in part, to the spacious illusion of the moonlit distances upon the water.

Staff held his cap with one hand, drinking in the keen salt air with a feeling of strange exultation. Iff crept forward and stayed there for a time, talking to the boat-builder.

The boat shaved a nun-buoy outside Bar-mouth Point so closely that Staff could almost have touched it by stretching out his arm. Then she straightened out like a greyhound on a long course across the placid silver reaches to a goal as yet invisible.

Iff returned to the younger man's side.

"We're making twenty miles an hour, Bascom claims!" he shouted. "At that rate we ought to be there in a bit over fifteen minutes now."

Staff nodded, wondering what they would find when they landed on Wreck Island, and bitterly repenting the oversight which had resulted in Ismay's escape from his grasp. If only he had not been so sure of his mastery of the little criminal! Now his mind crawled with apprehensions bred of his knowledge of the man's amazing fund of resource. He who should outwit Ismay would have earned the right to plume himself upon his cunning!

When he looked up from his abstraction, the loom of land was seemingly very distant. The motor-boat was nearing the center of a deep indentation in the littoral. And suddenly it seemed as if they did not move at all, as if all this noise and labor went for nothing, as if the boat were chained to the center of a spreading disk of silver, world-wide, illimitable, and made no progress, for all its thrashing and its fury. Only the unending sweep of wind across Staff's face denied that impression.

Iff touched his arm.

"There!" he said, pointing.

Over the bows a dark mass seemed to have separated itself from the shadowed mainland, in which it had till then been merged. A strip of silver lay between the two. While they watched it, the strip widened, swiftly winning breadth as the motor-boat swung to the north of the long, sandy spit at the western end of Wreck Island.

"See anything of the other boat?" Iff asked. "You look—your eyes are younger than mine."

Staff stood up, steadying himself with feet wide apart, and stared beneath his hand.

"No," he said; "I can't see any boat."

"We've beaten him, then!" Iff declared joyfully.

But they hadn't, nor were they long in finding it out.

Presently the little island lay black, a ragged shadow against the blue-gray sky, upon the starboard beam; and Bascom passed the word aft to Spelvin to shut off the motor. As its voice ceased, the boat shot in toward the land, and the long, thin, moonlit line of the dock detached itself from the general obscurity and ran out to meet them.

So closely had Bascom calculated that the "shoot" of the boat brought them to a standstill at the end of the dock, without a jar. Bascom jumped out with the head-warp, Staff and Iff at his heels. And from the other side of the dock a shadow uplifted itself swiftly and silently as a wraith, and stood swaying as it saluted them with profound courtesy.

"Gennelmen," it said thickly, "I bidsh you welcome t' Wrecksh Island."

With this it slumped incontinently back into a motor-boat which lay moored in the shadow of the dock. A wild, ecstatic snore rang out upon the calm night air.

"Thet's Eph Clover!" said Bascom. "Him an' his wife's caretakers here. He's drunker'n a biled owl," added the boat-builder.

"Cousin Artie seems unfortunate in his choice of minions, what?" commented Iff. "Come along, Staff! Take care of that souse, will you, Spelvin? See that he doesn't interfere."

They began to run along the narrow, yielding, swaying bridge of planks.

"It means he's got ahead of us," Staff observed obviously.

"But he hasn't got away yet," Iff threw over his shoulder. "You keep back now—like a good child—please! I've a hunch that this is my hour."

The hotel loomed before them, its gables gray with moonshine, its long walls dark save where, toward the middle of the main structure, chinks of light filtered through a shuttered window, and where at one end an open door discharged a shaft of lamplight upon the shadows.

XXVIII

For a period of perhaps twenty seconds the man and the girl remained moveless, eying one another—she on the floor, pale, stunned, and pitiful, for the instant bereft of every sense save one of terror; he in the doorway, alert, fully the master of his con-

centrated faculties. He was swayed by two emotions only—a malignant temper bred of the night's succession of reverses, capped by the drunkenness of his caretaker; and an equally malignant sense of triumph that he had returned in time to crush the girl's attempt to escape.

He threw the door wide open and took a step into the room, putting away his pistol as he did so.

"So!" he began in a cutting voice.

But his movement had acted as the shock that Eleanor needed to rouse her out of her stupor of despair. With a cry she gathered herself together and jumped to her feet.

He put forth a hand as if to catch her, and she sprang back. Her skirts swept the lamp on the floor, and overturned it with a splintering crash. Instinctively she leaped away in the nick of time, to save her clothes from the flame.

She caught a look of surprise and fright in the man's eyes glaring in the ghastly glow of the flickering wick. She took advantage of his momentary distraction to leap past him. As she did so, there was a slight explosion. A sheet of flaming kerosene spread over the floor and began to lick at the chairboarding.

Ismay jumped back, mouthing curses. The girl had already passed out through the door. As he turned, he could see her flying through the hall toward the main door. In a fit of futile, childish spite, unreasonable and unreasoning, he whipped out his pistol and sent a bullet after her.

She heard it whine past her head and crash through the glass panes of the door. She heard herself cry out in a strange voice. The next instant she had flung open the door and had thrown herself out, across the veranda, and down the steps. Then, turning blindly to the left, instinct guiding her to seek temporary safety by hiding herself in the wilderness of the dunes, she blundered into somebody's arms.

She was caught and held fast, despite the struggle to free herself—to which, believing herself to be in the hands of Mrs. Clover or her husband, she gave all her strength.

Just then the first-floor windows of the hotel were illumined by an infernal glare. All round her there was lurid light, setting all things in sharp relief. The face of the man who held her was suddenly revealed. It was her father's! She had left him inside the building, and now—

She was assailed with a terrifying fear that she had gone mad. In a frenzy she wrenched herself free, but only to find herself in other arms. A voice she knew said soothingly:

"There, Miss Searle—you're all right now!"

It was Staff's voice, and, when she twisted to look, it was Staff's face, friendly and reassuring!

"Don't be afraid," he was saying. "We'll take care of you now—your father and I."

"My father!" she gasped. "But my father's in there!"

"No," said Iff at her side. "Believe me, he isn't. That, dear, is your fondly affectionate Uncle Arbuthnot—and between the several of us I don't mind telling you that he's stood in my shoes for the last time!"

"But I don't—I don't understand," she stammered.

"You will in a minute," Staff told her gently. At the same time he lifted his voice. "Look out, Iff—look out!"

He strove to put himself between the girl and the danger he saw, making a shield of his body; but with a supple movement she eluded him.

She saw the man whom she had thought to be her father standing in the doorway of the burning house. The other man, he whose daughter she really was, had started to run toward the veranda-steps. The man in the doorway flung up his hand, and, clear and vicious above the crackling of the flames behind him, she heard the brief song of a Colt's automatic—six shots so close upon one another that they were like one.

There was a spatter of bullets in the sandy ground about them; and then, with scarcely an appreciable interval, a second flutter of an automatic.

This time the reports came from the pistol in Iff's hand. He was standing in the full glare at the bottom of the veranda-steps, aiming with great composure and precision.

The figure in the doorway reeled as if struck by an ax, swung half-way round, and tottered back into the house.

The little man below the veranda-steps delayed only long enough to pluck out the empty clip from the butt of his pistol and to slip another, loaded, into its place. Then, with catlike agility, he sprang up the steps and dived into the furnacelike interior of the hotel. A third stuttering series of reports saluted this action, and then there was a short pause, ended by one single shot.

"Come!" said Staff. He took her arm gently. "Come away!"

Shuddering, she suffered him to lead her a little distance into the dunes. Here he released her.

"If you won't mind being left alone for a few minutes," he said, "I'll go back and see what has happened. You'll be perfectly safe here."

"Please," she said breathlessly, "do go! Yes, please!"

She urged him away with a frantic gesture.

He hurried back to the front of the hotel. By now it was burning like a bonfire. Already, short as had been the time since the overturning of the lamp, the entire ground floor, with the exception of one wing, was a roaring welter of flames, while the fire had leaped up the main staircase and set its lights in the windows of the upper story.

Iff was standing at some distance from the main entrance, having pushed his way through the tangle of undergrowth to escape the scorching heat. He caught sight of Staff approaching, and waved a hand to him.

"Greetings!" he cried cheerfully, raising his voice to make it heard above the roar of the conflagration. "Where's Nelly?"

Staff explained.

"But what about Ismay?" he demanded.

Iff grinned and hung his head, as if embarrassed, rubbing a handkerchief over the smoke-stained fingers of his right hand.

"I got him," he said simply.

"You left him in there?"

The little man nodded without reply, and turned alertly to engage Mrs. Clover, who was bearing down upon them in the first stages of hysterics. At sight of Iff's face she pulled up and succeeded in at least partially controlling herself.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "I'm so glad you're safe, sir! I was asleep in the kitchen when the fire broke out—and then I thought I heard pistol-shots—and I didn't know but somethin' had happened to you—"

"No," said Iff coolly. "You can see I'm all right."

"And Eph, sir? Where's my husband?" she shrieked.

"Oh," said Iff, at length recognizing her identity, "you'll find him down at the dock—dead drunk, in the motor-boat. If I were you I'd go to him right away."

"But what ever will we do for a place to sleep to-night?"

"Help yourself," Iff replied with a generous wave of his hand. "You've all Penny-mint to ask shelter of, if you can manage to make your husband run the boat across."

"But you—what'll you do?"

"I've another boat handy," Iff explained. "We'll leave in that."

"And will you rebuild, sir?"

"No," he said gravely, "I don't think so. I fancy this is the last time I'll ever set foot on Wreck Island. Now clear out," he added, with a sharp change of manner. "Go to your husband, and see if you can't sober the drunken fool up!"

Abashed, the woman cringed and turned away. Presently she broke into a clumsy run and vanished in the direction of the dock.

"You're accepting the identity of Ismay," commented Staff disapprovingly, as they moved off together to rejoin Eleanor.

"For the last time," said the little man; "only until I get aboard Bascom's boat again. It's the easiest way."

"How do you mean?"

Iff nodded at the blazing building.

"That wipes out all scores," he replied.

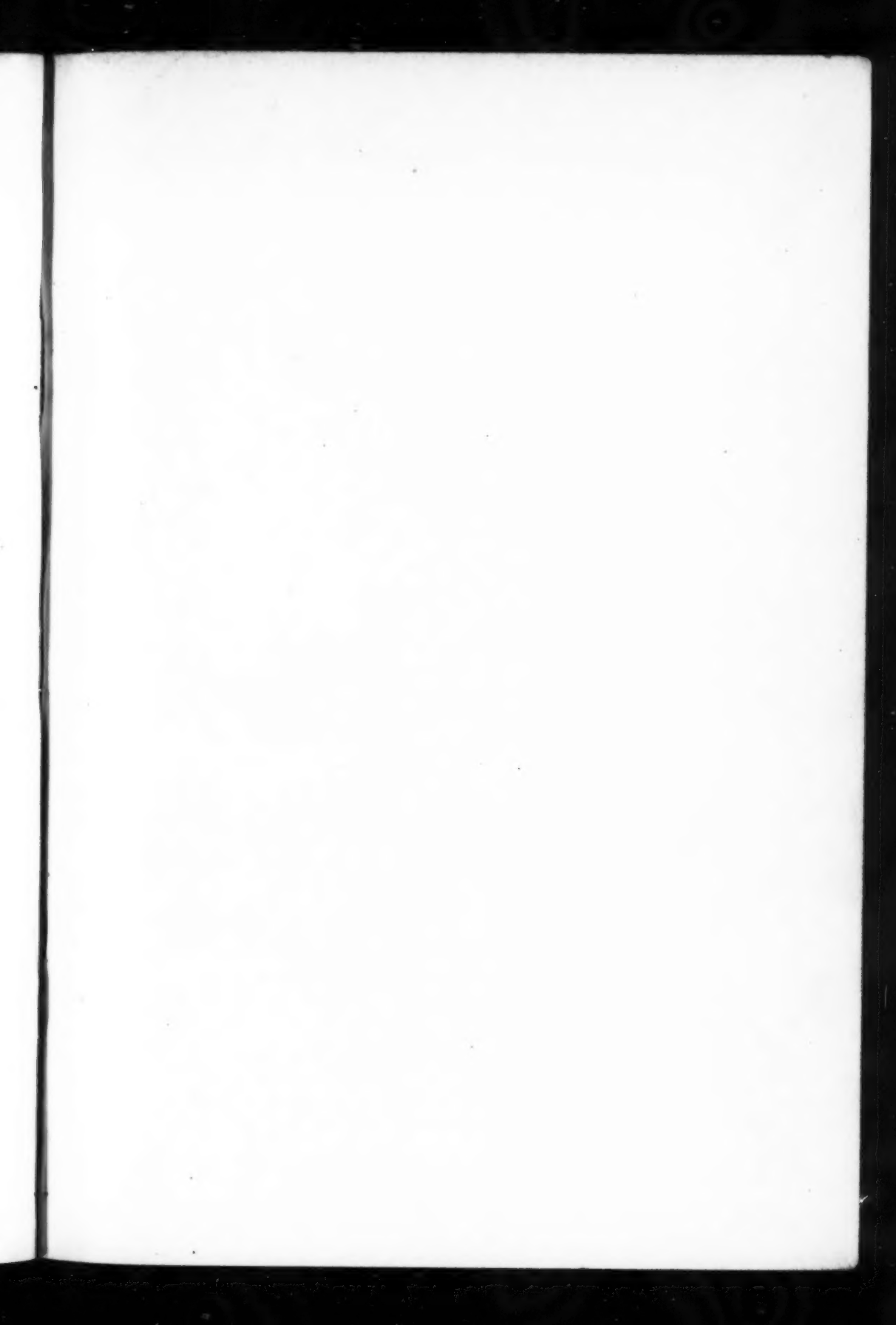
"What they find of Cousin Artie when that cools off won't be enough to hold an inquest over. He will be judged simply to have disappeared, when I don't return to this place; and that's the easiest way. We don't got any use for inquests at the wind-up of this giddy dime novel!"

The light of the great fire illumined not only every foot of the island, but the waters for miles around. As Bascom's boat drew away, its owner called Staff's attention to a covey of sails, glowing pink against the dark background of the mainland as they stood across the arm of the Sound for the island.

"Neighbors," said Mr. Bascom; "comin' for to see if they can lend a hand—or lift a bit of loot, mebbe!"

Staff nodded, with little interest. Out of the corners of his eyes he could see Iff and his daughter, seated on the opposite side of the boat. Iff was talking to Eleanor in a gentle, subdued voice strangely unlike his customary acrid method of expression. He had an arm round his daughter's shoulders; her head rested on his.

Staff looked away, back at the shining island. He could not grudge the little man his hour. His own would come, in time.





"IT WAS WITH THAT KNIFE LAWRENCE WADE STABBED YOUR HUSBAND!"

[See serial story, "The Red Button," page 221]